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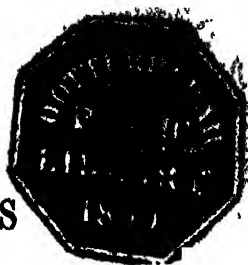
TO

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LIDDELL'S HISTORY OF ROME.

ENGRAVED on certain Syrian or Assyrian rocks lie innumerable inscriptions in an unknown character, the solid rock and an Asiatic climate have preserved them for us; they lie there facing the world, in the broad light of day, but none can read them. A whole mountain-side seems covered with the records of departed greatness. What truths, what historic facts might not these mysterious characters disclose! The scholar cannot sleep for desire to interpret them. At length, by extreme ingenuity and indomitable patience, and those happy sudden incidental revelations which ever reward the persevering man, some clue is put into his hand. He begins to read, he begins to translate. We gather round and listen breathless. "I, Shalmanassar," so runs the inscription, "I assembled a great army—I engaged—I defeated—I slew their sovereigns,—I cast in chains their captains and men of war—I, Shalmanassar, I——" Oh, hold! hold! we exclaim, with thy Shalmanassar! There was no need to decipher the mysterious characters for this. If the rock, with all its inscriptions, can tell us nothing wiser or newer, it is a pity that there were no rains in that climate to wash the surface smooth, and obliterate

those boastful records of barbarian cruelty and destruction. Better that the simple weather-stained rock should face the eye of day, oblivious of all but nature's painless and progressive activities.

Some such feeling as this has passed across the minds of most of us, when invited to peruse new histories of the ancient world. They were terrible men, those warriors of olden time. They besieged towns—and so, indeed, do we; but they did more; they put the children to the sword, and carried away the mother into captivity, and those of the men whom they did not chain and enslave, they slew as grateful sacrifices to their gods! Strange and execrable insanity! and yet the religious rite was the legitimate result, and the clear exponent of their own savage nature. There was no spectacle to them so pleasant as blood that flowed from an enemy. How deny the god who had helped them to win the victory his share in the triumphant slaughter! There have been loathsome and terrible things done upon the earth; let us forget them, as we forget some horrible nightmare. At all events, having known that such men and such times have been, and having gathered what lesson we can from them, let us be

A History of Rome from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire.
By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christchurch, Oxford, late Head Master of Westminster School.

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spared from the infliction of new Shalmanassers, or from new details of their atrocities. Such feeling of satiety in the old narrative of war and conquest, we must confess to participate in, when the narrative relates to some Asiatic monarchy that has appeared and disappeared, leaving no trace of any good result behind it, or which merely lingers on the scene undergoing fruitless and bewildering changes. It is otherwise, however, when we are invited again to peruse the history of Rome, and her conquest of the world, as it has been proudly called. We are reading here the history of European civilisation. The slow, persistent, continuous progress of her consular armies is one of those great indispensable facts, without which the history of humanity could not be written, without which a civilised Christendom could not have existed. It is the conquest of a people, not of a monarch—a people who for many years have to struggle for self-preservation (the secret this of their lasting union and exalted patriotism)—of a people whose pride and ambition undergo the noble discipline of adversity, who, being firmly knit together, proceed steadily to the taming and subjection and settlement of the surrounding nations. It is a conquest the very reverse of those great invasions of Hun or Scythian, where population rolls like an enormous sea from one part of the world to another; it was truly the *settlement*, first of Italy, then of surrounding countries. Nomadic habits were checked. Siculi and Oscans, Sabines, Samnites, and a host of shifting populations too numerous to name, were brought under one government, and moulded into one nation. What the Alps could not do for Italy, was done by the republic of the seven hills. The peninsula was secured from the invasion of the more northern barbarian. The Gaul was first arrested, then subjugated, settled in his own home, civilised and protected. Carthage, who would have conquered or colonised in the interest only of her own commerce, was driven back. Greece, and her arts and her philosophy, were embraced and absorbed in the new empire, which extended over the finest races of men

and the most propitious climates of the earth.

It has been well said that the Romans were not the only people who entertained the glorious anticipation of the conquest of the world. There was one other nation that had a still more magnificent conception of its own future destiny, of its own exalted prominence and supremacy. It was impossible for the monotheism of the Jews to attain the elevated character it did, and yet sanction the belief, in any narrow sense, of a national god. The only God of all the world must surely reign over all the world. The universal Monarch must imply a universal monarchy. From this centre of the world,—this holy temple at Jerusalem, and through His chosen and peculiar people, would God govern all the nations of the earth. Such extension of the faith of the Jew to the Gentile was inevitable. All nations would come in, as suppliants and subjects, to the throne of God's elect. And the prophetic inspiration, though not precisely in the sense in which the ancient Hebrew understood it, was destined to be fulfilled. But it was not the sword of Israel, nor of the angels, that Divine Providence employed to establish the supremacy of the great Truth developed in Judea. It was the sword of the legions of Rome. The armies of a Scipio and a Caesar were gathering the nations together under the one true worship. The spiritual dominion did issue from Judea, but it governed the world from the throne of the Cæsars.

Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Judea,—these are the four great names which occur to one who looks back on the history of European civilisation. To these four powers or nations we owe that status or condition which has enabled us to make such advances as we claim to be peculiarly our own. Indirect contributions are doubtless due to India and to Persia. Babylon is no more; but a people who once sojourned in Babylon may have learnt something there from the Persian, and transmitted it to us in their imperishable records; and Greek philosophy bears impress, in one phase of it, of the teaching of Indian theosophists. But still the four whom we

have mentioned would furnish forth all the essential elements which the past has given to our present European culture.

If we look at the map of the world, or turn under our hand a terrestrial globe, we shall be struck with the peculiar adaptation of the banks of the Nile to be an early seat of civilisation. It is not only that the river, by periodically overflowing its banks, produces a spontaneous or unlaboured fertility, but this fertile tract of land is made precious, and the people are bound to it, by the enormous deserts that extend around it. The desert and the sea imprison the people in their "happy valley," thus rendering it in all probability one of the earliest abodes of a stationary population. However that may be, it is certain that, whether we appeal to written history or to monumental inscriptions, there is no spot on the earth where the records of the human race extend so far back into antiquity. We must open our history of civilisation with the growth of arts and knowledge in Egypt. From Egypt we proceed to Greece—to Athens, the marvellous, who did so much in so short time, and who accomplished even more for the world at large than for her individual self. She learnt her arts from Egypt; her scientific spirit was her own. What we owe to Judea (which at an early period was not unconnected with Egypt, nor at a later with the mind of Greece) needs not to be here particularised. It was the part of Rome to reduce into order and combine under one sway large tracts of territory and great varieties of people; so that whatever had been given to the Greek, or revealed to the Hebrew, might blend and be diffused over vast portions of the human race. Nor was this office less effectually performed because the empire is seen to break up amidst much temporary confusion, produced by internal corruption and rude invaders. Europe finally assumes a form the most conducive imaginable to progress. It is divided into separate kingdoms, speaking different languages, but possessing a common religion, and many of the same sources of culture. Their similarities, their contrasts, their emulations, form to-

gether a condition the most favourable for the excitement and progress of the human intellect.

We can therefore look with complacent admiration, and undecaying interest, upon the wars and victories of ancient Rome. But indeed, such has been the revolution lately brought about in our historical studies, that the mention of a new History of Rome is more likely to call to mind perplexed controversies upon myths and fables, than visions of battles or triumphal processions winding up to the Capitol. Not many years ago, the early periods of Roman history suggested to the imagination the most vivid pictures of war and patriotism: we heard the march of the legions—we followed Cincinnatus from the plough to the camp—we were busied with the most stirring realities and the strongest passions of life. Now these realities have grown dim and disputable, and we are reminded of learned controversies upon poetic legends, or on early forms of the constitution,—we think more of Niebuhr than of Camillus, more of German critics than of the Conscript Fathers. It is not a pleasant exchange, but it is one which must be submitted to. The first question that every one will ask, who hears that Dr Liddell has told again the history of Rome, is, How has he dealt with the mythical or legendary portions? What degree of credibility has he attached to them? Has he followed the example of Arnold, and reserved for them a peculiar style savouring of antique simplicity; or has he followed the older, and, we think, the wiser course, of Livy, and told them with genuine unaffected eloquence, without either disguising their legendary character, or making the very vain attempt to distinguish the germ or nucleus of real fact from the accretions and embellishments of oral tradition?

Before we answer this question, let us say generally of Dr Liddell's History, that we think the public is indebted to him for a pre-eminently useful book. To the youthful student, to the man who cannot read many volumes, we should commend it as the one History which will convey the latest views and most extensive informa-

tion. The style is simple, clear, explanatory. There are, indeed, certain high qualities of the writer and the thinker which are requisite to complete our ideal of the perfect historian. We are accustomed to require in him something of the imagination of the poet, combined with and subdued by the wide generalising spirit of the philosopher. We do not wish to have it understood that there is a signal deficiency in these qualities, but, whilst acknowledging the utility of Dr Liddell's laborious and learned work, we cannot say that he has given to the literature of England a *History of Rome*.

Indeed, the author in his preface claims for his work no such high distinction. He describes the origin it had in the desire to supply the more advanced students at public schools with a fit work of instruction, conveying to them "some knowledge of the altered aspect which Roman history has assumed." The work grew upon his hands, "and the character of the book," he continues, "is considerably changed from that which it was originally intended to bear. A History of Rome suited to the wants of general readers of the present day does not in fact exist, and certainly is much wanted. Whether this work will in any way supply the want is for others to say."

We have already intimated our opinion that there is no other work at present existing which so ably supplies this want; and our immediate object in placing it at the head of this paper was to assist in giving notice to all whom it might concern where such a work of instruction was to be found. The preface then proceeds to touch upon the thorny and perplexing controversies in the early history:—

"The difficulty inseparable from a work of this kind lies in the treatment of the Early History. Since what may be called 'The Revolution of Niebuhr,' it has been customary to give an abstract of his conclusions, with little attention to the evidence upon which they rest. But the acute and laborious criticisms of many scholars, chiefly German, have greatly modified the faith which the present generation is disposed to place in Niebuhr's authoritative dicta; and in

some cases there may be observed a disposition to speak lightly of his services. If I may say anything of myself, I still feel that reverence for the great master which I gained in youth, when we, at Oxford, first applied his lamp to illuminate the pages of Livy. No doubt, many of the results which he assumes as positive are little better than arbitrary assertions. But I conceive that his main positions are still unshaken, or rather have been confirmed by examination and attack. If, however, they were all abandoned, it will remain true for ever, that to him is due the new spirit in which Roman history has been studied; that to him must be referred the origin of that new light which has been thrown upon the whole subject by the labours of his successors. In a work like this, dissertation is impossible; and I have endeavoured to state only such results of the new criticism as seem to be established. If the young reader has less of positive set before him to learn, he will at all events find less that he will have to unlearn.

"Far the greater part of this work was printed off before the appearance of Sir George Cornewall Lewis's *Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History*. Much labour might be saved by adopting his conclusions, that Roman history deserves little or no attention till the age at which we can securely refer to contemporaneous writers, and that this age cannot be carried back further than the times of Pyrrhus. It is impossible to speak too highly of the fulness, the clearness, the patience, the judicial calmness of his elaborate argument. But while his conclusions may be conceded in full for almost all the wars and foreign transactions of early times, we must yet claim attention for the civil history of Rome in the first ages of the republic. There is about it a consistency of progress, and a clearness of intelligence, that would make its fabrication more wonderful than its transmission in a half-traditional form. When tradition rests solely on memory, it is fleeting and uncertain; but when it is connected with customs, laws, and institutions such as those of which Rome was justly proud, and to which the ruling party clung with desperate tenacity, its evidence must doubtless be carefully sifted and duly estimated, but ought not altogether to be set aside."

The large concession which the work of Sir G. C. Lewis seems to have extorted from Dr Liddell after the writing of his own *History*, was

not present to his mind during its composition. He sometimes gives as historical fact such-and-such a war, and then relates some legend as connected with this war. "With the Volscian wars is inseparably connected the noble legend of Coriolanus." The story of Coriolanus is marked as legend, the Volscian wars as fact. If we are justified in making the concession marked in italics, the Volscian wars are no more history than the story of Coriolanus.

As to the remark here made on the civil or constitutional history of this period, it would have great weight if there were really presented to us in that history a clear, intelligible, indisputable account of the earlier constitutions or governments of Rome. It happens that it is precisely on this subject there has been so much conjecture, and so much debate. So far as Dr Liddell can really trace in the narrative preceding the time of Pyrrhus, a manifest, indisputable, *constitutional history*, so far as he can confidently point to that "consistency of progress and clearness of intelligence" of which he speaks, so far he is entitled to claim for the whole narrative our most respectful attention. But the difficulty is notorious of forming a distinct conception of many points in this constitutional history, and this difficulty has given rise to much of our guess-work. We must take care, therefore, and not fall into the logical error, of *first* eliminating some consistent view of the constitutional history by the aid of much ingenious conjecture, and *then* appealing to this consistency in the constitutional history as ground of presumption in favour of the whole narrative.

For our own part, we suspect that there is a greater measure of truth in the legend as it stands than is now generally conceded; and at the same time we have an utter distrust of all the attempts which have been made—laudable and ingenious as they may be—to separate the truth from the fable. We can believe in Tarquin the Proud, in Lucretia, in Coriolanus, much more readily than in any new historical views obtained by a sifting of the narrative which contains these heroic stories. One thing is plain,

that no historian of Rome can omit these narratives; and we should much prefer that he would relate them in a natural style—in the style due at least to the noble sentiments they illustrate—than reserve for them (a manner to which Dr Liddell on some occasions leans) a certain bald and ballad simplicity, as if the writer were almost ashamed of having to relate them at all.

It is now generally understood, by all who have paid any attention to the subject, that although the name of Niebuhr is popularly associated with a sceptical and destructive criticism, he is really distinguished by the bold manner in which he has undertaken to construct and restore certain portions of the history. Preceding writers, both ancient and modern, had uttered the word "fable" or "legend;" it was the gathering from the fable some truth indirectly revealed; it was the bold inventive genius, which could recast the old materials into a new form, which characterised his labours. Amongst other things, he fearlessly asserted that a modern critic might obtain a more precise knowledge of the civil history and early constitutions of Rome than Livy or Cicero possessed. Now, these reconstructions of Niebuhr, though received at first with great enthusiasm in many quarters, have not stood their ground against a calm and severe examination; and in this country all such conjectural methods of writing the early history of Rome have lately received a decisive check from the work of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, *On the Credibility of Early Roman History*. This is a work which combines the ample and laborious scholarship of the German, with that sound sense which the Englishman lays especial claim to. We can only here incidentally mention it; but it is impossible, and it will be a long time impossible, for any one to touch upon Roman history without alluding to this work. It will be for many years the text-book for the subject of which it treats.

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The manner in which a legend, which is itself admitted to be false, may yet convey to us indirectly some important historical truth, admits of

easy illustration. Suppose that some chronicler, living in the time of our Henry V., chose to relate a quite fictitious history of Prince Arthur. All his battles, all his victories, his whole kingdom, might be a mere dream; but as the imagination of the writer would have no other types to follow than those which his own times presented to him, he would necessarily convey to us much historical truth touching the reign of Henry V., whilst describing his imaginary Prince Arthur. His inevitable anachronisms would betray him into a species of historical truth. Prince Arthur would assuredly be a valorous knight, and whence would come the ceremony of investiture, and all the moral code of knighthood? Prince Arthur would undoubtedly be a good son of the Church, and from what type would be drawn the picture of the orthodox and pious Christian? If the Prince were to be crowned, whence would come the sceptre and the ball, and the oaths he would take upon his coronation? Prince Arthur would be a knight, a Christian, and a king, after the order of the Plantagenets. It is plain that, in such a fabulous narrative, there would be mingled up much historical matter; it is plain that we, reading such a narrative by the light of knowledge gained from other sources, can detect and discriminate the historic truth: whether, if such a fabulous narrative stood alone before us, we could then make the same discrimination, whether we could then take advantage of its involuntary anachronisms, is another question. Imagination must always have its type or starting-place in some reality, but it may deal as freely with one reality as another; it may take as much liberty with religious ceremonies and coronation oaths as with anything else.

Is there not a slight oversight in the following criticism, which Sir G. C. Lewis makes on the method of Niebuhr? At all events, our quotation of the passage from his work, with a solitary remark of our own upon it, will constitute as brief an exposition as any we can give of this branch of the subject. The question is, what can be gathered of the con-

stitution of Rome under her kings? There is clearly no contemporary history; but if a tradition, though of a quite mythical character, could be fairly pronounced to have originated in the regal period, that tradition might indirectly convey to us some knowledge of the regal constitution. Fragments have come down to us through the works of later classical writers, which may convey this sort of traditional knowledge. Let them by all means be rigidly examined, whatever their ultimate value may be found to be.

"One of the passages," says Sir G. C. Lewis, "which Niebuhr cites from Cicero, relates to the constitutional proceedings upon the election of Numa. Yet Niebuhr holds, not merely that the entire regal period is unhistorical, but that Numa is an unreal and imaginary personage—a name and not a man. Now, what reliance, according to Niebuhr's own view, is to be placed upon Cicero's information respecting a man who never lived, and an event which never happened, even if it was derived from some pontifical book, which professed to record old customs?"

Continuing the discussion in a note, Sir G. C. Lewis adds:—

"For Niebuhr's account of the legend of Numa, see *Hist.*, vol. i. pp. 237-240. Afterwards he says—'Hence it seems quite evident that the pontiffs themselves distinguished the first two kings from the rest, as belonging to another order of things, and that they separated the accounts of them from those which were to pass for history. . . . Romulus was the god, the son of a god; Numa a man, but connected with superior beings. If the tradition about them, however, is in all its parts a *poetical fiction*, the fixing the pretended term of their reigns can only be explained by ascribing it rather to mere caprice or to numerical speculations.'—With Tullius Hostilius we reach the beginning of a new secul, and of a narrative resting on historical ground of a kind *totally different* from the story of the preceding period.' Niebuhr considers the mythico-historical age of Roman History to begin with the reign of Tullius Hostilius, and the age of Romulus and Numa to be purely fabulous. Moreover, he commences the second volume of his *History* with the following sentence—'It was one of the most important objects of the first volume to prove that the story of Rome under

the kings "was altogether without historical foundation." He lays it down likewise that the names of the kings, their number, and the duration and dates of their reigns, are fictitious; yet he cites the proceedings at the election of Numa, and of the subsequent kings, as historical proof of the constitutional practice of that period."—Vol. i. p. 123.

Niebuhr does not hold that there was no regal period, however fictitious the history of the kings may be. It was to throw light on that regal period in which the myth of Numa is supposed to have originated that the passage must have been cited, not certainly on the times of Numa. Whatever, therefore, may be the infinitesimal value of the passage cited which relates to the constitutional proceedings upon the election of Numa, there was no logical inconsistency on the part of Niebuhr in making a reference to it. If the myth of Numa really originated in a regal period, what the pontiff declared about it might indirectly convey some information as to the constitution of that regal period.

Dr Liddell may well speak of the "altered aspect which Roman history has assumed." We begin our annals with an account of the "religious myth," of which, however, the specimens are very few. Romulus is *Strength* and Numa is *Law*, they are godlike persons, or in communication with gods; they together found the city of Rome. *Strength* and *Law* assuredly founded the city: it is good philosophy, whatever history it makes; and the pontiffs were fully justified in placing these kings where they did—the first, and presiding, and eternal kings of every commonwealth. From the religious myth we proceed to the "heroic legend." In this species of fable the veritable man and his real action is extolled—is exaggerated—is multiplied. The hero himself is multiplied, or he is transplanted from one region to another. The story is expanded and enriched by each successive narrative, until a literary age makes its appearance. It then assumes a fixed form, from which any wide deviation is no longer permissible.

In all such heroic legends, when they have been fairly born on the soil

on which we find them, and have not been transplanted from a foreign country, there is always some element of historic truth. For what we call invention must start from, or be supplied with, given facts. There is a vague but very prevalent error on the nature and power of poetical invention. It is spoken of as something that will account at once for the marvellous narrative. This is supposed to spring forth complete from some poet's brain. Poetical invention can only take place where there is already some amount and variety of known incidents or traditional stories; these the poet strings together in new combinations. The first writers in metre (as we may see in the earliest ballads of Spain and of other countries) content themselves with a bald narrative of some fact or tradition. Their successors add to this narrative—add a sentiment or a detail; and when the number of such narratives has increased, poetical invention, in its highest form, becomes possible. It has been lately a favourite hypothesis that the earliest literature of Rome consisted of a number of poems or ballads, which supplied the first historians with their materials. It appears to us highly probable that separate legends were shaped into something like completeness of form before any continuous history of the city of Rome was written; but whether such legends were written first in prose or verse is matter of very little moment, and of very great uncertainty.

After expressing the belief that there is a substratum of truth in these heroic legends, it is not very satisfactory to be compelled to add that we cannot distinguish it from the superstructure of fiction. Unfortunately, it is not the marvellous and supernatural—which, indeed, are but sparingly introduced—which have alone contributed to deprive these legends of their credibility: they have been convicted, in some cases, of historic falsehood. A species of pious fraud has been committed to conceal the defects of the Romans. Family pride has, in other instances, led to the undue exaltation of individual heroes. We must chiefly honour these legends, after all, as manifesta-

tions of the mind and spirit of the Romans, rather than as positive materials of history.

We always revert to this consolation—every literature must be the history of the *thoughts*, if not of the *deeds* of a people; and all our various records are chiefly valuable as they enable us to write the history of the human mind. How pre-eminently this is the case wherever the subject of religion is introduced! Omens, auguries, oracles—what matters whether in this or that case they were really seen or uttered? the great fact is, that they were currently believed in, and acted on. The *belief* here is all that we can possibly be concerned with. Whether Æneus really did see that white sow, with her litter of thirty pigs, which he took for so good an omen of prosperity (it was no bad sign of fertility), may be questioned; but even the invention of such an incident proves that men, and wise men, were supposed to be under the influence of such omens. That an eagle pounced down, and took from the head of Tarquin his cap, and, after wheeling in the air, *put it on again*, is what we do not believe; eagles, neither at Rome or elsewhere, have this habit of restitution. But the frequency of legends of this kind points to a time when men were in the constant expectation of finding their own future destiny prefigured to them in the actions of birds and beasts, or the operations of inanimate nature. What was the precise *degree* of influence which superstitions of this nature exercised on the course of human conduct, must still be problematical. Did any pious general, at the head of the legions at Rome, really determine whether he should give battle or not by the appetite with which the sacred chickens took their food? Did men ever colonise, or build a city, according to the flight of vultures or the perching of an eagle?

But superstition itself, and that in some of its most terrible forms, is animated and dignified by the spirit of Roman patriotism. Read this old story of the self-devotion of Decius, as Dr Liddell tells it to us. It will be an excellent example in which to take our stand, if we would estimate at their full value these old heroic

legends. One of those decisive battles is to be fought which is to determine the supremacy of Rome in Italy.

"The Latin army marched hastily southward to protect their Oscan allies, and it was in the plains of Campania that the fate of Rome and Latium was to be decided. (The two consuls, Manlius and Decius, commanded in the Roman camp.)

"When the two armies met under Mount Vesuvius, they lay opposed to one another, neither party choosing to begin the fray. It was almost like a civil war: Romans and Latins spoke the same language; their armies had long fought side by side under common generals; their arms, discipline, and tactics were the same.

"While the armies were thus lying over against each other, the Latin horsemen, conscious of superiority, used every endeavour to provoke the Romans to single combats. The latter, however, were checked by the orders of their generals, till young Manlius, son of the consul, stung to the quick by the taunts of Geminus Metius, a Latin champion, accepted his challenge. The young Roman conquered, and returned to the camp to lay the spoils of the enemy at his father's feet. But the spirit of Brutus was not dead; and the stern consul, unmindful of his own feelings and the pleading voices of the whole army, condemned his son to death for disobedience to orders. Discipline was thus maintained, but at a sore expense, and the men's hearts were heavy at this unnatural act.

"In the night before the day on which the consuls resolved to fight, each of them was visited by an ominous dream, by which it was revealed that whichever army first lost its general should prevail; and they agreed that he whose division first gave ground should devote himself to the gods of the lower world.

"In the morning, when the auspices were taken, the liver of the victim offered on the part of Decius was defective, while that of Manlius was perfect. And the event confirmed the omen; for Manlius, who commanded on the right, held his ground, while the legions of Decius on the left gave way.

"Then Decius, mindful of his vow, sent for Valerius, the chief pontiff, to direct him how duly to devote himself. He put on his toga, the robe of peace, after the Sabine fashion, bringing the sword and lappet under the right arm, and

throwing it over his head; and then, standing on a javelin, he pronounced the solemn form of words prescribed, by which he devoted the army of the enemy along with himself to the gods of death and to the grave. Then, still shrouded in his toga, he leaped upon his horse, and dashing into the enemy's ranks, was slain.

"Both armies were well aware of the meaning of the act. It depressed the spirits of the Latins as much as it raised those of the Romans. The skill of Manlius finished the work of superstitious awe. . . . The enemy fled in irretrievable confusion."

One consul sacrifices his son to the cause of military discipline; the other consul sacrifices himself to the gods, to obtain the destruction of the enemy. We believe in a Decius, in some Decius, at some time, in some battle. Many of the details brought here together were probably added by different narrators. But it may be laid down, we think, as a sound canon of criticism, *that no act of moral greatness was ever invented till the like of it had been really performed.* Imagination of what the human heart is capable of cannot precede the genuine feelings, the genuine heroism of man. The several acts of Manlius and of Decius are Roman deeds, whether they occurred precisely here or not. Then note the traces we have in this legend of the rite of human sacrifice, and the terrible boon extorted by it. Indeed, the whole passage is fertile of suggestions which we will not weaken by attempting to enumerate.

Rome had scarcely obtained the ascendancy over her neighbours when her own destruction was threatened by the Gauls. Yet ultimately this invasion of the Celt, by weakening her enemies more than herself, was not unpropitious to the final predominance of Rome. "The Gauls," writes Dr Liddell, "burst upon Latium and the adjoining lands with the suddenness of a thunderstorm; and as the storm, with all its fury and destructiveness, yet clears the loaded air, and restores a balance between the disturbed powers of nature, so it was with this Gallic hurricane. It swept over the face of Italy, crushing and destroying. The Etruscans were weakened by it; and if Rome

herself was laid prostrate for a season, the Latins also suffered greatly, the Volscians were humbled, and the Æquians so shattered that they never recovered from the blow."

It was a disastrous day for Rome. A large portion of her army, under her great general Camillus, was absent from the city. What forces she could muster were routed and dispersed. There were not enough men to defend the city; it was given up to the Gauls. The Capitol alone held out. Finally, the Romans were fain to ransom themselves, and to obtain peace, by the payment of one thousand pounds in weight of gold. The popular and legendary history tells us, that whilst this gold was being weighed out—and just as the insolent Gaul had thrown his sword into the scale, bidding them weigh that too, with his "Woe to the conquered!"—the great Camillus returned with his army, marched into the forum, ordered the gold to be returned, declared that it was with *iron* he meant to redeem the city, and forthwith drove out the Gauls, so completely destroying their host that not a man was left to carry home the news of their calamity.

"So ran the legend," continues Dr Liddell, "embellished by the touch of Livy's graceful pen. But, unfortunately for Roman pride, here also, as in the tale of Porsonna, traces of true history are preserved, which show how little the Roman annalists regarded truth. Strabo and Diodorus mention stories to the effect that the Gauls carried off the gold without let or hindrance from Camillus, but that they were attacked in Etruria, some said by the Romans themselves, others said by the friendly people of Cære, and obliged to relinquish their precious booty. But Polybius has left clearer and more positive statements. That grave historian tells us, as if he knew no other story, that the departure of the Gauls was caused by the intelligence that the Venetians, an Illyrian tribe, had invaded their settlements in northern Italy; that, on receiving this intelligence, they proposed to make a treaty; that the treaty was made; that they actually received the gold, and marched off unmolested to their homes."

Where did Polybius get his story? The legend may be false, but where were the materials from which Poly-

bins could have obtained a more historical account? But before again alluding to this subject, we cannot but pause to take notice that here also is a striking example of the value of the legend as a history of the mind and thoughts of a people, even where it fails us as a history of events. Consider what must have been the religious faith, what the ardent patriotism, that gave birth to this magnificent fable (if fable it is) of the conduct of the Senate, when the army of Rome had been utterly vanquished, and the Gaul, in insolent confidence of victory, was rejoicing and reveling at the gates. Here it is, in the version of Dr Liddell:—

"Meantime the Senate at Rome did what was possible to retrieve their fallen fortunes. With all the men of military age they withdrew into the Capitol, for they had not numbers enough to man the walls of the city. These were mainly Patricians. Many of the Plebeians had fallen in the battle: many had escaped to Veii. The old men of this order, with the women, fled for safety to the same city. The priests and vestal virgins, carrying with them the sacred images and utensils, found refuge at the friendly Etruscan city of Caere. *But the old Senators, who had been Consuls or Censors, and had won triumphs, and grown grey in their country's service, feeling themselves to be now no longer a succour but a burthen, determined to sacrifice themselves for her; and M. Fabius, the Pontifex, recited the form of words by which they solemnly devoted themselves to the gods below, praying that on their heads only might fall the vengeance and the destruction.* Then as the Gauls approached, they ordered their ivory chairs to be set in the Comitium, before the temples of the gods, and there they took their seats, each man clad in his robes of state, to await the coming of the avenger.

"At length the Gallic host approached the city, and came to the Colline gate. It stood wide open before their astonished gaze, and they advanced slowly, not without suspicion, through deserted streets, unresisted and unchecked. When they reached the Forum, there, within its sacred precincts, they beheld those venerable men sitting like so many gods descended from heaven to protect their own. They gazed with silent awe: till at length a Gaul, hardier than his brethren, ventured to stroke the long beard of M. Papirius. The old hero raised his ivory staff and smote the offender,

whereupon the barbarian in wrath slew him; and this first sword-stroke gave the signal for a general slaughter. Then the Romans in the Capitol believed that the gods had accepted the offering which those old men had made, and that the rest would be saved."

Grandeur never was invented—never grew up out of grander feelings or wilder convictions. How little do we seem to know of the ancient religion of Rome! We listen too exclusively to the poets of the Augustan age. Elegant fictions and placid deities, from whom little was to be hoped or feared, did not constitute the religion of early times. There were terrible gods in those days—without whom, indeed, no religion has existed which has really influenced the conduct of mankind.

The next great event in the history of Rome which arrests our attention is the war with Pyrrhus. Here the Romans come in contact with a literary people. The attention of the Greeks is drawn towards them. Greek historians collect what accounts they can of these new barbarians, who are pronounced to be "not barbarians at least in war." The first Roman historian wrote in the Greek language. We enter, it is said, into the historic period.

This is a fit place to quote some judicious remarks which Dr Liddell makes on the sources of early Roman history:—

"When the Gaul departed and left Rome in ashes, it was not only the buildings of the city that perished. We are expressly told that all the public records shared in the general destruction—the Fasti, or list of yearly magistrates with their triumphs, the *Annales Pontificum*, and the *Linen Rolls (libri lintei)*, which were annual registers or chronicles of events kept by the pontiffs and augurs.

"This took place, we know, about the year 390 B.C.

"Now the first Roman annalists, Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus, Cato the Censor, with the poets Nævius and Ennius, flourished about a century and a half after this date. Whence, then, it is natural to ask, did these writers and their successors find materials for the history of Rome before the burning of the city? What is the authority for the events and actions which are stated

to have taken place before the year 390 a.c.

"The answer to these questions may partly be found in our fifth chapter. The early history of Rome was preserved in old heroic lays or legends, which lived in the memories of men, and were transmitted by word of mouth from one generation to another. The early history of all nations is, as we have said, the same; and even if we had the *Fasti* and the *Annals* complete, we should still have to refer to those legendary tales for the substance and colour of the early history. The *Fasti*, indeed, if they were so utterly destroyed as *Livy* states, must have been preserved in memory with tolerable accuracy, for we have several lists of the early magistrates which only differ by a few omissions and transpositions. The *Annals* and *Linen Rolls*, if we had copies of them, would present little else than dry bones without flesh—mere names with a few naked incidents attached, much of the same character as the famous Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle*. For narrative we should still have been dependent upon the legends. We might know the exact time at which *Coriolanus* appeared at the head of the *Volscian* host, but the story would remain untouched.

"The false statements of the *Patrician* period are quite different in kind from the greater part of the legendary fictions of Greece or Regal Rome. There we discern no dishonesty of purpose, no intentional fraud; here, much of the baser coin is current. In the legends of *Porcena* and *Camillus* the dishonour of Rome and the triumphs of the invaders are studiously kept out of sight, and glorious deeds are attributed to heroes who are proved to have no claim to such honour."

If the legends of the Regal period are mythical, and if those of the *Patrician* period were falsified by bards and minstrels, who made it their vocation to flatter the family pride of the nobles, it is plain there is little of historic narrative relating to these early times which can be depended on. There is no essential difference in the account which *Dr Liddell* and *Sir G. C. Lewis* give of the materials of the early history of Rome; but the first of these writers has a far greater faith in that species of constructive or conjectural history, in which *Niebuhr* was so great an artist, than the second can at all admit. *Sir G. C. Lewis* contends with great force and

clearness that historical evidence does not differ in kind from judicial evidence. They are both founded "on the testimony of credible witnesses." Unless you can trace your narrative to some contemporary writer who had a fair opportunity of knowing the facts to which he testifies, you have nothing worthy of the name of history. Nor can any ingenuity of reasoning avail if the materials on which you reason are constantly open to suspicion. In the time of the second Punic war there commences a series of Roman historians or annalists who recorded the events of their own age; their works are lost to us, but they furnished subsequent writers, whose histories remain, with their materials. If now, for the years preceding this epoch, you have nothing but a series of meagre official annals, kept by the chief pontiff, some ancient treaties, and a few laws which you can bring into court as historical evidence—if you have nothing but these "dry bones," there is no help for it; you must be contented with the skeleton. By no means can you, in any legitimate manner, cover these bones. You have no narrative, both life-like and trustworthy, that extends beyond the age of *Pyrrhus*. Here the Greek historian steps in. Moreover, the war with *Pyrrhus* was "not so long prior to the time of *Fabius* and *Cicero* (the earliest Roman annalists) as to render it improbable that they and other subsequent writers may have collected some trustworthy notices of it from native tradition and documents." The speech, too, of *Appian* the Blind, delivered in the Senate on the occasion of the embassy of *Cinncas*, the minister of *Pyrrhus*, was extant in the time of *Cicero*. But beyond this period of the war of *Pyrrhus*, historic narrative based on acceptable evidence there is none.

Sir G. C. Lewis states the matter, at the opening of his third chapter, in the following lucid manner:—

"In the previous chapter we have followed the stream of Roman contemporary history up to the war of *Pyrrhus*, but found that at that point the contemporary writers deserted us. There is no trace of any historical account of Roman affairs by a contemporary writer, native

or foreign, before that time; nor can it be shown that any Roman literary work, either in verse or prose, was then in existence. But although there was no contemporary history, and no native literature at Rome before the war with Pyrrhus, yet we have a history of Rome for 472 years before that period, handed down to us by ancient classical writers as a credible narrative of events."

But we must not be seduced further into following the discussions of Sir G. C. Lewis "on the credibility of the early Roman history." We must not forget that it is Dr Liddell's History we have at present before us. The wars of Pyrrhus are related by him in a very distinct and spirited manner, and the chivalrous character of the Greek prince—the *Cœur-de-Lion* of his age—stands out before us in very clear relief. The wars, too, of a greater than Pyrrhus—of the Carthaginian general, Hannibal—are told with more perspicuity than will be found, we think, in the pages of any of his predecessors. But for very manifest reasons we must pass over voluminous details of this description.

No portion of the work will be read with more interest and profit than those chapters which give an account of the civil constitution of Rome, such as it existed in the palmy days of the republic. We confess ourselves to be utterly incredulous of the ability of any writer to describe to us what the constitution of Rome was under her kings, or during the earlier periods of the commonwealth. So much the more pleasure do we derive from a view of that constitution when the clouds seem to break away, and it stands revealed to us in the light of history. When he has driven Hannibal out of Italy, conquered Sicily, and imposed those terms on Carthage which ended the second Punic war, Dr Liddell takes the occasion to review the constitution of Rome such as it displayed itself when the republic was in its full vigour. It was during the time of the Punic wars, he tells us, that this most remarkable and most complex system of government under which men ever lived, attained to some completeness of form. Our own British constitution is often cited as a marvel of com-

plexity; incongruous powers and institutions come into collision at this and that point, till a harmonious action is at length produced; and the prerogative of the Crown is seen to be opposed by the privilege of Parliament, in such a manner as rather to represent a contest between rival institutions, than an understood co-operation of great functionaries of state. But the British constitution is a simple and consistent scheme when compared with the constitution of the Roman republic; with its wild right of the Tribune, which at once seems subversive of all law; with its annual elections, and that even of the general at the head of its armies, which seems at once subversive of all military discipline, and an insuperable obstacle to all military success; with its coequal legislative assemblies, which seems to strike at once at the unity of the laws, and to be a provision for the dissolution of the society.

That which explains the mystery, that which accounts for the long duration and signal success of so complicated a system, is to be found in the predominating power of the Senate. And if again we are asked how it happened that the Senate endured so long, and was not sooner dissolved or reduced to subjection by some military chief, we can only refer to the jealousy which the great men of Rome, patrician or plebeian, entertained of each other. Many a patrician would have been king, none would have endured to have a king over him. This determination to bow to no superior, except the law, except the State, is the feeling of every aristocracy which grows up within a city. It is otherwise with a territorial aristocracy. Here some form of our feudal system invariably presents itself; the common safety requires it. But in a municipal aristocracy, like that of Rome or Venice, the prevailing spirit, the *conservative feeling*, is precisely this determination, that no one member of the body shall obtain predominance over the rest. Looking at the history of Rome and the magnitude of her conquests, we feel that it was inevitable that the Senate should succumb at length to some victorious Caesar,

and we feel that it was equally inevitable that it should deliver its last protest in the daggers of a Brutus and a Cassius.

An extract from this portion of Dr Liddell's work cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. What precisely was the august Senate of Rome many of us may not distinctly remember, if indeed we have ever been so distinctly told as we are in the pages of this writer. We have no space to enter on the description of the two legislative assemblies, the "Tribe Assembly," and the "Centuriate Assembly," as they are here called, nor of the extraordinary power of the Tribune; we must limit our quotation to that part which rather bears on the ordinary and executive government of Rome.

"To obtain each of those high offices (as those of Quæstor, Edile, Prætor, Consul, Censor), the Roman was obliged to seek the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. They were all open to the ambition of every one whose name had been entered by the Censors in the Register of Citizens, provided he had reached the required age. No office, except the Censorship, was held for a longer period than twelve months. No officer received any pay or salary for his services. To defray expenses, certain allowances were made from the treasury by order of the Senate. To discharge routine duties and to conduct their correspondence, each magistrate had a certain number of clerks (Scribes), who formed what we should call the civil service, and who had before this assumed an important position in the State.

"But though the highest offices seemed thus absolutely open to every candidate, they were not so in practice. About the time of the first Punic war an alteration was made, which in effect confined the Curule offices to the wealthy families. The *Ædiles* were charged with the management of the public games, and for celebrating them with due splendour a liberal allowance had been made from the treasury. At the time just mentioned, this allowance was withdrawn. Yet the Curule *Ædiles* were still expected to maintain the honour of Rome by costly spectacles at the Great Roman Games, the Megalesian Festival, and others of less consequence. A great change was wrought by this law, which, under a popular aspect, limited the choice of the people to those who could buy their favour. None could become

Ædile who had not the command of money, or at least of credit.

"That which strikes the mind as most remarkable in the executive government of Rome, is the short period for which each magistrate held his office, and the seeming danger of leaving appointments so important to the suffrages of the people at large; and this is still more striking when we remember that the same system was extended to the army itself, as well as to its generals. The Romans had no standing army. Every Roman citizen between the complete ages of seventeen and forty-five, and possessing property worth at least 4000 lb. of copper, was placed on the military roll. From this roll four legions, two for each Consul, were enlisted every year; and in case of necessity additional legions were raised. But at the close of the year's campaign these legionary soldiers had a right to return home and be relieved by others. Nor were there any fixed officers. Each legion had six tribunes and sixty centurions; but these were appointed, like the consuls and soldiers, fresh every year. The majority of the tribunes were now elected by the people at the *Comitia* of the tribes, and the remainder were nominated by the consuls of the year; the only limitation to such choice being, that those elected or nominated should have served in the legions at least five campaigns. The Centurions were then nominated by the Tribunes, subject to the approval of the Consuls. No doubt the Tribunes or Consuls, for their own sake, would nominate effective men; and therefore we should conclude, what we find to be the fact, that the Roman armies depended much on their Centurions, and on those Tribunes who were nominated by the Consuls."

Everything hitherto seems to be in a state of perpetual change and disorganisation. If a consul were pursuing his operations ever so successfully, he was liable to be superseded at the close of the year by his successor in the consulship; and this successor brought with him new soldiers and new officers. This inconvenience was so great that the constitutional usages were necessarily broken through: the same men were re-elected to the consulship notwithstanding the law that no one should hold the office a second time except after the lapse of a certain interval. Impolitic laws, and these frequently suspended, present us with a poor guarantee for the permanence of the republic.

"But though the chief officers, both in state and army, were continually changing at the popular will, there was a mighty power behind them, on which they were all dependent, which did not change. This was the SENATE.

"The importance of this body can hardly be overstated. All the acts of the Roman Republic ran in the name of the Senate and People, as if the Senate were half the State, though its number seems still to have been limited to three hundred members.

"The Senate of Rome was perhaps the most remarkable assembly that the world has ever seen. Its members held their seats for life. Once senators, always senators, unless they were degraded for some dishonourable cause. But the Senatorial peerage was not hereditary; no father could transmit the honour to his son. Each man must win it for himself.

"The manner in which seats in the Senate were obtained is tolerably well ascertained. Many persons will be surprised to learn that the members of this august body, all, or nearly all, owed their places to the votes of the people. In theory, indeed, the Censors still possessed the power really exercised by the kings and early Consuls, of choosing the Senators at their own will and pleasure. But official powers, however arbitrary, are always limited in practice—and the Censors followed rules established by ancient precedent. A notable example of the rule by which the list of the Senate was made occurs at a period when, if ever, there was wide room for the exercise of discretion. After the fatal days of Trasimene and Cannæ, it was found that, to complete the just number of Senators, no less than one hundred and seventy were wanting. Two years were yet to pass before new Censors would be in office; and to provide an extraordinary remedy for an extraordinary case, M. Fabius Buteo, an old Senator of high character, was named Dictator, for the sole purpose of recruiting the vacant ranks of his order. He thus discharged his duty: after reciting the names of all surviving Senators, he chose as new members, first, those who had held Curule offices since the last censorship, according to the order of their election; then those who had served as *Ædiles*, *Tribunes*, or *Quæstors*; then of those who had not held office, such as had decorated their houses with spoils taken from the enemy, or with crowns bestowed for saving the lives of fellow-citizens!

"The first qualification for a seat in the Senate then was that of office. It is

probable that to the qualification of office there was added a second, property; a third limitation, that of age, followed from the rule that the Senate was recruited from the lists of official persons. No one could be a Senator till he was about thirty years of age.

"The power of the Senate was equal to its dignity. It absorbed into its ranks a large proportion of the practical ability of the community. It was a standing council, where all official functions were annual. And thus, it is but natural that it should engross the chief business of the State."

This body of ex-consuls, ex-prætors, and the like (we need hardly say that the distinction between Patrician and Plebeian had been early erased) might well justify the figure of speech which the minister of Pyrrhus used when he called the Roman Senate an assembly of kings. "Many of its members had exercised sovereign power; many were preparing to exercise it."

The Senate had the absolute control of foreign affairs, except that, in declaring war and concluding treaties of peace, the people were consulted. The conduct of the war, and all diplomatic negotiations, were in their hands. The Consul was the servant of the Senate; the sacred pontiffs took their orders from the Senate. And, what was of no less importance, "all the financial arrangements of the State were left to their discretion." In times of difficulty, as is well known, they had the power of suspending all rules of law by the appointment of a dictator.

"They prolonged the command of a general or suspended him at pleasure. They estimated the sums necessary for the military chest; nor could a sesterce be paid to the general without their order. If a Consul proved refractory, they could transfer his power for a time to a dictator. All disputes in Italy or beyond seas were referred to their sovereign arbitrement. . . . They might also resolve themselves into a High Court of Justice for the trial of extraordinary offences."

Nor was this great Executive Council without participation in, or control over, the function of the legislative assemblies; for, as a general

rule, no law could be proposed which had not already received the sanction of the Senate. This body may be well described as having been for many years "the main-spring of the Roman constitution."

Next to the wars with Hannibal follow those with Philip, and Antiochus, and Persens, all of which Dr Liddell relates with singular perspicuity. It is sad to notice how soon after the report of victories and extended empire is heard the complaint of corrupted manners, of a Senate greedy of gold, of a people following the war for plunder, making of arms a trade and profession. It was at the end of the second Punic war that we were called upon to take a survey of republican institutions, and republican simplicity of manners—of a people rude and warlike indeed, but agricultural, domestic, where divorce was unknown, faithful and pious,—and the third and last Punic war does not break out before we hear of the city being startled and alarmed at the report of wives poisoning their husbands, and at the discovery of secret associations of men and women where some new and licentious worship of Bacchus was introduced. The disease first manifests itself in the rude efforts to check it, and one of the earliest symptoms of corruption is the appearance on the stage of Cato the Censor.

Of Cato the Censor Dr Liddell gives us the outlines of a very vigorous portrait. "More familiar to us," he says, "than almost any of the great men of Rome, we see him, with his keen grey eyes and red hair, his harsh features and spare athletic frame, strong by natural constitution and hardened by exercise, clad even at Rome in the coarsest rustic garb, attacking with plain but nervous eloquence the luxury and corruption of the nobles." This type of a whole class of men, more honest than enlightened, stands out to us in still more distinct relief from his opposition to his great contemporary Scipio, the proud and the reflective, whom he chose to fasten upon as his antagonist. Cato had rushed to the conclusion that the wickedness of Rome was traceable to the arts and

philosophy of Greece. He ought to have directed his scrutiny to the cupidity and ambition of Rome. It was wealth and power, not art and philosophy, that were corrupting his fellow-citizens. He should have done his utmost to check their spirit of pillage and of conquest. Instead of which, he joins in the war-cry of the people, and directs his hostility against Scipio, the introducer of Greek literature. Another motive also is assigned for this hostility, which is of a still more commonplace character: there were political parties in Rome as elsewhere, and Cato had attached himself to the party of Fabius, which was opposed to the Scipios.

Born at the provincial town of Tusculum, and inheriting some patrimony, lands and slaves, in the Sabine territory, near the spot once occupied by the great Curius Dentatus, the future Censor of Rome had early adopted a quite rustic mode of life. The young Cato, we are told, looked with reverence on the hearth at which Curius had been roasting his radishes when he rejected the Samnite gold, and resolved to make a model of that rude and simple patriot. He used to work with his slaves, wearing the same coarse dress, and partaking of the same fare. But conscious, nevertheless, of superior powers, and fond, we may be sure, of seeing justice done amongst his neighbours, he would resort occasionally to the nearer courts of law, to plead the cause of some client. His shrewd sayings and caustic eloquence attracted the attention especially of one Valerius Flaccus, "a young nobleman of the neighbourhood, himself a determined friend of the ancient Roman manners." Flaccus persuaded him to leave his farm, and enter public life at Rome. There he rose, step by step, through the several offices of state, till he reached the highest honour, that of the Censorship.

"Cato was now in full possession of the immense arbitrary powers wielded by the Censor, and determined not to act, as most Censors had acted, merely as the minister of the Senate, but to put down luxury with a strong hand. He had thundered against the repeal of the

Oppian law,* during his consulship, but in vain,—the ladies were too strong for him. But now it was his turn. Hitherto no property had been included in the Censor's register, except land and houses. Cato ordered all valuable slaves to be rated at three times the amount of other property, and laid a heavy tax on the dress and equipages of the women, if they exceeded a certain sum. He struck seven Senators off the list, some for paltry causes. Manilius was degraded for kissing his wife in public; another for an unseasonable jest; but all honest men must have applauded when L. Flaminius was at length punished for his atrocious barbarity.† It savoured of personal bitterness when, at the grand review of the knights, he deprived L. Scipio Asiaticus of his horse.

"In the management of public works Cato showed judgment equal to his vigour. He provided for the repair of the aqueducts and reservoirs, and took great pains to amend the drainage of the city. He encouraged a fair and open competition for the contracts of tax-collection, and so much offended the powerful companies of Publicani, that, after he had laid down his office, he was prosecuted, and compelled to pay a fine of 12,000 ascs."

That fine of 12,000 ascs we are disposed to reckon amongst his highest titles to honour. Restricted in his notions, the Censor still claims our esteem for the genuine sturdy independence which accompanies him throughout his life, and in the presence alike of the Senate and the people. He is no craven demagogue. "You are like a parcel of sheep," he tells the people on one occasion, "which follow their leader, they care not whither." He interferes to prevent a gratuitous distribution of corn, which he foresaw would encourage the growth of a lazy mob in the metropolis; and on this occasion he begins his oration thus, "It is a hard thing, Romans, to speak to the belly, for it has no ears." He was a hard-headed, self-sufficient man, not

too humane, since he could recommend, in his book on agriculture, the selling off of old slaves as a useless lumber, and by no means disposed to act with clemency or justice towards foreign nations. In his old age, when he numbered eighty-four years, he led the party which clamoured for the destruction of Carthage. The old Sabine farmer appeared in the Senate, and unfolding his gown, produced some giant figs, which he held up and said, "These figs grow but three days' sail from Rome." He then repeated the oft-reiterated and fatal sentence, "Carthage must be destroyed!—*delenda est Carthago!*"

The morality between nation and nation always has been, and still is, execrable. Indeed, there can be no international morality until men have learned that the interest of one people is bound up with the interest of others; till, just as individuals learn that their welfare is inseparable from the welfare of some community of individuals, so nations shall learn that their own wellbeing and prosperity is inseparable from the wellbeing of some community of nations. The early policy of Rome in the treatment of the Italian cities which were compelled to acknowledge her supremacy, has often been praised; it could not have been very censurable, since at the period of Hannibal's greatest success there were so few defections. Probably the value of some large Italian confederacy had begun to be generally appreciated; and as there was little to pillage from each other, there was the less room for injustice. When the government extended beyond Italy, over rich and conquered provinces, the historian has no longer any commendation to bestow.

"It was a general rule that all Italian land was tax-free, and that all provincial land, except such as was specified in

* This was a law, passed after the battle of Cannæ, at the instance of the tribune Oppius, "by which it was forbidden that any woman should wear a gay-coloured dress, or have more than half an ounce of gold to ornament her person, and that none should approach within a mile of any city or town in a car drawn by horses."—Vol. i. p. 363.

† He had caused a fugitive and suppliant Gaul to be assassinated in his own tent, where he was feasting with a favourite youth, in order that the dying agonies of the man might afford an amusement to his unworthy minion.—Vol. ii. p. 61.

treaties or decrees of the Senate, was subject to tax. This rule was so absolute that the exemption of land from taxation was known by the technical name of *Jus Italicum*, or the Right of Italy.

"This last distinction implies that the imperial revenues were raised chiefly from the provinces. In the course of little more than thirty years from the close of the Hannibalic war, this was the case, not chiefly, but absolutely. The world was taxed for the benefit of Rome and her citizens.

"It was as if England were to defray the expenses of her own administration from the proceeds of a tax levied on her Indian empire. The evil was aggravated by the way in which the taxes were collected. This was done by contract. From time to time the taxes of each province were put up to public auction by the *Prætor* or *Proconsul*; and the company of contractors which outbade the rest received the contract and farmed the taxes of the province. The members of these companies were called *Publicani*. It is manifest that this system offered a premium on extortion.

"The *Proconsuls* and *Prætors* exercised an authority virtually despotic. They were Senators, and responsible to the Senate alone. It may too surely be anticipated what degree of severity a corporation like the Senate would exercise towards its own members in times when communication with the provinces was uncertain and difficult, when no one cared for the fate of foreigners, when there was no press to give tongue to public opinion, and indeed no force of public opinion at all. Very soon the Senatorial *Proconsuls* found it their interest to support the tax-gatherers in their extortions, on condition of sharing in the plunder. The provincial government of the republic became in practice an organised system of oppression, calculated to enrich fortunate Senators, and to provide them with the means of buying the suffrages of the people, or of discharging the debts incurred in buying them. The name of *Proconsul* became identified with tyranny and greed."

We would gladly accompany Dr Liddell farther down the stream of history, but the stream widens as we proceed. The events increase in magnitude, and the territory over which they extend expands before us; we have not "ample room or verge enough" for such themes as the names of Sylla, Pompey, Cæsar,

ing at. The battles and conquests of Rome led to the making of innumerable slaves; and nowhere is more plainly illustrated the great truth, that injustice works evil—that wrong, or the recklessness of other men's well-being, will bring with it a penalty of some kind; on some head,—for her slave-system was the curse of Rome, and the chief cause of her ruin and downfall.

Unfortunately for any distinctness of view on this subject, the same name slavery is applied to very different institutions, to very different relations between man and man, to very different rights and conduct of him who calls himself master or owner. All systems of slave-labour are no more alike than all systems of monarchy. In some cases the institution we call slavery is the only possible system that could have been adopted. But amongst the Romans slavery exhibited itself in its harshest features; here it in part superseded and thrust aside the labour of the free peasant: in Italy it drove the native agriculturist from the soil, and converted cornfields which had been cultivated by hardy yeomen, into wild pastures, where the cattle were watched by slaves. In the city, it retarded or prevented the growth of a free industrious middle class; even what we call liberal professions suffered a certain social degradation from being thrown into the hands of slaves or freedmen. The Romans were always a harsh people, and a system which put unlimited power of life and limb into their hands, and supplied the circus with gladiatorial combats, was not likely to improve their humanity.

They were always a harsh and severe people; it is suspected that some unrecorded conquest and subjugation was the origin of the distinction between patrician and client, and that the history of the city ought really to commence with the invasion and domination of a conquering caste or race. Be that as it may, one of the first laws we hear of is of so severe and cruel a character—a law of debtor and creditor of so atrocious a description—that it is almost as incredible as any of the wildest legends of that early time. We can

scarcely believe that a people who had advanced to the making any ~~as at all~~ could have made one in which it was provided that "the creditor might arrest the person of his debtor, load him with chains, and feed him on bread and water for thirty days, and then, if the money still remained unpaid, he might put him to death, or sell him as a slave to the highest bidder; or, if there were several creditors, they might hew his body in pieces and divide it"—with a saving clause that, "if a man cut more or less than his due, he should incur no penalty."—Vol. I. p. 100. Possibly this last provision was a mere threat, and to be sold as a beast of burden was the heaviest penalty that a patrician creditor ever inflicted on his debtor. It is plain, however, that when a multitude of slaves fell into the hands of the Romans, they fell into the hands of men who were not disposed to use their power leniently. They were men of blunt sensibilities. One who visited a Roman senator in the time of the Scipios might have had his ears assailed by the sharp cry of pain from a beaten slave, and certainly the first object that would have greeted his vision would have been a slave chained like a dog to the door—the "hall-porter" of those days. In subsequent times the more refined Roman could not have endured such sounds and sights in his own presence or neighbourhood; but what went on in the "ergastula" upon his estate, he probably never cared to inquire.

Our readers will perhaps prefer here a brief extract from Dr Liddell upon any general statements of our own. He says:—

"A few examples will show the prodigious number of slaves that must have been thrown into the market in the career of conquest on which the republic entered after the Hannibalic war. To punish the Bruttians for the fidelity with which they adhered to the cause of the great Carthaginians the whole nation were made slaves; no less than 150,000 Epirotes were sold by Æmilius Paulus; 50,000 were sent home by Scipio from Carthage. These numbers are accidentally preserved; and if, according to this scale, we calculate the hosts of unhappy men sold in slavery during the

Syrian, Macedonian, Illyrian, Grecian, and Spanish wars, we shall be prepared to hear that slaves fit only for unskilled labour were plentiful and cheap.

"It is evident that hosts of slaves lately free men, and many of them soldiers, must become dangerous to the owners. Nor was their treatment such as to conciliate. They were turned out upon the hills, made responsible for the safety of the cattle put under their charge, and compelled to provide themselves with the common necessaries of life. A body of these wretched men asked their master for clothing: 'What!' he asked, 'are there no travellers with clothes on?' The atrocious hint was soon taken: the shepherd-slaves of lower Italy became banditti, and to travel through Apulia without an armed retinue was a perilous adventure. From assailing travellers the marauders began to plunder the smaller country-houses; and all but the rich were obliged to desert the country, and flock into the towns. When they were not employed upon the hills, they were shut up in large prison-like buildings (*ergastula*), where they talked over their wrongs, and formed schemes of vengeance."

No wonder we hear of Sicilian slave-wars. Nor can we wonder, after this, at the statement sometimes made, that Roman civilisation never extended beyond the cities—that the *country* of such provinces of Gaul and Spain was still barbarian—that there was no civilisation or humanity *here* for Goth or German to destroy. We cannot wonder, at all events, that there was no patriotism to withstand their invasion. Their invasion was a restoration of the *country*, if it was a temporary destruction of the *town*. And even in the large towns, while the system of slavery endured, the industrial arts, and even studious and liberal professions, never received their due honour and due encouragement. Wealth and military and civil appointments were the only valid or generally recognised claims to social distinction.

We must take our leave of Dr Liddell's book, again commending it to the student. In a passage we quoted from the preface, the author says that if less of positive history is laid before the reader than in some older books, "he will, at all events, find less that he will have to unlearn." We venture to think that there is

still a good deal set down here as history which the student will have to unlearn. But we make no objection to the work on this account; for every student must be solicitous to know what is the last hypothesis of eminently learned men. There has been an overflow, in our own times, of conjectural history. As it chiefly concerned the dry details of civil government, and the development of constitutional laws, the free employment of a conjectural method was disguised: this flood, we may venture confidently to say, is now receding.

Additions of this kind, made by one able man, will be destroyed by another; but it does not follow on this account that there has not been a real progress made in the study of Roman history. This progress chiefly consists in the discrimination made in the comparative value of the materials which have come down to us. "In the first two centuries after the invention of printing," says Sir G. C. Lewis, "the entire history of Rome was in general treated as entitled to implicit belief, all ancient authors were put upon the same footing, and regarded as equally cred-

ible; all parts of an author's work were, moreover, supposed to rest upon the same basis. Not only Livy, but authority as high as that of Claudius or Tacitus, but his account of the kings was considered as credible as that of the wars with Hannibal, Philip, Antiochus, or Perseus; and again, the lives of Romulus, Numa, or Coriolanus by Plutarch, were deemed as veracious as those of Fabius Maximus, Sylla, or Cicero. Machiavel, in his *Discourses on the First Decade of Livy*, takes this view of the early history. The seven kings of Rome are to him not less real than the twelve Cæsars; and the examples which he derives from the early period of the Republic are not less certain and authentic than if they had been selected from the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, or of Cæsar and Pompey." An instance so striking as this of Machiavel ought to give us a double lesson, one of modesty and one of confidence;—of modesty, because we too may be involved in some general and prevailing error; of confidence, because where the reason of the case is clear, no name or authority, however great, ought to influence our convictions.

MONTEIL.

To struggle for literary fame—to devote forty years to the composition of an imperishable work—to toil amid pain and sickness, and the growing infirmities of age—never to be appreciated during all the period of that laborious existence except by the chosen few—and finally to die in poverty, perhaps in want—and then, when you have long been buried, and your name is nearly forgotten, your work to get slowly but surely into circulation, and to be pronounced a master-piece—this is the fate of few; but it was the fate of Amans Alexis Monteil, author of the *History of the French of Various Conditions*—a book of amazing research, great skill in composition, picturesque, humorous, and characteristic, and now received as the sovereign authority upon all the subjects on which it treats. The author was worthy of the work. Its object is to give a clear description of the French people, as they presented themselves to their contemporaries during the five last centuries. Old cartularies are ransacked, baptismal registers consulted, manners and habits inquired into; the private life of the tradesman, of the merchant, of the labourer, earnestly investigated, and brought before us with the distinctness of a picture. And Alexis himself—he was more undecipherable than a charter of the time of Clovis, more dusty, begrimed, and antiquated than the records of a Benedictine monastery: nobody knew him; he breakfasted, dined (when he dined at all), and supped alone. Yet that man of parchment had a heart, loved passionately, mourned deeply, hoped ardently, and had such wit, such observation, such combination! Half of his qualities remind us of Dominic Sampson, and the other half of Sydney Smith. Let us dip into the contents of his volumes and the history of his life; and first of the man.

Poor old Alexis, amid the desolation of his later years, fled for conso-

lation to the past. He revived the scenes of his youth, flew back to his native town, and gave daguerreotypes, in an autobiography which he never finished, of his father, his mother, his brothers, the people he had known, and the very stones he remembered in the walls. These reminiscences are very minute. Of course they are, for it was the habit of the man's mind to record the smallest particulars. He preferred them indeed to great ones. He would rather know the number of buttons on a general's coat than the battles he had won. So his father is brought before us in his habit as he lived. This worthy man had had losses, like Dogberry, and, like that great functionary, had also held authority in his native town. The town was a very small town, and the authority not great; but it was enough: it gave rank; it gave dignity; and the son records it as evidence that he came of gentle kin.

It was in the small city of Rhodéz, partly situated in Auvergne and partly in Rouergue, that Monsieur Jean Monteil, before the French Revolution, held the office of receiver of fines and forfeits. This does not seem a lofty post, but the worthy holder managed, by a little ingenuity, and a lawsuit which lasted six years, to get it recognised as one of the offices of the crown, inasmuch as the fines were those levied by a royal court; and he was therefore as much a king's servant as the procureur himself. On the strength of this connection with the administration of justice, Monsieur Monteil wore a hat with a gold band, a gown also with a similar ornament; and on Sundays and fête days he had a right to march to the church, looking the embodiment of a beadle, and of sitting on a raised place near the altar, and being "incensed" by the officiating priests. His son dwells with filial pride on the noble figure his progenitor presented to the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, as he walked along

the street with his gold-headed cane, and lifted his three-cornered hat in answer to the salutations of all who saw him. How long this went on we are not told; but one day the alarm-bell frightened the town of Rhodéz from its propriety. The Revolution had found its way to the deepest recesses of Auvergne, and the Reign of Terror began. The guillotine showed its hideous shape in the main street; war was declared against aristocrats; and who could be more clearly proved to belong to that doomed body than the portly gentleman with the gold-laced hat and the gold-handled ivory staff? John Monteil and the Dukes of Montmorency were equally worthy of death. There was no place left for De Grammonts or Monteils, and the servant of the king was no more saluted with respectful bows as he paraded his official costume on the first sound of the bell which called the faithful to church, and was no longer received with humble obeisances by the priests before the service began. In a short time there were no bells to ring; they were melted down to make sou-pieces by order of the Convention. Then there were no priests; they were all executed or banished, or had enlisted in the armies of the Republic; and finally there was no church; it was turned into a prison for the refractory; and John Monteil laid aside his gilded toga, and his cocked-hat, and his cane, and hid himself as well as he was able in the dark parlour of his house. There he gave himself up to despair. And no wonder; the blow had fallen so unexpectedly, and death was on every side. He only waited till his turn should come; and at last it came. In the days of his grand-^{eur} he had taken into his service two of the boys of Rhodéz—one Jerome Delpech, who seems to have had no family tree at all, and Jules Bauléze, the son of a poor sempstress. They had acted as his clerks, and were grateful to their old employer. They were now engaged in the public offices, and saw the whole tragedy as it went on. From time to time they slipped into the darkened parlour, and said, "Be on your guard"—"Fly"—"Save yourself." But John Mon-

teil did not know whither to fly. All France was nothing but a scaffold, so he staid at home.

The two clerks came near him to-morrow. They were suspected. Jerome Delpech died of the jail fever, waited on in his illness by his old master; and Jules Bauléze, the son of the sempstress, he was accused of being an aristocrat: the fact could not be denied, and he was executed in front of the town-hall. Then the Committee of Public Safety began to tremble for the liberty and equality of the nation if such a very exalted personage as Monsieur Monteil were suffered to live. So the *ci-devant* headle is dragged to prison—to the very church, the scene of his weekly glories—where he sat on the front bench, and white-robed choristers swung censers under his nose till he was nearly suffocated with perfume (and smoke); and here, at the eastern end of the melancholy ruin (for the windows were taken out, and the ornamental work all carried away) he saw the sempstress Bauléze kneeling in an agony of silent grief at the remains of the broken altar. She had been thrown into confinement as the mother of an aristocrat, and would probably on the following day be his companion on the scaffold. But before the following day, Robespierre's reign was over, and the two representatives of the aristocracy of Rhodéz were saved. What now is Monsieur Jean Monteil to do? He is nothing if not magisterial. Rob him of his robes, and what is he? A poor man indeed, more sinned against than sinning, reduced to leave the splendours of his native city, and, like Diocletian, plant cabbages in retirement. He occupied a cottage, and cultivated a few fields. But there was still left to him, companion and soother of his griefs, the gentle Marie Mazet, whom he had married when they were both in the sunshine of prosperity—both distinguished for birth and station; for she was the daughter of a mercer who sold the finest cloths in the town, and claimed some sort of unknown kindred with the Bandinellis of Italy and the Maffettes of France. But this lofty genealogy was due to the antiquarian zeal of her husband.

She herself only knew that Italy was a long way off, and that the Bandinellis and the Maffettes were probably no better than they should be. So she did not keep her head an inch higher on account of her noble origin, but was the most sedate, quiet, economical, pains-taking manager of a household that Rhodéz had ever seen. She sang, but only at church, or over the cradles of her children; she walked, but only to mass or vespers; she lived, as was the custom of good housewives then, in the kitchen, presided at table, helping the young ones, cleaning up the dishes, ironing the clothes, arranging, settling, ordering all—a charming picture of a good mother of a family; and no wonder her son dwells with affecting tenderness over the details of his early home. And the vintage! The labours of the whole house were suspended on that blessed occasion. The dry and dusty streets were left behind; old and young took their way rejoicing to the vineyard which Monsieur Monteil possessed a few miles from the town; and even Madame Monteil forgot her cares—forgot her economics, and renewed her youth in the midst of the universal joy. A harvest-home is a delightful sound in English or Scottish ears; it recalls the merry dance, the rustic feast, the games in the barn, the ballad, the smoking bowl,—but what are all these to the vintage? The harvest itself consists in wine. The children of the south kindle with enthusiasm at the very sound of the word; and Bacchus and the ancient gods seem once more to revisit the earth in a visible shape. All Rouergue was in a ferment of enjoyment the moment the grapes were ripe; but even then the mother of the future historian had hours of serious reflection. With her hand clasped in the hand of her silent thoughtful little boy, she looked often, long, and in silence, out of the window of the summer-house, her eyes lifted to the sky, her mouth mantling with a smile, sunk in an ecstasy of holy contemplation, such as we see in Ary Scheffer's noble picture of St Augustine and his Mother. "What are you thinking of, dear wife?" said Monsieur Jean Monteil. "On eternity,"

she replied in a soft voice, and gave her little boy's hand a warmer clasp. It must be from the maternal side Alexis derived his quiet strength, and the exquisite feeling of romance which enables him to realise the states of society, the sentiments and family connections so long past away. A mother like this would have been a fatal loss at any time; but happening when it did, the blow was irrecoverable. So good a manager might have restored the family fortunes; so loved a parent might have kept the sons united and respectable; "but she fell into the dust," says Alexis, seventy years after her death, "and our household was ruined for ever." These are strange revelations of the interior economy of an obscure family, in one of the most obscure of the provinces of France, before and during the Revolution: and the curtain rises and falls upon all the sons; for Alexis survived his brothers, and traces them with a light and graceful hand from the cradle to the grave. The eldest was old enough to know the distinction of his position as heir of the family name, when the Revolution broke out, and buried Jean Baptiste Jacques under the ruins of the feudal system. He had studied for the law—he had, in fact, had the honour of being called to the bar, and, by his great eloquence and knowledge, of getting his client—the only one he had—condemned to the galleys for life. But he, like his father, was forced to put off the gown, and, unlike his father, who stayed to brave the tempest at home, he fled. Meanly, ignominiously he fled, and hid himself amid the retired valleys of the Gevaudan, where he thought nobody would find him out, and where he might boast of his loyalty and sufferings without danger. But his boastings brought dangers from which greatness could not be exempt. A certain loyalist of the name of Charrie—a peasant who thought that a few of his fellow-labourers could restore the *fleur-de-lis* on the points of their pitchforks and other agricultural implements with which they armed themselves—heard of the exiled magnate who made the echoes of the Gevaudan vocal with his lamentations and cries for vengeance,

and came to the gownless advocate and made him colonel of the ragged regiment on the spot! Here was a choice of evils. If he refused the colonelcy, he would in a few minutes be cut into many hundred pieces by the scythes of the furious Legitimists; if he accepted, he was certain in a few weeks to be guillotined for rebellion against the Republic. But as weeks are better than minutes, he accepted the honourable rank, and Colonel Jean Baptiste showed himself at the head of his troops, and armed himself with a reaping-hook, which looked like a Turkish scimitar with the bend the wrong way. He armed himself also with a white cockade, which had the remarkable property of presenting the tricolor when turned inside out; and, prepared for either fortune, retained, as it were, on both sides, the colonel-advocate considered himself secure whatever might happen. But Charrie was not so blind as was thought. The trick was found out, and the colonel fled: he ran, he climbed, he struggled over walls, he staggered across gardens,—the scythemen, the pitchforkmen, the reaping-hookmen, the sailmen after him; and by dint of quick running, and artful turnings, and scientific doubles he might have been safe; but a dreadful outcry in an outhouse, the infuriate babblings of turkey-cocks, the hissing of geese, the quacking of ducks, betrayed him. He had concealed himself in a hen-roost, and the denizens of the poultry-yard had regarded neither the tricolor nor the white cockade. In spite of his duplicity and cowardice, he got off. Happier than Charrie, who paid for his brief authority with his head, the eldest hope of the Monteils lived in peaceful obscurity, cultivating potatoes, both red and white, and brewing the best wine of the district, till having planted and brewed all through the first wars of the Empire, he died at sixty, forgetful alike of his legal studies and military adventures, and only doubtful as to the superiority of the long kidney or the pink-eyed rounds.

The next was a wit—a *roné* to the extent of a few rows on the street, and a poet to the extent of a few

lampoons on the respectable dignitaries of Rhodes. He tore off the knockers of the street-doors, changed the sign-boards of different tradesmen, and went through the usual stages of a fast young gent's career. He proceeded to Paris, determining to be chancellor; he moderated his desires in a few years, and would have been satisfied to be a peer of France; he sank lower still, and would have accepted anything he could get, but he could get nothing, so he became a land-measurer of the humblest kind, retained his gaiety to the last, sang his own little songs and repeated his own little epigrams, and died of corpulence and laziness at the age of eighty-two, as happy, perhaps, as if his dreams of ambition had been fulfilled. The third and last brother was the black sheep of the flock. He enlisted in the hopeful time for any one who had courage and a sword, in 1793, and might have been a Soult, or a Ney, or a Murat. Instead of that, he was an idle, dissipated dog, who sank from vice to vice, till, having some musical talent and great strength of wrist, which obtained him the situation of drummer in the regiment, he behaved so ill that some brother of the trade was employed to drum him out of the army, and he returned to his home, living at his impoverished father's expense—getting a dinner where he could—drinking when he could obtain wine—gambling when he could borrow a button to toss with—useless, shameless, heartless; and when the old man died, and the cottage passed to strangers, and his contemporaries had perished, and the new generation knew him no more, he found his way to Paris, wandered through the streets in search of an hospital, was so thin and worn and broken down that he was admitted without certificate, and lay down on a crib in the charitable ward and died: and this the result of the education and the example given by Monsieur Jean Monteil of Rhodes, and the gentle Marie Mazet! Was it for this they were so strict in honour, so pure in heart, so tender in affection, only to produce a coward, an idler, and a beggar? The fate of families well and carefully brought

up, circled round "by father's blessing, mother's prayer," during all their youth, and giving way at once to the excesses of vice, and sinking into the abysses of shame, is one of the most curious of our everyday experiences. Are we to blame the parents? They have done the best they could; but Tom gets a commission, and is cashiered; Billy gets into a bank, and forges a draft; Harry goes to the bar, and drinks himself to death at the cider-cellar; and the proud and chivalrous old father, the soft and affectionate mother, after mourning for a few years in the small lodging to which the extravagance of their family has reduced them, die of broken hearts. But in the case of the Monteils there was one redeeming point: one son was all they could wish in the way of affection, of uprightness, of quietness, and devotion to his books. There was Amans Alexis studying from morn to night—very shy—very awkward—very queer—caring nothing for society—knowing little of anything that had occurred since the battle of Pavia—insatiate in his hunger after old scraps of manuscript—starting off, stick in hand, bread in pocket, if he heard that in some miserable valley among the hills there had been a demolition going on of a monastery, or rotten old chest discovered among the rat-holes of some tatterdemalion town-hall. The odd-looking youth, tired and travel-stained, saw at a glance if the muniment-chest was old and useless enough to be of any value; he opened the moth-eaten lid, and saw a file of moth-eaten papers. In a moment he ran over the hieroglyphics they contained. The language they were written in, though Latin in name, would have puzzled Cicero and the College of Augurs to interpret a syllable. Alexis read them off like round-hand, and bought them—sixpence—ninepence—a franc—and the treasure was his. He turned his heels on the monastery or the town-hall, and pursued his way to Paris. He goes to the Depository of the Archives of France. "Do you want an original charter granted by Louis le Hutin to the Abbey of St Bernard de Romans in Dauphiny?"

"Certainly. It is worth its weight in gold," and it is now a valued article in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*.

But old charters are not to be found every day, even if monasteries—which is greatly to be wished—were every day demolished; and yet the daily bread is to be procured. Buonaparte is in the first dash of youthful power. Nothing escapes him; no amount of bushels can hide any candles which can light his way to empire. The laborious student, the proper among old documents, the retiring antiquary is discovered, and is installed Professor of History at the Military School. No man in France knew more of history than Amans Alexis Monteil; but it was the history of the citizen, not of the soldier. He knew what was the position of the grocer, of the shoe-black, of the petty tradesman, since grocers and shoe-blacks and petty tradesmen were created. He dwelt on the family circle gathered round the cottage-fire in the year 1450. He could tell of every article of furniture in the castle of the noble, and also all the circumstances of the carpenters who made them. He knew the habits of the scholars of Amboise or of Paris in the days of Joan of Arc; but the wars of Frederick of Prussia, the wars of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden! he hated wars; he was the biographer of the people, and did not concern himself much about the great ones of the earth. So his pupils were rather inattentive; they did not care much for the simple annals of workmen and labourers who had been dead four hundred years; and, besides, they were listening for the guns which were thundering all over the world. How could they hear a dissertation on the quarrels of the Benedictines and the Cordeliers, when they were in momentary expectation of a bulletin from the Army of Italy? How could they listen to a description of the agricultural labourers of Provence on the day after the news of Marengo? They went off and were killed, or rose to be generals, governors, marshals. And Alexis plodded on. He gathered materials in all directions for the great work that was never absent from his thoughts—pondered—inquired—compared, and finally com-

pleted the most marvellous reproduction of the past which any country possesses. It is, in fact, a minute detail of the humble ranks in France, the inhabitants of obscure towns and farms and hamlets. What Monfaucon is to the nobility, with his fourteen folio volumes of emblazoned arms, and vivid representation of the life in hall and palace, the glitter of the tilt-yard, the mustering of knights and squires for battle, the gentle Alexis is for the peasant, for the roturier, the bourgeois, and the serf. He erects his tent in the market, in front of the monastery, at the great gate of the chateau, or in the fair, where he is surrounded by mountebanks and ballad-singers and jugglers, and writes down exactly what he sees. He sees a leper sitting at the gate, veiled and guarded. He meets a funeral—he meets a wedding; he accompanies the corpse to the church, and the bride to her chamber. He omits nothing; and he supports every statement by the most amazing array of documents. There are writings and inscriptions, and medals of brass, and carved pieces of stone, and fragments of chests of drawers, all giving confirmation strong to whatever fact he states. And this minute supervision he extends over four centuries. The tradesman is followed from the time of the domination of the English to the time of the domination of Louis the Fourteenth. The noble is seen, over all that lapse of time, governing, quarrelling, trampling, oppressing; and you soon see that the Revolution of 1789 was a great revenge for centuries of wrong; that the guillotine of 1793 was built out of timber planted by feudal barons, when Francis the First was king; and you wonder no longer at the inhuman ferocity of a peasantry and a middle class, equally despised and equally hated by the spurred and feathered oligarchy who ground them to the dust, and insulted them in their dearest relations. Happily for us, feudalism died a natural death, or was put an end to like a gentleman in fair fight at Naseby and elsewhere, or scientifically bled into its grave by acts of Parliament, or John Bull would have torn it in pieces like a tiger; for the *History of the French of Various Conditions*

would apply equally well during the first century of the record (the fourteenth) to our English trades. But in the sixteenth the divergence is complete. Nobles in England are tyrants no more, nor the lower classes slaves. When Leicester was entertaining Elizabeth at Kenilworth, an Englishman's house was his castle. When Sully was raising adherents for Henry the Fourth, the French peasant had no property and no rights. Leicester would have been tried for robbery if he had taken forcible possession of John Smith's ox or cow. Sully would have passed scot-free if he had burned Jacques Bonhomme's cottage about his ears, and tossed that starveling individual into the flames on the point of his lance. There is such an impression of truth and reality about these revelations of Monteil, that we never have a doubt on the smallest incident of his details. If for a moment we pause in our perusal, and say, "Can this possibly be correct? Can such things be?" What is the use of farther hesitation? You turn to the note at the end of the volume. You find voucher after voucher, from all manner of people—priests, lawyers, and judges. You might as well doubt your own marriage, with the certificate of that stupendous fact before your eyes, signed by parson and clerk, two bridesmaids, and the Best Man. It is better to read on with unhesitating belief. You will only get into a cloud of witnesses which will throw you positively into the dark ages, as if you had been a spectator of the scene. And the author all this time—is he a mere machine—a mill for the grinding of old facts into new and contemporary pieces of knowledge, as an old bronze statue may be coined into current money? Alexis is married; Alexis has a child—such a wife and such a child no man was ever blessed with before. His father, our deceased acquaintance, the former aristocrat of Rhodéz, Monsieur Jean Monteil, married his student son, shortly after the tempest burst out upon the throne and nobility of France, to a charming creature, young, innocent, and an heiress, daughter of a gentleman who, long before this, had retired to enjoy his fortune with dignity—a

Monsieur Rivié, a little man, but strong—strong as a blacksmith. And this was lucky, for he was a blacksmith by trade. Not a common blacksmith, be it understood, but so clever, so sharp, so knowing, and withal such a dreadfully hard hitter, that he was a very uncommon blacksmith indeed. Little Rivié was the name he was known by all over the part of the country where his anvil rung. But little Rivié rose to be great Rivié before long. He shod horses for great men; he shod a war-horse for the Prince of Conti; he shod a charger for Marshal Saxe; he shod a lame horse so skilfully for a certain colonel that the colonel got him the contract for supplying the regiment with its remounts. He bought lame horses, of course, cured them, and sent them capering and caracolling to the barracks. It was the best-horsed regiment at Dettingen, and ran away at the first fire. So the smith grew rich, and married, and retired, as was said above, to show his well-earned wealth and his delightful family to his admiring townsfolk. As he rattled through the street, he became so inflated with pride and happiness that the axle of his carriage broke, and he was forced to alight. Luckily the accident happened just opposite a smithy. The mulcher was an old fellow-apprentice, but could not recognise his ancient comrade in the person of the great seigneur who had crushed his axle-tree by the mere weight of his importance. He also could not mend the fracture. In a moment the noble stranger pulled off his embroidered coat, tucked up his fine-linen sleeves, seized the sledge, and, O heavens! wasn't there a din?—a hail of blows!—a storm of sparkles?—a rat-a-tat on the end, on the side, on the middle, and still the twelve-pound hammer went on. "By St Eloi!" said the owner of the instrument, "you are either the d—l himself or little Rivié." And little Rivié it was. And little Rivié he continued to the end, for all his grandeur disappeared. That dreadful Revolution meets us at every turn. It broke the axle-tree of Monsieur Rivié's carriage, beyond the power of Vulcan himself to mend—it took off his embroidered coat, which nobody could ever re-

store—it tucked up his fine-linen shirt-sleeves, and nothing could ever bring them down again. In the days of his prosperity he had given his eldest daughter (and a dowry) to the Marquis de Lusignan—a nobleman who advanced claims to the island of Cyprus and the kingdom of Jerusalem, but was delighted to accept a few thousand francs as "tocher" with the daughter of a contractor. He borrowed a few thousands more on the income of the baronial estates of the Lusignans, besides a collateral security on the revenues of the Holy City when it was restored to its legitimate king. This mortgage was settled as the marriage fortune of the younger daughter, the sweet and excellent Annette. But the barony of Lusignan followed the example of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and vanished into thin air at a twist of the necromantic wand of Danton and Robespierre. Little Rivié was too old to resume the hammer. He retired, with his sons and daughters, to a small farm in the neighbourhood of Rhodéz; and the ex-headle and the ex-blacksmith arranged a marriage between the historian of the trades and the sister of the Queen of Cyprus. Her majesty had died, and her royal lord was flourishing a pair of scissors, and occasionally a razor, in the Burlington Arcade. Did the gentle Annette repine at her change of fortune? Did she mourn over the days of her father's grandeur, and despise the queer, learned, modest, loving being she had enriched with her first affection? Ah! never for an hour. They sometimes had a dinner, sometimes not; but always mutual trust, always perfect love. Occasionally, when fortune smiled more than usual, Alexis would address a letter to her as "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Lusignan, in her patrimonial Realm of Cyprus;" but this was only when a manuscript had put them in funds. At other times they were sad enough. With the amount of their united fortunes they had bought a small cottage and garden near Fontainebleau. Here he resided, walking every day six miles to his class and six miles back. Annette regularly met him, on his return, a mile or two from home, and arm-in-

arm they re-entered their own domain. But the class disappeared, the chair of history was suppressed, and the house was offered for sale. A purchaser appeared, and Alexis, in the interest of some future antiquarian of two thousand three hundred and nine, preserved the "Agreement to buy." It was between "Dame Monteil and his majesty Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine." It is a pity that the sum agreed on was not so magnificent as the titles of the buyer. It was only two hundred pounds—"a small price," says Alexis, with a sigh, "out of the contributions of all Europe." They now removed into a garret in a suburb of Paris, and day by day the husband put on his hat and traversed the great dark streets in search of something to do, but got no comfort from the interminable lines of narrow-windowed houses; for not a door was opened, not an offer was made, and, weary and disheartened, he found his way back to his attic, to the suffering smile of Annette, and the playful caresses of his boy. His Alexis was now two years old, and with these two the heart of the simple student was completely filled. There never had been such a child before, except among the cherubs of Murillo. He would make him such a scholar! such a Christian! such a man!—but in the mean time their two hundred pounds (diminished by the expenses of the sale) were rapidly disappearing. The time of the green leaves was coming on. They heard birds whistling in the dusty trees on the road before their windows—they thought of the chestnuts, and limes, and hedgerows of Rouergue. "Come," said Alexis, "Paris has no need of such a useless fellow as I am. Let us go home." Annette packed up her small possessions, took the young Alexis in her arms, and away they go in the first sunny days of the month of May. Away they go on foot, Alexis generally bestriding his father's shoulders as if he felt Bucephalus beneath him, and through the smiling plains: through Nemours, Montargis, Combe, Pontilly, lies their course, and Paris gradually is for-

gotten. They walked at a good pace, for they liked to have an hour or two to spare when they came to a shady place and a spring. Then they undid the knapsack, and bread soaked in the fountain became ambrosia, and they did not envy the gods. Through Moulins, Clermont, Issoire, on they go, talking, arranging, hoping. And at last they see the chestnut trees, the limes, the hedgerows—they are in the paradise of their youth: they know the names of every field—they are beloved by all that see them—and they live on sixty francs (two pounds eight and fourpence) a month. The vegetables are delightful, the milk plentiful, the loaf abundant, and they never think of meat. Amans Alexis writes—writes—writes. Annette sits beside him, and listens with entranced ears as he reads to her, chapter by chapter, the history of her countrymen who lived, and worked, and hungered so long ago. His great book is now begun, and his life is happy. Scraps of paper with perfectly illegible lines furnish him with a hint, which he works up into a statement. The statement grows a story, the story grows a picture, and we become as familiarly acquainted with Friar John, Cordelier of Tours, and Friar Andrew, Cordelier of Thou-louse, as with any of our friends. And such a correspondent as Friar John of Tours has seldom been met with since he started on his memorable journey to Paris in the year 1340. Then all the personages introduced are as real as a lord mayor. Where Alexis got his knowledge of character, his sly observation, his exquisite touches of humour, is a puzzle to those who know his story. But it was not in Stratford that Shakespeare got his knowledge of the tortures of a successful usurper like Macbeth; nor in London that he repeated at second hand the wit of Benedict or Mercutio. Alexis found the grave dignity of the Sire de Monthonson, the ill-repressed ardour of the soldier-monk Friar William, and the noble lessons in chivalry given by the Commander of Rhodes, in the same wonderful reservoir of unacted experience in which Shakespeare found the jealousy of the Moor and the philosophic wanderings of Hamlet.

The family group in the Castle of Montbason is worthy of Sterne, and the warrior-colouring of Scott.

The book grows—it takes shape—visions of wealth and honour look out in every page; and again to Paris must they go. They go—and the same wretched life comes upon them again. They are again in a garret. Again Alexis walks through desolate streets; again his misery is cheered by his wife and the prattle of his son: but he does not see a hectic colour on Annette's cheek, or hear a cough which shakes her frame. She never mentions how weak she is growing—till at last concealment is impossible. She languishes in the town air, and pants once more for the fields and gardens. She sees, when lying on her sleepless bed, the whole district rise before her as if she were there. She sees the church—the farm—the cottage where they were so happy. Nothing will keep her in Paris; she must die in her native village. Alexis is broken-hearted. It is impossible for them all to travel so far; the journey by coach is too expensive, on foot too far; but Annette must be gratified in all. It seems a small favour to give to so good a wife—the choice of a place to die in.

"There are three spots," says Alexis, "which I never pass without thinking of Annette—the Rue de Seine, at the corner of the Rue de Tournon. It was there that she all of a sudden began to limp, attacked by rheumatism. 'Ah!' she cried, 'tis the last of my happy walks.' Another time, on the Pont Royal, a band of music passed, followed by the Imperial Guards. Annette said to me, 'I scarcely see them; there is a cloud before my eyes.' Alas, alas! my last recollection of her is at the couch-office, where I saw her take her departure. 'Adieu, adieu!' she said to me over and over with her sweet voice—and I was never to see her again!" Alexis took no warning from the limping in the Rue de Seine, or the blindness on the Pont Royal. She stayed with him, cheering him, soothing him, sustaining him to the last; and then, when she could only be a burden and a care to him, she unfolded her wings

like a dove, and flew away and was at rest.

Alexis was very desolate now, but he laboured on; he lavished on his son all the affection that formerly was spread over two. He educated him himself—made him the sharer of his studies, the partner of his pursuits. Brought up in such poverty, and accustomed only to his parents, he never was a child. At thirteen he was grave, thoughtful, laborious, and had the feelings of a man of middle age. The government did not altogether pass over the claims to compensation for the suppression of the Historic Chair which Alexis now advanced. He was made a sub-librarian at the school of St Cyr, and ate his bread in faith; and he published his volume, but got nothing for all his toil. It was in a style so new, and on a subject so generally neglected, that it had a small circulation, though highly esteemed by all who had the power to appreciate the skill of the workman and the value of the work. Still he toiled on, for he had his son to provide for; and the boy was now grown up—a fine stately young man, reminding Alexis of his mother by the sweetness of his temper and the beauty of his features. There were other points of resemblance which he did not perceive. The youth was his father's only companion, the father was the youth's only friend; and great was the pride of Alexis when he was told that his comrade was in love, was loved, and was soon about to marry. A bright prospect for poor old Monteil! who saw a renewal of his own youth, and the tenderness of Annette, in the happiness of his son and the attentions of his daughter-in-law. The son was admitted as clerk of the historical archives of France, and his salary was enough for his wants. The audience, fit, though few, which approved of the father's volumes, encouraged him to proceed. There was at last a prospect of a brilliant fame and a comfortable income. They could buy a small house at Fontainebleau; they would all live together: when children came, there would be new editions of the Fourteenth Century, to be a portion for the girl;

the Fifteenth Century should educate the boy; the Sixteenth should go into a fund for saving; and the other centuries could surely be a provision for the author's old age. Could anything be more delightful or more true? But young Monteil grew weak, no one knew why. He walked home in the rain one evening, and dried himself at the stove: he shivered as he stood before it, and then went to bed—and then was in a fever—and in three days he died!

"I lost him," says Alexis, "on the 21st September 1833, at eleven o'clock at night. I closed his eyes. Oh, misery! Oh, my child!—my second self! Hearst thou the cries and sobs of the wretched being who was once thy father? Dost thou recognise the voice of the poor old man whom thou so lovedst—who loved thee so? Thou leavest him alone upon the earth, and his hair is now white, and his arms empty!"

And his house was empty, and his purse, but not his cup of suffering. Away went all his dreams of buying the little villa at Fontainebleau, with its garden and paddock, its cow-shed and hen-roost. A vault was now to be purchased, and Monteil had not the necessary sum. But was his son, the hope of his old age, the tenderest and most affectionate of children, to be committed to the common grave, tossed in without a name, without a headstone, without a flower above his head? No! he would beg, he would pray—he would implore as a favour that a little spot of earth should be given him to be the resting-place of his boy till he joined him in the tomb—together the loving two, in death as in life. He wrote to the prefecture of the Seine with his simple request; but not a clerk in all that establishment had heard of his book. He got no answer. Still he did not despair. He left the corpse for an hour—he walked to the prefect—he saw him, he said to him, bare-headed, broken-voiced, "Monsieur, I am Monteil;" but a look at the dignitary's face showed him that there was no response to the announcement. "Perhaps," he said, "you never heard my name?" And it was too true. He turned away, staggered blindly down the stair, with his hand

before his eyes. And he saw his son cast carelessly, disdainfully, into the vast ditch—into which the penniless are thrown.

Amans Alexis Monteil wrote at his great work no more. Fortune so far smiled on him that he succeeded to a sum of £300. With this he bought a cottage at Cely, a pretty village near Fontainebleau, and lived on hermit's fare. He wandered and mused in the Bois de Boulogne; he sat on the stone seats of the gardens of the Luxembourg; but he saw no one at home, visited no one abroad. He had ventured all the happiness of his life on two frail barks, and both had foundered. Annette and Alexis, both had gone, and why should he labour more? The villagers saluted him as he passed, out of respect to age and sorrow, and he repaid them after his kind. He traced up their genealogies—discovered for them where their ancestors had come from, and finished by composing a veritable History of the hamlet where he lived. The historian of the commons of France became also historian of Cely, and more—he became its benefactor and friend. Just before his death, he founded recompenses for good conduct. He consented to the sale of a certain portion of his domain, and with the interest of the money so raised he ordered medals of honour—silver, with an inscription—to be given annually to the man who should drain a marshy piece of ground—to him who should plant the finest vine round his cottage—to the best labourer—to the village crone or washerwoman who should amuse her circle of listeners with the most entertaining (and innocent) stories,—and to the shepherd who should show the kindest treatment of his flock, *remembering that all have the same Creator*. And thus mindful of his poorer neighbours, and just and benevolent to the end, Amans Alexis Monteil closed his honourable life. His work has been twice crowned by the Institute of France; it is in its fourth edition; it has been eulogised by Guizot—it will be the delight of many generations. But what cares Amans Alexis for favour that comes so late? Sufficient for him is the neglected turf

grave in the churchyard of Oely, with the short inscription of his name and the record of his seventy-five years of pain. "Requiescet in pace."

The *History of the French of Various Conditions* extends over the five last centuries, and the plan of each century differs. The Fourteenth is painted in a series of letters, as we have said, from a certain Friar John, a Cordelier of Tours, to a brother of his rule residing at Toulouse. The character of the worthy letter-writer is charmingly sustained. Keen, cautious, observant, and yet with the simplicity natural to the inmate of a cloister, he gives a clear description to his friend of everything he sees, every conversation he hears, every place he visits. He enters the huts where poor men lie, and we learn the state of the labourer; he enters the dungeon, and reveals the secrets of the prison-house; he goes to the Fair of Montrichard, and we walk about among the booths. He gives the minutest details of the royal court—and, in short, manages to lift the reader completely back into the days of rich monasteries and private wars, and tournaments and duels. He has no antiquarian disquisitions or tiresome catalogues of furniture or dress; we rely on the faithfulness of the loquacious and gentlemanly Friar, and feel certain they are real letters written at the dates assigned. The fifteenth century is presented with the same marvellous freshness of detail, but without the individuality of the inimitable Friar John. It is a pity that excellent special correspondent did not turn out to be the Wandering Jew, and traverse all the centuries from first to last. We must suppose he died full of years and honours—let us hope, as head of some noble abbey—before the fifteenth century began. His place, however, is admirably supplied. We perceive a change taking place in the relations of the different classes of society, and the change is traceable in still stronger colours when, in the sixteenth century, we come to the impression produced by his visit to France on a clear-headed unprejudiced Spaniard. His glance is as penetrating, and

his inquiries as minute, as those of Friar John and the other; but the same may be said of all the supposed observers. They are all mere secretaries of Monteil, and write the same pure idiomatic and characteristic style. The laughing eyes and scornful lips of the Cordelier of Tours, the Hermit of Oely, come out through all disguise; and the Spaniard of the sixteenth century, and "Memoirist" of the seventeenth, are only admirable continuers of the correspondence commenced between the priests. It will, therefore, be like mounting to the fountain-head if we go back to the fourteenth century, and read the account of Friar John's visit to the great Castle of Montbason—a perfect representative of a feudal residence just before feudalism began to fall into decay. A dreadful event has happened in the chateau. While the Sire de Montbason is absent at the head of his vassals assisting the king, he left everything in charge of the grand huntsman. The grand huntsman, in pursuing a peasant who had offended him, knocks out his brains on the arch of a gateway, and is found dead on the road. The peasant, as if he had been guilty of murder, is immediately tied up to a gallows and hanged. During the preparations the wife and children of the wretched man stood at the foot of the wall crying "Mercy, mercy!" but the representatives of the grand huntsman are inexorable. The peasant swings off, and the cries of the widow and orphan ascend to Heaven for vengeance. The Curé of the parish hears of the transaction, and excommunicates the revengeful sons of the grand huntsman. The Sire de Montbason returns and compensates the peasant's family, and founds a perpetual mass for the poor man's soul. But nothing will do; noises are heard in the castle, furniture moves about, chains rattle; the house is haunted, and the spirits resist the exorcisms of the Curé, and kick up wilder confusion than ever. The Sire sends to the monastery of the Cordeliers at Tours, and Friar John is fixed upon by the prior. There could not have been a better choice. He goes and prays, and burns in-

cense, and lights candles, and the supernatural noises are heard no more. He remains at the chateau an honoured guest, and the almoner even resigns to him the privilege of saying grace before and after meat. John is overwhelmed with the honour, but accepts the duty; and, we doubt not, was the pleasantest ghost-layer the Sire de Montbason had ever seen. His nineteenth letter to Friar Andrew is all about the house he is in :—

“Montbason is one of the finest chateaus in France. Fancy to yourself a superb position—a steep hill rugged with rocks, and indented with deep ravines and precipices. On the ascent is the castle. The little houses at its feet increase its apparent size. The Indre seems to retire respectfully from the walls, and forms a semicircle round its front. You should see it at sunrise, when its outside galleries glitter with the arms and accoutrements of the guard, and its towers are shining in the light. The gate, flanked with little towers, and surmounted by a lofty guard-house, is covered all over with heads of wolves and wild boars. Enter, and you have three enclosures, three ditches, three drawbridges to cross. You find yourself in the great quadrangle where the cisterns are placed, and on right and left the stables, the hen-roosts, the dovecots, the coach-houses. Underground are the cellars, the vaults, the prisons. Above are the living-rooms, and above them the magazines, the larders, the armoury. The roofs are surrounded with parapets and watch-towers. In the middle of the yard is the donjon, which contains the archives and the treasure. It has a deep-ditch all round it, and cannot be approached except by a bridge, which is almost always raised. Though the walls, like those of the castle, are six feet thick, it has an external covering of solid hewn stone up to the half of its height.

“The castle has been lately repaired. There is something light and elegant about it which was wanting in the chateaus of old. You may well believe it is finished in the most modern style: great vaulted rooms with arched windows filled

with painted glass; large halls paved in squares of different colours; handsome furniture of all kinds; solid stands with bas-reliefs, representing hell or purgatory; presses carved like church-windows; great caskets; immense leather trunks, mounted in iron; great red boxes; mirrors of glass, at least a foot in width, and some of metal of the same size; great sofas with arms, covered with tapestry and ornamented with fringes; benches with trellis-work backs; others, twenty feet long, with hanging covers, or stuffed cushions, embroidered with coats-of-arms. I must tell you, however, that the beds do not seem at all proportioned to the rank of the owner. They are not above ten or eleven feet wide; I have seen much larger in houses of less pretence. But as to the decoration of the apartments, nothing can be more sumptuous. There are show-rooms and chambers of state, which are named from the colour or subjects of the hangings with which they are covered. There are some where the great pillars that support the beams of the ceiling are ornamented with ribbons and flowers in tin. There are some where figures of life-size, painted on the walls, carry in their hands, or projecting from their mouths, scrolls on which texts are written, pleasant to read, and most excellent for the morals of the beholders.

“As to the mode of life, it is pleasant enough, except that we do not dine till nearly twelve o’clock, and never sup till after sunset—which appears to me a little too late. The day, in other respects, is agreeably varied. In the morning the courtyard is filled with squires, huntsmen, and pages, who make their horses go through their evolutions. Then they divide into parties, and defend and attack some staked-off piece of ground with amazing strength and activity, amid the applause of all the spectators. After dinner there is leaping at the bar, quoit-throwing, nine-pins, and other games. In addition to all this we have the parrots and monkeys. We have also the old female jester of the late Sire de Montbason and the young fool of the present lord. He is so gay, and so full of tricks and

nonsense, that in rainy days he is the life of the whole house.

"The almoner has charge of the evening's entertainments. He has seen the world, and recounts agreeably; but, as he has never gone on pilgrimage, and has not lived either in convents or monasteries, he cannot give us above three stories in a night, for fear of repeating himself. But, fortunately, we have an ancient Commander of Rhodes, who has visited the Holy Land, and has travelled in the three parts of the world. He is an uncle of the Sire de Montbason. He relates his adventures delightfully. It is only a pity his bad health makes him go to bed so soon. Frequently, also, we have jugglers and vaulters; wandering musicians sometimes come, and we have concerts on the trumpet and flute and tambourine; harps and lutes, cymbals and rebecs. This very day we had a visit from a man who played on the viol, and never could get the strings in harmony. And no wonder; for it was found out that some of the chords were of the gut of a sheep, and others of the gut of a wolf. How could they agree? But he was paid as liberally as the rest.

"Life in these castles would be almost too happy if it were not mixed, like every other, with anxieties and alarms. Sometimes when we least expect it—in the middle of dinner or when we are sound asleep—the alarm-bell is rung. In a moment everything is astir—the bridges are raised—the portcullis falls, the gates are closed—everybody starts up from table or bed, and runs to the turrets, to the machicoulis, to the loopholes, to the barbicans. A few days ago I was witness to one of these "alertes," and during the space of forty-eight hours nobody was allowed to close an eye but the almoner and me. Every one was kept to his post—but nothing came of it. It was a Vidame of the neighbourhood, who had thought that the Sire de Montbason was levying his retainers, and preparing to attack his chateau; and so, without sending letters of defiance, he had taken the field against us with three hundred men. There were parleys and explanations on both sides, and everything was arranged. On this subject

the Dowager-Lady of Montbason tells us that these private wars are not so frequent as they used to be. She remembers that, in the week of her marriage, there was such a fierce and long-continued attack upon the castle, that not a soul went to bed for eight days."

This letter is dated the fifteenth day of February; and other experiences are recorded during almost every week of his five months' residence in the chateau of Montbason. He describes the kitchens, the grates, the cooking apparatus, and all the feeding appliances required for the army which garrisons the castle. In a day or two he is summoned to visit a prisoner in the *souterrain* or cave, to which he descends, like a pitcher into a well, suspended by a rope; and, by the light of the lantern he carries, he recognises the wretched captive on his handful of straw, with the pan of water near him in which the untasted crust is soaked. He has been condemned to this wretched dungeon for neglect of certain duties; and what they are we learn from the eloquent pleading of Friar John, who intercedes for the unhappy man with the Sire de Montbason. "My lord," he says, "I come to implore your pardon and compassion for one of your men. It is not true that he has refused to have his wheat ground at your mill, or his meat baked at your ovens; that he cut his hay or his crops, or gathered his grapes, before the publication of your 'ban'; that he had his ploughshare sharpened without obtaining your permission and paying you the fee. He can prove all this by a hundred witnesses. He can prove, also, that he has regularly laboured and reaped your lands, and always paid the rates and rent of his holding; that he has carried the wood and water and provisions up to the chateau; that he has never chased upon your grounds, and has always fed your dogs." These, and many other denials urged by the good-hearted Friar, are nearly losing their effect by the opposition offered to his entreaties by the Commander of Rhodes. That sturdy old knight pertinaciously stands up for the rights of his order, and on all occasions is for the exercise of power.

"To the gallows! to the gallows!" he cries; and points to that instrument of paternal government, which consists of two tall uprights before the window. But eloquence has its reward. "The Sire de Montbason," says Friar John, "has pardoned his unfortunate retainer, and he is now in the midst of his children. That old Commander," he adds, "his long exercise of authority sometimes makes him harsh, and turns his heart as hard as the steel that covers it."

But a field-day is at hand, in the description of which there is condensed a whole history of a feudal baron's relations with his tenants. It is the day when the Sire de Montbason holds his court baron, and a tremendous time it must have been for the holders of his fiefs.

"To-day the Sire de Montbason left the chateau, attended by all his suite. He was mounted on a white horse, with a hawk on his wrist, in robe of state, with armorial bearings on his coat, which was one-half red and the other blue. On arriving at the place called the 'Stone Table,' he took his seat. All his household, dressed in cloth liveries, ranged themselves behind his chair. A gentleman whose lands are held under Montbason presented himself bare-headed, without spur or sword, and knelt at the Sire de Montbason's feet, who, having taken his hands in his, said to him, 'You avow yourself my liegeman in right of your castle, and swear to me, on the faith of your body, that you will serve me as such against all who may live or die, except our lord the king.' The gentleman having replied, 'I swear,' the Sire de Montbason kissed him on the mouth, and ordered the act of homage to be registered.

"There next came forward a gentleman of the neighbourhood and his son, who demanded the right of lower justice over the western half of their great hall, because on the eastern side their manorial rights extended a full league. The Sire de Montbason consented with a good grace to this abridgment of his fief. Scarcely had this gentleman and his son concluded their thanks for this favour, when another gentleman advanced, and said a few words in the Sire de Montba-

son's ear, touching the ground with his knee several times while he spoke. 'I consent,' said the Sire de Montbason. 'Since you find your residence too small, I permit you to build a stronghold, with curtains, turrets, and ditch; but no weather-cock, no towers, and, above all, no donjon.'

"Meanwhile the Sire de Montbason beckoned a crowd of villagers to approach, who had stood respectfully at a distance, all loaded with provisions and goods of different kinds. Immediately the ground at his feet was covered with wheat, with birds, hams, butter, eggs, wax, honey, vegetables, fruits, cakes, bouquets of flowers, and chaplets of roses. They were instantly carried away by the people of the chateau, and several tenants came forward into the empty space, some making grimaces, and some going through strange contortions of body. Others came, some to kiss the bolt of the principal gate of the dominant fief, some to sing a ludicrous song, and some to have their ears and noses slightly pulled by the *maître d'hôtel*, who also bestowed a few smacks on the right and left cheeks. The Sire de Montbason ordered legal quittance to be given to all. The assembly then formed a circle round him, and the Sire de Montbason spoke. 'My friends,' he said, 'I have received too much money of you this year, to my great regret; the forfeitures for thefts, quarrels, wounds, blows, and bad language, have never come to so much before. I have hitherto remitted the fines for improper conduct and indecency, but I will remit them no more. Ask Friar John if I can conscientiously do so.' Everybody's eyes were turned upon me at once; I made a sign of strong negation with a shake of my head. The Sire de Montbason went on. 'I am very well satisfied with the way in which the statute-labour has been done, but there are still some suits of page's livery not delivered; a good many boots are required for my people, and a still greater quantity, I hear, need to be mended.' 'My lord,' replied a poor man named Simon, 'the artisans of your lands, the tailors, shoemakers, and cobblers, have all worked the full week they

owe you, and you cannot call upon us for more.' 'Ah! very well,' said the Sire, and cried to a labourer he recognised far off in the crowd, 'Come on, Jacques, I see you there; advance! I found the south door of my castle of Veigné in a very bad state. You know very well that, according to your tenure, your family is bound to keep it in repair; and besides it is as much your affair as mine, for if the enemy takes the field, as may very likely happen, what will be the use of your right to refuge in a stronghold, if its gates are bad?' He next addressed a woman who stood near him. 'Widow Martin, you keep poor guard in my castle of Sorigni. I am told you often sleep instead of watching. You don't sleep when you have to come for the corn you receive, according to old agreements, for this very duty.' He then spoke to the whole assembly again. 'I have further to complain of you, that you are not active in taking arms when my trumpets make proclamation of war; and, moreover, that your weapons are not good. When I make an attack with fire and sword, you enter into arrangements with your friends and relations who occupy the lands of the lords I am at feud with. They are not so complaisant on my grounds, and that is the reason I have so often to build you new houses, or pay you compensation. I have to complain, also, that those who have heritages in other manors go and live on them. Methinks you are well enough treated here, to be content to keep the fire alive. You also let your lands lie fallow for more than three years. I have the right to cultivate them for my own use, and I will exercise it. I blame you further for refusing my purveyors credit for fifty days, as you are bound to do. My good friends, I am bound, indeed, to give you my favour and protection, but you are bound no less to show your affection for me.'

"The tenants now made way for the serfs, and I remarked more familiarity and kindness between them and the Sire de Montbason than I had seen with the others. To all their requests, he answered, 'With pleasure—with great pleasure: what you lack in the house, you shall find

in the castle.' The Sire de Montbason retired. Scarcely had he gone, when there rushed in a man—fat, breathless, red-faced, with perspiration oozing at every pore. This was the courier of the manor, an office he inherited from his great-grandfather, who had been an active, strong-limbed man, and one of the swiftest runners of his time." The plethoric Mercury came to render homage for his fief, and would not have had breath to utter his oath even if he had not been too late. The day concludes with the extraordinary performances of the villagers in clearing the moat of Montbason of frogs—a service they are bound to render when the voice of the animals hindered the inhabitants of the castle from repose.

How superior this method of giving a view of some of the peculiarities of feudalism is to the common dissertations we meet with, will be acknowledged by any one who prefers a chapter of *Manhoe* to an explanation by Ducange. We are tempted to make quotation from the conversations between the worthy Friar John and the Commander of Rhodes, in one of which the veteran soldier fights nobly in defence of the right of private war; and there are other incidents in which the two men are brought out with a freshness and individuality not at all to be expected in the lucubrations of the chief of the French Dryasdusts; but we must content ourselves with the last glimpse of knight-errantry. Ill fares it with a period when it can be truly said its days of chivalry are past. But chivalry was a thing and a principle, and knight-errantry a pretence. There is the same difference between them as between the quiet benevolent practice of a physician, and the noisy operations of a quack doctor at a fair. How, in the midst of all that ignorance, and that rough handling of sword and spear, arose the poetic idealisation of personal honour and respect for woman, it is impossible to say. The fact is all we can answer for, and the result. At first the ennobling pictures of unselfishness and courtesy and generosity were viewed by the portly baron, the rough, gruff old head-breaker on the dais, as they were meant to be viewed; name-

ly, as altogether fictitious and imaginary representations of a state of manners which never had real existence. But the young squire his son, the long-haired maiden his daughter, who sat on the tabouret at his feet; the pages who stood open-mouthed behind his chair—were of a very different opinion. They believed in King Arthur, and in Amadis, and in Gualior, and in the peerless damosel who cheered him with such loving caress and such purity of heart; and, in the next generation, they resolved to form themselves on the model set before them in the achievements of these heroes and princesses. And if the state of their quarrels did not allow them to carry out all the refinements practised in those romances—if they were still forced to carry battle into their neighbour's manor, and carry off their neighbour's daughter, they did so “with a difference;” they doffed their plumed helmet when they received their vanquished enemy's sword; they bent knee to ground when they locked the captive maiden into her bower. Chivalry was a recognised fact, and was at all events a standard by which to measure their actions, if not always a barrier against the actions themselves. But its truest merit is the effect it undoubtedly produced on the civilisation of Europe. It supplied the place of religion itself, when religion was either locked up entirely in an unknown tongue, or enveloped in manifold additions which concealed it like the cerements of an Egyptian mummy. The code of honour gradually exerted its sway where civil laws were ineffectual. There were virtues inculcated, and vices condemned by it, which criminal courts could neither reward nor punish. Truth, generosity, temperance, purity, defence of innocent weakness, resistance to strong injustice—these formed the true knights' system of laws. The opposite evils were forbidden on pain of general censure. And the final effect has been this—that no nation which has not gone through the period of chivalry can give its true and full meaning to the great word “Gentleman.” India, China, Russia, never felt its force; they have, therefore, no civil freedom, no personal self-respect. A

system which has given rise to all the gentlemen of Europe should never lightly be talked of; and Amans Alexis in his garret had as high an appreciation of gallant knight and fair lady as if he had been present, when

“High in the breathless hall the minstrel
sate,”

and charmed young and old with the music of harp and song. But knight-errantry—a running to and fro in search of adventures!—a travelling attorney in pursuit of practice in the courts of Honour!—it scarcely needed the genius of Cervantes to bring this extravagance into ridicule; for even the commander of the fourteenth century, himself vowed to the protection of injured innocence, laughs at the pre-Quixotic absurdity as if he had had the knight of La Mancha before his eyes. A specimen of the genus even then was looked on as our naturalists would now look upon a dodo. “I must tell you a curious thing that lately occurred here. A knight-errant is not often seen nowadays, though the genus is not extinct. One came here and wound the horn which hangs before the great gate of the chateau. No trumpet having sounded in reply, as is the rule on these occasions, he turned his horse and rode away. The pages ran after him, and after many excuses for their want of skill on the trumpet, they persuaded him to come back. Meanwhile the ladies had dressed to receive him, and taken their places in state, holding embroidery-frames in their hands. The Lady of Montbazon was attired in a robe stiffened with gold, which had been in the house for more than a century. The dowager covered her head with a fur cap according to the fashion of her youth, and loaded herself with ermine. The knight comes in along with his squire, both covered all over with dangling plates of brass, making as much noise as a mule when loaded with copper pots and pans ill packed. The knight having ordered his squire to take off his helmet, revealed a head nearly bald, and fringed with long white hair. His left eye was tied up with a piece of green cloth, of the same colour as his coat. He had made a vow, he said, not to see with his left eye, nor

eat with the right side of his mouth, till he had accomplished his enterprise. The ladies offered him refreshment. He replied by throwing himself at their feet, and swearing eternal love to old and young, saying, that though his armour was of truest steel, it could not defend him against their arrows; that he should die of the wounds they inflicted—that he felt himself expiring—and a hundred other follies of the same kind. As he persisted in this style, particularly in his address to the lady of Montbason, whose hand he frequently kissed, I became impatient; the Commander perceived my annoyance. ‘Good!’ he said; ‘these old fools have their set words and phrases like a village lawyer. But keep your temper; perhaps he won’t stay the day.’ And in fact in a few hours he departed. Such are the ridiculous remains of that ancient chivalry which at one time ennobled humanity with so many virtues and so much glory.”

Poor old frivolous knight-errant! away he goes for ever out of human ken, with both eyes bandaged now, and all his enterprises accomplished; and, at the same time with him, dies off also another form of resistance to oppression, where the performer was of far humbler rank, and came in aid of justice in a much more legitimate way. There seems to have been no town in France of sufficient importance to have a court of civil or criminal process, which did not maintain a champion as one of the chief officers of its administration. The duty of this distinguished functionary was to supply any lack of evidence which might occur in the course of a trial; and as it was generally necessary to obtain the assistance of two witnesses in the conviction of a culprit, the champion watched over the cause, and when only one witness was producible, threw his sword into the scale which he believed to be just, and did battle with any one

who would take up arms on behalf of the other side. All through the early centuries, the office of town or precinct champion was as well recognised, and considered as indispensable, as that of notary or judge. But some terrible things happened in the fifteenth century, which put

the arbitrement of the sword into disrepute. Printing and gunpowder, when they came to maturity, were fatal to many a stout-armed gentleman, who had been installed in his honourable post of champion of the town, and had brought up his children with the honourable ambition of handling his sword and stepping into his shoes. How many Oxford coachmen and Cheltenham “whips,” in the same way, had to descend from the box, and turn their energies into other channels, on the first whistle of the railway engine!

It happened one day, says Alexis, in the first page of the second volume (which is equivalent to the middle or latter end of the fifteenth century), that a good many people were collected in the great chamber of the town-hall of Troyes, along with the mayor and bailiffs, when a curious question arose, as to which of all the trades and conditions were the worst. Everybody, as might be expected, laid claim to that bad eminence on behalf of his own. But at last it was arranged, that on that evening, and at their succeeding meetings, the question should be thoroughly gone into, and every man give some account of the evils he complained of, so that the company might decide after a full hearing of the evidence. On this hint the different personages speak. There is a beggar who paints a wretched picture of the state of his fraternity, even in those days of meritorious alms and food at the monastery gates.

“Who denies,” he cries, “that the beggar’s state is the most miserable of all?—who? Why, the bad Christians, the hard-hearted rich; and they are so plentiful now! How often have I heard it said in the days of my prosperity, that the poor were in the happiest state; that their revenues were secured on the charity of the public; and that they lived without care, with nothing to do but say their paternosters, and hold out their hands! Alas, alas! nobody thought of adding how often their hands remained empty—how often they had to submit in patience to the hunger of many days, to the cold of many months.”

Then come the farmer, the mcs-

senger, the comedian, and many more; but after the noble (for even he has discomforts to complain of), the tale is taken up by a person who is minutely described and introduced by the name of Vieuxbois.

Vieuxbois, who remembers the time when he was champion of the city, and believes that he is so still, though there is now neither champion nor lists, generally sits near the chimney. He is always dressed in an old suit of clothes, very tidy and clean, and always carries a long iron sword suspended by a sash of red silk. His face is so haggard and thin that it is nothing but bone. People call him more than a hundred years old, but he has the vanity of being thought young, and only confesses to ninety. This evening he rose from his chair, and having saluted the company several times with his sword, he resumed his chair, and thus began:—

"Gentlemen, you are all complaining of your callings, which proves, at least, that callings are still left you; but for us miserable champions—for us, the most miserable of you all—there is no calling left except in name. Oh! the long-past, happy, blessed days of France! days, above all, of the fourteenth, thirteenth, twelfth centuries!—why can't I prolong them into the present time! Then the sword of the champion was honoured—it decided where the judge was puzzled. Then the champion, the lists, the trumpet, the charge in every doubtful case; but now there is so much knowledge! there is so much learning! no more doubts—no more puzzled judges—and the champion's occupation's gone! But oh! little did my grandfather, the Champion of Chalons—he was hanged in that office—foresee this wretched time. Just before he was turned off, he summoned my father, who had fled from the scene in tears, and said, 'Champion, my son, weep not: it does not become a champion to weep: the cause I supported was just. I die because I did not parry in carte. Study the *carte*, my son; it is the best of the thrusts: you must deliver it free—you must have your wrist well placed. My adversary made a movement—it was against all the rules—but it deceived me. Champion,

my son, attend to your trade—it is a good one; and above all, I beseech you, do not neglect the *carte*.' But the people became impatient, and cried out for his execution; they were enraged because he had undertaken the defence of a wretch whom they considered guilty; and disdaining to reason with his inferiors, my grandfather shrugged his shoulders two or three times in sign of contempt, and died like a true and noble champion.

"My father also was hanged. You are astonished, gentlemen; that is because you did not know the good old times, when, the moment a champion was vanquished, he was dragged from the lists, and hoisted on the gallows. After having been victorious a great number of times, he died at last, not from want of courage or address, but because he slept. He died, recommending me always to wear sharp-headed nails in my shoes. I can declare that his fate was much regretted by the people, while the person for whom he fought, and who was going to be hanged along with him, had the bad taste to find fault with him in coarse insulting language. He was an advocate, and always an uncivil sort of man. My father was a man of fine manners and excellent temper. 'Master Marteau,' he said, 'neither you nor any of your craft are able to give me lessons in the management of my sword. I shall speak to you no more.' He kept his word; the next moment they were run up. My mother brought me my father's sword; and though it was at that time a little taller than myself, I managed to draw it from the sheath and swing it at arm's-length. This was thought a good augury, and great expectations were entertained of me when I should be old enough to be champion. When I was twenty, my active life began. Two men of distinction, each above sixty years of age, had accused each other without sufficient proofs. The judicial duel was ordered, of course. A beautiful closed ring raised on the banks of the Marne was crowded on the following day with all the rank and fashion of Champagne—for such sights were already become rare. The combat was on the point of beginning. I was at the

summit of felicity. My eyes flashed brighter than my arms. The party for whom the opposite champion was engaged, perhaps perceived this, for offers of accommodation were made, and the duel was at an end. The disappointment of the spectators was immense. The authorities feared an uproar, and to quiet the populace, it was proposed by the mayor and magistrates that I should marry the daughter of my adversary, and that a fête should be given in honour of the event. Her name was Championnette: she was beautiful as the day—she was just sixteen; and you may imagine I offered no opposition to the match. The wedding rejoicings commenced at once, and the enclosure where the combat was to have taken place, could scarcely contain the dancers. Next day there were joustings with sword and lance. The trumpets of the town-hall had never ceased their music, and at night there were bonfires and illuminations."

After his marriage with Championnette, it was impossible for him to be the hostile champion to his father-in-law; and his travels in search of occupation take him through several districts in France. In all he finds the dignity of the office decaying, its privileges denied, and its income annihilated. He goes from place to place, but the scales of justice were now getting so evenly balanced that he seldom required the sword to adjust the weight. He comes, among other places, to Lyons. "What do you take us for?" says the bailiff. "Perhaps you think Lyons a Gothic town of the fourteenth century. Lyons is a polished city, enlightened and civilised, where everybody knows how to write. Nobody, therefore, can now deny his signature. Go rather to some out-of-the-way valley in the Jura or the Vosges. It is possible a champion may still be useful among the savages there." It is impossible to describe the indignation of the gallant Vieuxbois on this insulting speech. However, he restrains his wrath, and passes on, but no better reception awaits him wherever he goes. At last there is a glimpse of prosperity and a chance of work when he gets to the valley of the Aspe, among

the Pyrenees. The magistracy of that small republic receive him courteously, but even here he finds he comes too late. "'We might have sent you,' said the rulers of the republic, 'into the valley of Lavedan, but it has no intention now of seeking a champion to resist our claims.' 'And why did the valley wish to fight you?' I inquired. 'It was because their little abbé, St Sevin, irritated against the valley of the Aspe, uttered his curse upon it. Whereupon every year we were visited with great storms and tempests, and sometimes for months the hail fell upon our republic, but we were miraculously avenged. The earth, and all the inhabitants, and all the cattle, great and small, were struck with sterility throughout the Lavedan. To get remission of this dreadful plague, they came and begged for mercy on the valley of the Aspe. Peace was made between the two valleys, and Lavedan was absolved from the sin of its old abbé. During the eighty years of this treaty, the conditions have several times been broken. Our republic demanded satisfaction. The valley of Lavedan wished to defend itself by a champion, but has not been able to find one. We therefore have no occasion for your services, but if a few acres of ground, a few sheep and oxen, a cottage such as you see —"

"Thanks, gentlemen of the republic of the Aspe," says Vieuxbois, "my fathers were gentlemen, and lived by the sword. I am not yet so fallen as to maintain myself by flocks and herds." But years pass on, and no doubt he looked back on the offers he had rejected with useless regret. Meanwhile his family becomes numerous, but they are victims of the advancing arts and sciences. One is a transcriber of manuscripts, and the press throws his pen out of work. Another illuminates old books, and engraving upsets his colours. Another is a maker of bows and arrows, and arbalists and other engines of war, but gunpowder and cannon unstring all his bows, and knock his ballistas in pieces. A grandson is sedulously educated for the profession of a fool; but as a profession it falls into disrepute, and the jester

unlearns his quiddities, keeps his features at rest like other people, and starves as becomes a reasonable man. The only happy one of the family is another grandson, who is blessed with such a tremendous eruption on his face that he has got admission to a leprosy-house, where he is wonderfully fed and kindly treated. The eruption is not leprosy; but, in the alarming scarcity of real sufferers by that malady, the office-bearers of the houses of retreat, who derive great salaries for their posts (which they execute by deputy), are glad to accept a pensioner with so near a resemblance to the true disease; for what would they do if leprosy disappeared altogether? The story of the old champion comes to an end, and it is

difficult to imagine that any of the other complainants can give a more wretched account of their position. But misery is, in fact, in that century, the characteristic of all conditions of life. As the ages move on, men get better; their places become more defined.—The remaining volumes of the work are occupied with the progress of the people, and their gradual elevation into civil consideration and political power. We may return to the same portrait-gallery for pictures of the innkeepers, the fishermen, the town-criers, the merchants, the nurses, the lawyers, and the artists of the different periods. They are all drawn from the life, and are warranted likenesses. But at present we have said enough.

BIOGRAPHY GONE MAD.

AT certain intervals, ever since the days of Solomon, it has been found necessary, as a matter of sheer duty, to lift the voice of warning against that much study which wears the flesh, and the making many books of which there is no end. It is now several years since a strong protest was raised in this Magazine against the too common and most reprehensible practice of raking among dead men's ashes, and violating the confidences of the living, for no higher purpose than the gratification of biographic weakness and vulgar curiosity. Man is indeed, as Goethe has said, ever interesting to man, and no species of bookmaking finds readier excuses than biography. But man ought also to be sacred to man; and of all the injuries that can be inflicted on a dead man's memory, none is more cruel than the act of the friendly ghoul who unnecessarily recalls him from the silence of the grave. *Corruptio optimi est pessimum.* Biography, well done, is one of the most instructive and interesting kinds of composition; ill done, it is about the worst. We call it ill done, either when a good subject is marred in the handling, or when the choice is an unworthy one. The number of men whose lives are worthy to be recorded for an ensample to mankind is really

small. In saying so we are far from meaning to express a contemptuous opinion of human nature. Some of the best men that ever lived were those whose lives had fewest incidents, and offered the scantiest materials for the ingenuity of the bookmaker. Happy, it is said, is the nation whose annals are dull—happy also the man whose life escapes the chronicler, who passes at the end of his day's work into the silent land, to enjoy "No biography, and the privilege of all the weary."

A stupid biography of an interesting person is indeed a very lamentable thing; and not only so, but a grave injustice alike to the dead and to the living. Since the protest alluded to was uttered, there has been no lack of this sad work. The most conspicuous recent examples that occur to us are the Lives of Thomas Moore and of Lady Blessington. But though the life of a man of genius, served up in the form of hodge-podge, is rather a melancholy repast, there are biographic nuisances less tolerable still. The features of a Jupiter or an Apollo may be hard to recognise in the plaster of an incompetent dabbler; but if the model were really a noble one, something of the god will break through to edify the spectator. It is different, however, with the rude idol

of the savage. The biography of a respectable mediocrity is, it may be safely said, among the least interesting or useful of literary performances. Minerva Press novels are bad enough (those who think the species is extinct are greatly mistaken); spasmodic poems are anything but enlivening; and numismatic treatises are not ambrosial fare; but against any of these we would back for true invincible unreadableness the *Memoir and Remains*, we will suppose, of the Rev. Jabez Jones, D.D., late pastor of Ramoth-Gilead Chapel, Battersea. We select our instance from the class of religious biographies, because it is by far the most numerous, and the most distinctly chargeable with the sin of bookmaking. Jabez, we have no doubt, was in his day and generation an excellent man, though given, as his *Memoirs* of course will amply testify, to unnecessary groaning. But why his life should have been written, is a mystery to be solved only by the astute publisher, who calculates on a sale of several hundred copies among the bereaved congregation of Ramoth-Gilead. The sorrowful biographer, whose name on the title-page plainly marks him as an eligible candidate for the degree of D.D., will inform us in a "sweet" preface that the materials of the present work were put into his hands, &c.; that, painfully conscious of his own inability, he had long, &c.; but that a perusal of the documents had so deeply impressed him with the importance of giving the world, &c.; that such as it is, in short, he commits it—and then is pretty certain to follow a piece of nauseous blasphemy as to the nature of the patronage to which the pious speculation is held entitled.* The number is perfectly sickening of bereaved husbands, sons, and fathers, who practise this strange alchemy on the penitential tears and devout breathings, the sick-bed utterances and dying ejaculations of sainted wives, mothers, and babes.

But bad as it is causelessly to ex-hume the poor victim of mortality in

order to make him sit for his likeness, the posthumous method of biography is the natural and becoming one. Only when a man has finished his work, and escaped beyond the reach of human passions and cares, is it fitting to delineate his character and trace the story of his devious path through life. The practice of biographising living men, however, has now become very common. The publication of éloges used formerly to be reserved as a posthumous honour, but this generation is wiser, and writes the éloge while the subject of it can himself enjoy its perusal in the land of the living and the place of hope. One would think it a curious evidence of regard, independently of the question of delicacy, to adopt so suggestive a method of reminding a man that he is due to posterity. But tastes differ, and some men are not averse to the Charles V. method of trying on their shrouds, to see, as the old woman said, what "a bonnie corpse" they will make. With us in Britain this practice of spiritual vivisection, or *ante-mortem* inquests, has been confined for the most part to short sketches, pretentiously critical in general, and very seldom of any value. Fundamentally gossiping in its character, this school of literary sketches (what may be called the Biographical Life Academy) has appealed mainly to the weak curiosity that hungers after any small scraps of information regarding the private life and habits of living notoriety. Such curiosity is no doubt extremely natural, but the men who have undertaken the function of gratifying it, have, as might be supposed, been distinguished by no qualities less than by discernment and good taste, correctness of outline being with them a small consideration compared to abundance and strength of colour. This vulgar species of authorship, the servants'-hall gossip of the literary family, has, we hope, seen its palmy days.

On the other side of the Atlantic, however, the business seems to flourish, like all other business, with great

* One curious example of this kind of thing we remember to have seen in the preface to the new edition of a work of some reputation. The devout author, alluding to the success of his performance, offers his grateful thanks to Providence and the Periodical Press.

briskness. Our American friends, excellent people as they are in so many respects, have long been known to us as pre-eminent in the gossiping line; one of the chief characteristics of the Anglo-American race being intense curiosity—an admirable principle, as every one knows, when subordinate to a high end, a decided weakness when not. To say that the American people universally are influenced by the spirit of vulgar curiosity, would be as unjust as it would be to charge the whole British nation with foulness of taste because the *Mysteries of London* has found myriads of readers. But that the fashion has been exemplified very extensively by Americans of making the public familiar with the insides of private drawing-rooms, and telling the world how popular poets and historians handle a tea-pot or blow their noses, is a fact not to be denied. Among a people recognising, or professing to recognise, as the fundamental principle of government and society, the Irishman's profound axiom, that "one man is as good as another—faith, and a great dale better too!" it is not indeed surprising that in the sphere of literature, as well as in others, they should make more free with the characters and habits of private life than is by us old-fashioned Britons considered tasteful and becoming. Having now, however, passed their infancy, and in literature as well as in social development "progressed" towards manhood, it is high time that they should put away childish things. It has always grieved us to see citizens of the great Republic betray so weak-minded a delight in scrutinising the costume and domesticities of English aristocrats, or the private life and fixings of American democrats.

In the department of contemporary biography, it must be confessed our energetic cousins have fairly got the start of us. It seems, in fact, to have attained the rank of an "institution" among the other beautiful machinery of their political life. When Jullien visits the provinces, he heralds his coming by means of a set of fascinating portraits, which announce from every print and

music shop window that the great Conductor is at hand. Somewhat similar, but more intellectual and elaborate, is the proceeding of the American "coming man." No aspiring senator now thinks of trying for the Presidency without securing in good time the services of a competent biographer to relate the heroic story of his life, and make his transcendent merits known to all whom it may concern. Even a meditative Hawthorne turns his vision-weaving pen to such service, and considers it no way unworthy of his genius to polish off an electioneering biography of General Franklin Pierce. So deeply do politics mingle in the current of American life; so sweet to the aspiring statesman are the uses of biography!

But if the lives of politicians be written for the admiration of mankind and the good of the State, should the lives of the mightier men who make and unmake presidents and governments be esteemed less worthy of that honour? Assuredly not. At it then, ye diligent Yankee scribes, and hasten to convert into obsolete absurdity the oft-quoted line of the dull old fellow who sang --

"The world knows little of its greatest men."

Let it not henceforth be said, to the reproach of civilisation, that the world was ignorant during their lives of the birth and genealogy, the schoolboy adventures and manly freaks, the trials and the triumphs of such men as Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett. Be careful to inform us, ye voracious cinder-gatherers—for posterity will not pardon the omission—the length, breadth, and weight of these remarkable men,—their complete phrenological development (so far as the addition of abnormal bumps by hostile shillelahs can permit accuracy),—the kind of clothes they wear—the kind of pens they write with, whether quill, iron, or brass—the ink they use, whether common blue-black or sometimes black-and-blue, or perhaps a cunning distillation of ditch-water—the attitude in which they sit when discharging their thunder at the heads of kings and cabinets, or composing

their delicate invectives at one another ;—in short, let us have perfect daguerreotypes of these supremely interesting and estimable men.

Behold! the thing is done, the good work has actually been commenced. There, lying before us, in all the square-rigged ugliness of New York uppetting, are the first-fruits of this new field of biographic enterprise—the lives, in two stout volumes, of the “two noble kinsmen,” the two great Arcadians whose names we have above mentioned. Many of our readers, perhaps not grossly illiterate persons either, will look up and ask, Who are Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett? While duly pitying the limitation of culture implied in such a query, we cannot be too hard on these poor ignoramuscs, as we must plead guilty to having been ourselves frequently staggered, in reading American books, by meeting names associated with those of Milton and Aristides, as utterly new to us as was, till recently, that of his Majesty Kamehamcha III, Dei gratia king of the Sandwich Islands. These two men, then, let all such ignoramuscs know, are the editors of two widely circulated New York papers—the two most widely circulated, we believe, of any in America.* What other claims they have to the honours of biography and the remembrance of posterity, we shall consider by-and-by. Meantime we have to say of the books that they are the most unique things in the way of biography, or indeed of literature, that have come in our way since America, about a year ago, furnished us with the autobiography of one of her smartest citizens. They are of very different character—as different as the men whose lives they profess to record—but in both the biographic muse appears in a state of decided inebriety, highly unbecoming the ancient dignity of her vocation. In the work of Mr Parton she is what is called half-seas over, unsteadily hilarious, and amusingly absurd, hiccuping out smart

things now and then in a way that is irresistible, then suddenly looking grave and uttering sublimities that are still more outrageously laughable. In the anonymous companion-volume she is far gone towards mortal insensibility; she might be said, in fact, to be in *delirium tremens*, but that there is not a single flash of the wild energy that diversifies the symptoms of that shocking malady. It is pure dazed stupidity and double-vision from beginning to end. We have met nothing comparable to it in all our experience of biographies.

The sole ground on which these volumes claim any notice, contemptible as they both are (though not in equal degree) in matter and treatment, is that which gave some importance to the infamous revelations of Barnum. They are in some degree typical; their subjects at least are so in a very considerable degree—“representative men” of their kind, and so far important. A newspaper editor is in all civilised countries an important personage. We are not going here to enter on an elaborate consideration of the functions and influence of the press—so let nobody dread a homily. The subject has been often enough handled well and ill, and lately we have heard a good deal about it. We are nowadays rather given to flourishing about the “Fourth Estate.” There is a tendency towards cant on this as on all other interesting subjects. The Fourth Estate is a grand fact, but let those who have any pretensions to connection with it rather strive to keep it so than talk magniloquently about it. As for those who have not, let them take care that it does its duty, and does not go beyond it. Newspaper editors, we say, are important personages; but they are like other human beings, some of them eminent for intellect and virtue, many of them highly respectable for both, others of them dignified by neither. The anomalous and fluctuating conditions of newspaper life make it inevitable that men should sometimes attain

* Like some people nearer home, each of them (and many another besides them) avers that his paper has the largest circulation of any journal not only in America, but in the world. Of all statistics, the least credible are those of newspaper proprietors.

high influence in virtue of connection with the press, whom neither nature nor education has eminently qualified for the guidance of their fellow-men. This applies, of course, peculiarly (though not exclusively) to America, where, on the admirable Irishman's maxim above quoted, everybody is equally fit for everything—faith, and a great deal fitter too! where toll-keepers and publicans are colonels in the army, and the man who fails as a ratcatcher turns his hand to preaching, and, if that fail also, straightway sets up a newspaper. But though applying peculiarly to the American press, our statement is not exclusive of Britain. Journalism is becoming, indeed, with us more and more of a recognised profession—a profession, too, calling for special gifts and training—gifts and training, higher and more liberal, to those who think rightly of their vocation, than do any of the three hitherto exclusively entitled “learned.” The press is no more with us, if ever it has been, a kind of literary Diggings, where the outcasts and desperadoes, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, of every other calling, may find a precarious refuge and irregular adventurer-work, from forging of thunderbolts to winnowing of ash-buckets. But it is true, nevertheless, that the fundamental conditions of success in this career are compatible with a moral and intellectual standard by no means exalted. It is a common mistake, that high literary ability is the first requisite for editorial success. The fact is nearly the other way. The first requisite is knowledge of men, the second confidence, and the third perseverance. Let a man possess the concentrated gifts of a whole academy of *belles lettres*, and be deficient in shrewd practical discernment of what suits the public, he may pipe ever so melodiously, but he will get few subscribers to dance. Let him know, or imagine that he knows, ever so well what suits the public, if he have not a quick eye to see what other men are fit for, and how far they can be trusted to do his work, he may shut his shop and retire. Let him possess encyclopædic knowledge, and the readiest flow of winged words, but if he be not a man of hard-working,

dogged persistence, he might as well sow the great Sahara as undertake to conduct a newspaper. A paper once fairly established may, indeed, conduct itself successfully, despite an unpractical and easy editor; for good machinery compels even inert matter into activity and order. But to rear a paper into vigorous existence amid a host of competitors—to make bricks without straw, and snatch the bread of victory out of the jaws of famine—the editor or conductor must be, in the first place, a man of business—it is of very subordinate importance that he be a man of letters. Hence it is sometimes objected, that newspapers, being in so many cases merely commercial speculations, must necessarily subordinate principle to profit. The objection is neither sound in logic, nor, in this country at least, true in fact. The manufacturer of shawls and blankets is not the less an honest man and estimable citizen because his primary object is not the good of the community but his own private advantage. His shawls and blankets are not the less excellent and indispensable because he converts them into pelf. If the shawl-manufacturer indeed become a power in the State, and begin to arrogate high virtue to himself for his services to the public, and to dictate laws in virtue of the prosperity of his business, it is reasonable that we should apply to him something analogous to the question, “Doth Job fear God for nought?” Applying this test to the press of our own country, we arrive, on the whole, at satisfactory conclusions. If we do not see so much as we could wish of a grave sense of responsibility, and a careful weighing of facts and motives, we know how much is due to the terrible exigencies of time. This we are assured of, that in no other profession or occupation is there more of manliness and fair play; in none other is the professional honour so untarnished by the contact of lucre; and, so far as chastity of sentiment and expression is concerned, “the freest press in Europe (Mr Macaulay might have said, in the world) is also the most prudish.” Occasional examples of recklessness and violence, of meanness and bad taste, invalidate in no wise

the force of this general assertion. Newspaper editors and writers are, we repeat, human like others. To expect that they should in every case display faultless wisdom and virtue is a devout imagination, but an extremely vain and irrational one. As to the paltry £. s. d. considerations, we have, for our own part, often admired, as a striking example of the innate virtue of human nature, despite its depravity, the magnanimous zeal which sustains so many newspaper proprietors in the task of instructing the public at a very swinging loss to themselves!

The power of the press is greatly aided, as every one knows, by the mystery which shrouds the writer, merging all personality of the individual in the mysterious plurality of the organ through which he speaks. It is not John or Thomas that proclaims the danger of the nation, the incapacity of a Minister, the justice or injustice of a deed. It is an unknown voice, uttered out of darkness, and therefore formidable—the voice not of one, but of many, and therefore claiming respect. The voice of a Greek tragedian sounded through his mask more awful than it really was; and the majestic buskin raised a very ordinary figure to the kingly height of Agamemnon. The “we” of John or Thomas, through the speaking-trumpet of the *Times*, becomes a very different pronoun from the “I” of these gentlemen uttered through their individual windpipes. If any argument were necessary to prove that this formidable anonymousness is not only essential to the liberty of the press, but the true safeguard of its health and honesty, we might point for proof to the Press of those States, whether despotic or free, where it is not tolerated. In the United States, for example, there is almost as little anonymous writing as in Paris or Vienna. There is no statute on the subject, and no legal censorship exists, but the state of public feeling makes it almost impossible for a man to conceal his personality. The writer may not put his name to his articles, but if he does not, it is only because he finds it unnecessary. Is the press there more honest, more discreet, more tender

of individual character than in Britain? No candid American will answer that question with an affirmative. The press of America is not the less formidable, not the more honest and scrupulous, that its principal writers are known or notorious men.

The character of the two nations is illustrated by some of their distinctive peculiarities in this respect. With us the tendency is to merge the individual in the body—with them the notion of liberty is associated with the clear recognition of individual independence. Here the newspaper editor is generally the invisible head of an association—there he is a right-well-known entity of flesh and blood, as cowhide and rattan applications have too often most strikingly demonstrated. There the journal is generally his, and his name figures conspicuously at the head of its columns—here he belongs more frequently to the journal, and, while wielding a great power in the community, his personal existence is a kind of myth, and his name may never have been heard by the great majority of his readers. The American editor, on the contrary, must make himself known, or he will not be listened to. All pugnacious republicans must have the means of knowing who it is that abuses them. The occupant of the White House must be made familiar with the name of the man who attacks or defends his policy, whose mouth may be silenced, or whose fidelity rewarded by a due share of the federal dollars. Let it not be imagined that any uncomplimentary remarks we make on the American press are intended to apply universally. So speaking, we should convict ourselves at once of ignorance and dishonesty. There are American newspapers and editors of high and unblemished character, as there are American politicians worthy of a better fate than to be kept waiting three months for the election of a Speaker. But of the American press generally the criticism still holds good, that, while boasting to be the freest in the world, it is in practical thralldom to an inextricably tangled system of democratic terrorism. Improvement there has been,

we delight to think, within the last dozen years—so much so, that even papers which were the very offshootings of journalism, have become, in their European editions at least, fit for decent mortals to read. Out of a total of nearly three thousand papers, circulating among so mixed and changeable a population, it is little wonder, also, that there should be a large class of papers at which a cultivated man of any nation must look with contempt and sorrow. We know too well, from examples in our own colonies—as in India and Australia—how, in heterogeneous and young communities, where men of high talent and education seldom resort except in the established paths to success, newspapers are apt to fall into the hands either of government agents or of reckless adventurers, with the natural result, in the one case, of insolence and servility, in the other, of indecent violence and gossiping personality. That, therefore, in a country like the United States, where men of intelligence and enterprise are never at a loss for profitable occupation, the press should be left in a great measure to those who can get nothing better to do, need not surprise us; nor, as the necessary result, that its moral and intellectual standard should hitherto have been such as a civilised and educated nation would, if it were not too busy, and too jealous of foreign criticism, have viewed with consternation as a professed mirror of itself.

While willingly granting thus much, the painful fact remains, that the papers which have all along enjoyed the largest share of public countenance in the United States, are those whose conductors have most openly set at defiance every sentiment of justice, decency, and good taste. The mere circulation of a journal is not, indeed, a conclusive test of its im-

portance as an organ of public opinion, but it clearly enough points out what way the taste of the majority lies, and in a land of universal suffrage it gauges exactly the amount of its political influence. Our *Weekly Dispatch* has perhaps twenty readers for the *Spectator's* one, but the one reader probably has more power in the commonwealth than the twenty. In a commonwealth, on the other hand, where all men are equally good, a hundred thousand Barnums are as good as a thousand centuries of Washingtons—faith, and in American politics, “a great deal better too!” Thus it is that the most widely circulated paper becomes the greatest power in the State, and a power to which, even while loathing it, presidents and politicians are forced to bow the knee. Unwilling as we are that Mr James Gordon Bennett should lose any of the benefit accruing to him from these remarks (which, of course, he will turn duly to account),* we have no hesitation in saying that they are intended to apply *par excellence* to the organ which, under his consummate management, has resolved one of the most singular problems of modern times. That problem may be stated thus: Given the minimum of literary ability, and the maximum of moral worthlessness—to elude out of their combination a machinery which shall control the political action of a Great Republic, and attain a leading place among the recognised mouthpieces of twenty million English-speaking freemen. There is a question of maxima and minima over which Dr Whewell might puzzle his knowing head till doomsday, if he omitted to take into his calculations an element or two of the plus description! What these elements are, we must, however, leave for after consideration. In the mean time we pro-

* We are fully prepared to find Mr Bennett attributing our unfavourable remarks to a great “conspiracy” among the “aristocratic cliques” of England against American institutions in general, and the *New York Herald* in particular. This is an old trick, but the American public is too sensible any longer to be taken in by such nonsense. Mr Bennett’s pretensions to represent the general sentiments of the United States, have nowhere been more indignantly repudiated than in New York. If we imagined that any American whose opinion is worth considering, would interpret our criticism as implying any unkindly feeling to his country, these pages should never have seen the light. The objects of our criticism are individual men.

pose to treat our readers to a few of the biographic delicacies furnished by the considerate Mr J. Parton. We consider his volume in every way entitled to the precedence. It was the first published, and evidently suggested the rival performance. It has all the marks of honesty about it, and, compared with the Life of Bennett, is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of ability. Its subject, in like manner, if considerably removed from our idea of a hero or a gentleman, is, compared with the editor of the *New York Herald*, a very Bayard in chivalry, a Job in uprightness.

Mr Parton sets about his work in a very thorough-going manner. The industry with which he has raked together all the information that could possibly be gathered regarding not only Horace Greeley, but Horace's ancestors to the third and fourth generation, is quite inconceivable; and his own ingenuous account of his preliminary labours is well calculated to awaken, if not the admiration, at least the astonishment of the reader. The style of procedure is exquisitely characteristic; and, as he himself phrases it, "the reader has a right to know the manner" thereof. Let us thank heaven that the promulgation of the recipe is not likely here to instigate imitation. First of all, the ingenious youth procures, "from various sources, a list of Mr Greeley's early friends, partners, and relations; also a list of the places at which he had resided." The young bloodhound! This done, "all those places I visited; with as many of those persons as I could find I conversed, and endeavoured to extract from them all that they knew of the early life of my hero." From these veracious sources this high-minded young scribbler compiled the narrative of the great man's early years, not disdaining even to accost drunken "old soakers" on the highway who might "hiccough out" a little tale about Greeley; and where he could not ferret out information on the spot, applying for it *by letter*. But this was a small portion of the self-imposed labour, which included a diligent inspection of the complete files of the "*New Yorker*, *Log Cabin*, *Jeffersonian*, *American Laborer*,

Whig Almanac, and *Tribune*," nearly every number of which, "more than five thousand in all," he carefully examined. After such a course of reading, our wonder is, not that the biographic muse is slightly maudlin, but that she survived to put two sentences together!

We are treated to a preliminary sketch of the history of Londonderry (not omitting the siege), and the Scoto-Irish colony who thence emigrated to New England. To the hasty reader all this may seem highly unnecessary, but to those who are desirous deeply to penetrate into a "nature" so uncommon as that of Horace Greeley, it is supremely important, as we are told that "from his maternal ancestors he derived much that distinguishes him from men in general." Another chapter is devoted to the paternal ancestors, regarding one of whom it is interesting to learn that he was a "cross old dog," "as cunning as Lucifer," and that he died at the age of sixty-five, with "all his teeth sound!" At length, at page 33, we come to the great fact of Horace's birth. As has been the case with many great men, it was attended with some remarkable circumstances. To these our biographer does full justice. His account of the interesting scene is too fine to be omitted:—

"The mode of his entrance upon the stage of the world was, to say the least of it, unusual. The effort was almost too much for him, and, to use the language of one who was present, 'he came into the world as black as a chimney.' There was no sign of life. He uttered no cry; he made no motion; he did not breathe. But the little discolored stranger had articles to write, and was not permitted to escape his destiny. In this alarming crisis of his existence, a kind-hearted and experienced aunt came to his rescue, and by arts, which to kind-hearted and experienced aunts are well known, but of which the present chronicler remains in ignorance, the boy was brought to life. He soon began to breathe; then he began to blush; and by the time he had attained the age of twenty minutes, lay on his mother's arm, a red and smiling infant."

If the reader does not grant that to be one of the most graceful climaxes in biographic literature, we shall

not write another word. Presuming on a general unanimity on this point, we proceed. The red and smiling infant in due time of course turned out a prodigy; "he took to learning with the promptitude and instinctive irrepressible love with which a duck is said to take to the water," and was able to read "before he had learned to talk." In spelling he soon became pre-eminent; and great marvels are recorded of his orthographic prowess. Unfortunately he was less distinguished by those virtues which we usually desiderate in boys. Though never afraid of ghosts, or overawed by superiority of rank or knowledge, he was eminently deficient in physical courage. "When attacked, he would neither fight nor run away, but 'stand still and take it;'" the report of a gun "would almost throw him into convulsions." Fishing and bee-hunting were the only sports he cared for, "but his love of fishing did not originate in what the Germans call the 'sport impulse.' Other boys fished for sport; Horace fished for *fish*." Bee-hunting, again, "was profitable sport, and Horace liked it amazingly. His share of honey generally found its way to the store." His passion for books was generally attributed to indolence, and it was often predicted that Horace would never "get on." Superficial idea! Even in very early life, says Mr Parton complacently, he gave proof "that the Yankee element was strong within him. In the first place, he was always *doing* something; and in the second, he had always something to *sell*."

Notwithstanding Horace's remarkable cleverness, we are told that he was sometimes taken for an idiot—a stranger having once inquired, on his entering a "store" in a brown study, "what darn fool is that?" Even his own father declared that the boy would "never know more than enough to come in when it rains." These pleasing anecdotes are given on the authority of a bibulous old wretch, whom the indefatigable Mr Parton encountered and cross-questioned on the highway. He was quite drunk at the time, but "as the

tribute of a sot to the champion of the Maine Law, the old man's harangue was highly interesting." Mr Parton sets it down to the praise of his hero, that though brought up in the bosom of New England orthodoxy, "from the age of twelve he began to doubt," and "from the age of fourteen he was known, wherever he lived, as the champion of Universalism." Here the biographer indulges in what he considers appropriate reflections, and points out to his readers the valuable effects of youthful infidelity. "The boy," he coolly observes, "seems to have shed his orthodoxy easily."* Horace Greeley was in a fair way of training for his editorship.

The juvenile Universalist had long been ambitious of becoming a printer, and at last obtained a vacant apprenticeship in the office of Mr Amos Bliss, proprietor of the *Northern Spectator*. The great event is described with elaborate circumstantiality. The young "tow-head" proved a first-rate workman, and presently tried his hand at composition. "The injurious practice of writing 'compositions,'" says his biographer, "was not among the exercises of any of the schools which he had attended." Considering the general literary character of editorial writing in the United States, we are not surprised to find an American pronounce the early practice of composition *injurious*; the sentiment evidently is not peculiar to Mr Parton. Early attention to style might of course tend to weaken that native force in the use of epithets which apparently conduces so much to editorial success. Horace also joined a debating society, where he proved himself a perfect "giant." His manners were entirely free from aristocratic taint, or any weak tendency to politeness. "He stood on no ceremony at the table; he *fell* to without waiting to be asked or helped, devoured everything right and left, stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and vanished instantly." Again, "when any topic of interest was started at the table, he joined in it

* The *North American Review* thanks Mr Parton warmly for his brave—his noble book. Was the orthodox Grannie dozing when she read it?

with the utmost confidence, and maintained his opinion against anybody." He never went to tea-parties, never joined in an excursion, and "seldom went to church." A most interesting young man, on the whole, was Horace Greeley.

At length the *Northern Spectator* broke down, and the apprentice was left to shift for himself. His departure is described in quite a choice *Minerva-Press* style. "It was a fine cool breezy morning in the month of June 1830; Nature had assumed those robes of brilliant green which she wears only in June, and welcomed the wanderer forth with that heavenly smile which plays upon her changeful countenance *only when she is attired in her best*. Deceptive smile!" &c. &c. Horace at length determined to try his fortune in New York, and with ten dollars in his pocket, a shabby suit on his back, and a small bundle on his stick, landed "at sunrise, on Friday the 18th of August 1831," near the Battery. The biographer, as in duty bound, comes out strong, and Benjamin Franklin, with his penny roll, appears in the proper place to garnish the story. "The princes of the mind," says he, waxing sublime, "always remain incog. till they come to the throne." Poor Horace's appearance "was all against him." Certainly, if the vignette representation of the youth with which Mr Parton has adorned his volume conveys any adequate idea of his aspect that morning, the statement is emphatically true. The prince of the mind was incog. with a vengeance—a more calculating and skinny-looking young Yankee it would be difficult to imagine. To the portrait on the opposite page, of the adult Horace in his white greatcoat—bought from an Irish emigrant!—we must, however, give the palm as a thoroughly characteristic representation of a full-blown Yankee Wilkes-Bentham Socialist, Maine Law champion, Vegetarian, Spirit-rapist, and we don't know what else. The following bit of information is important :—

"The gentleman to whose intercession Horace Greeley owed his first employment in New York, is now known to all the dentists in the Union as the lead-

ing member of a firm which manufactures annually twelve thousand artificial teeth. He has made a fortune, the reader will be glad to learn, and lives in a mansion up town."

To the event which gave Horace his "First Lift" in the world, the biographer devotes a whole chapter. That event was the establishment of the first Penny Paper. The idea originated in the head of an unfortunate medical student afflicted by Providence with ready cash to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. Horatio David Sheppard, unwisely neglecting his pestle and scalpel, took to dabbling in newspapers and magazines, and in due time found himself *minus* his dollars. Speculatively musing as he passed through Chatham Street, a great mart of penny wares, he was struck with the rapid sales effected by the energetic stall-keepers and itinerant venders of shoe-laces. Parting with an odd cent or penny seemed so natural and easy a proceeding that the offer of any article for that sum seemed irresistible. Might not a newspaper be produced at one cent with certain success? The idea, it must be admitted, was a happy one. As might have been expected, however, the proposal at first excited unbounded ridicule, and for eighteen months Dr Sheppard could not get "one man" to believe in its feasibility. At last, on New Year's Day, 1833, appeared the *Morning Post*, published by "Greeley and Story," price two cents. It lived only twenty-one days, dying from pure want of funds. The idea was soon after successfully realised by other speculators, and in a few years the penny press was able to take society by the throat. Its first reception is thus described :—

"When the respectable New Yorker first saw a penny paper, he gazed at it (I saw him) with a feeling similar to that with which an ill-natured man may be supposed to regard General Tom Thumb, a feeling of mingled curiosity and contempt; he put the ridiculous little thing into his waistcoat pocket to carry home for the amusement of his family; and he wondered what nonsense would be perpetrated next."

If such was the reception of the

cheap press among the go-ahead New Yorkers, it need not surprise us that in our own steady-going community it should have been still less favourable. The experience of the last few months, however, has pretty well demonstrated the absurdity of the principal objections. The anticipated peril to the health of society has, as every believer in the national good-sense well knew, proved a chimera. British intellect and morals fortunately are not dependent on taxes and high price; and the gradual removal of all restrictions on the freedom of the press has only shown more signally that this people needs no legal bridle to keep on the path of decency and order. The number of cheap papers has indeed proved much smaller than was anticipated, few people seeming to have been aware how much energy and capital are required for the establishment of a paying penny paper—a fact which was alone sufficient to answer the fears of those who looked in June 1855 for the coming of the Deluge. In New York the case unfortunately was far otherwise. The Father of the American Penny Press, if to any one man that title is due, must be regarded as having treated his country in a way the reverse of what St Patrick did for Ireland—as a male Pandora, in fact, who opened the lid that shut in a countless brood of very hideous creatures. The thing will end well, we hope, as we hope for a millennium; and improvement, as we have admitted, there already is. But that the birth of the cheap press in America was followed by a deluge of quackery, virulence, and indecency which has not yet entirely subsided, is a fact written in disgraceful characters on pages innumerable, and legible on the skins of men now living, had they not been tougher than bison's hide. That such should have been the result of cheapening the favourite stimulant of the American rabble was perfectly inevitable, and that the new development of journalism was accompanied by marked features of superiority is undeniable. The increase of violence and slander was itself a point of superiority in the eyes of the vulgar herd,—for coarseness passed for strength, and

scurrility for smartness, the American's "darling attribute." But, among a people of intense activity and inquisitiveness, the increased energy in the procuring of news (whether true or false) must be looked upon as the chief cause of the immense popularity attained in so few years by the principal American journals. To this source, rather than to any general predilection for the vile and malicious, would we seek to attribute the extraordinary success of papers in which libel and indecency constituted a regular stock in trade. This is certainly no excuse for the patronage so bestowed, but it at least helps to explain it in a way not utterly destructive of our respect for a whole community.

And now, to return to our Horace. Of his dignified manners towards his workmen the following may suffice as an example. It is interesting, moreover, as showing that the extraordinary voracity of his early years had given place to utter indifference to considerations so low as the eating of dinner:—

"There was not even the show or pretence of discipline in the office. One of the journeymen made an outrageous caricature of his employer, and showed it to him one day as he came from dinner. 'Who's that?' asked the man. 'That's me,' said the master, with a smile, and passed into his work. The men made a point of appearing to differ in opinion from him on every subject, because they liked to hear him talk; and, one day, after a long debate, he exclaimed, 'Why, men, if I were to say that that black man there was black, you'd all swear he was white.' He worked with all his former intensity and absorption. Often such conversations as these took place in the office about the middle of the day:—

"(H. G., looking up from his work).—Jonas, have I been to dinner?"

"(Mr Winchester).—You ought to know best. I don't know.

"(H. G.).—John, have I been to dinner?"

"(John).—I believe not. Has he, Tom?"

"To which Tom would reply 'no,' or 'yes,' according to his own recollection or John's wink; and if the office generally concurred in Tom's decision, Horace would either go to dinner or resume his work, in unsuspecting accordance therewith."

With that interesting preneeness to heresy of all kinds which distinguishes Mr Greeley, he soon after adopted the semi-vegetarian principles of a certain Rev. Dr Graham, who, says the biographer, "was a discoverer of the facts, that most of us are sick, and that none of us need be; that disease is impious and disgraceful, the result in almost every instance of folly or crime." The italics are Mr Parton's, whose digestion, it is to be hoped, is unexceptionable.

At length, early in 1834, Horace, with two partners, started the *New Yorker*, a weekly paper, "incomparably the best of its kind that had ever been published in this country;" so good, in fact, that after seven years of hard struggle it gave up the ghost. We would rather believe that its want of success was due to the incompetency of its management; but if the editor was in the habit of uttering such unpalatable truths as is contained in the following specimen, we are afraid it must be conceded with the biographer that the *New Yorker* was not half enough spicy, or fawning:—

"The great pervading evil of our social condition is the worship and the bigotry of Opinion. While the theory of our political institutions asserts or implies the absolute freedom of the human mind—the right not only of free thought and discussion, but of the most unrestrained action thereon within the wide boundaries prescribed by the laws of the land, yet the *practical commentary* upon this noble text is as discordant as imagination can conceive. Beneath the thin veil of a democracy more free than that of Athens in her glory, we cloak a despotism more pernicious and revolting than that of Turkey or China. It is the despotism of Opinion."

The *New Yorker* having never, during its whole term of existence, reached the paying point, the poor editor was obliged to keep the pot boiling by other means. In 1838 he undertook the sole charge of the *Jeffersonian*, a paper of a class peculiar to America, and denominated "Campaign Papers." The noble purpose of the *Jeffersonian* is thus described by Greeley himself: "It was established on the impulse of the Whig tornado of 1837, to secure a

like result in 1838, so as to give the Whig party a Governor, Lieutenant-governor, Senate, Assembly, United States Senator, Congressmen, and all the vast executive patronage of the State, then amounting to millions of dollars a-year."

The *Jeffersonian* existed only one year, having served its end. The labours of the editor were enormous; "no one but a Greeley" could have endured it all. In 1840 he started another "Campaign Paper," in the interest of General Harrison. The absorption of the editorial mind during this exciting season is illustrated by another of those graceful anecdotes, in which our biographer delights—relating how Mr Greeley arrives late at a political tea-party (Sunday evening), and straightway plunges into a conversation on the currency; how the worthy landlady asks him in vain to take tea; how she begs him to "try a cruller anyhow," and is rudely repulsed; how she places a large basket of these unknown delicacies on his knees, and he mechanically devours every morsel; how, fearing the consequences, she substitutes for the "cruller" basket a great heap of cheese; how the remarkable bon-constrictor gobbles it all up; and how, finally, he was none the worse of it all. "Anecdotes," says Mr P., are "precious for biographical purposes."

The *Log Cabin* had a circulation of from 80,000 to 90,000, and yet such was the easy virtue of the subscribers that the proprietor made nothing by it, and the last number contained a moving appeal "to the friends who owe us." Such, also, is political gratitude, that Mr Greeley did not even receive the offer of an office in acknowledgment of his valuable services, at which his biographer is duly disgusted. He adds the following significant anecdote:—

"Mr Fry (W. H.) made a speech one evening at a political meeting in Philadelphia. The next morning a committee waited upon him to know for what office he intended to become an applicant. 'Office?' said the astonished composer—'no office.' 'Why, then,' said the committee, 'what the ~~hell~~—did you speak last night for?' Mr Greeley had not even the honour of a visit from a committee of this kind."

Mr Greeley at length ventured on the bold experiment of starting a new daily paper. There were already eleven in New York; but a cheap Whig paper* was wanted, and accordingly, on the 10th April 1841, appeared the *New York Tribune*, price one cent. It began with only six hundred subscribers, and encountered much opposition, but was "from its inception very successful." The *Tribune*, says Mr Parton, was "a live paper," and it prospered by opposition. "FIGHT was the word with it from the start—FIGHT has been the word ever since—FIGHT is the word this day." One thing was wanting to success—an efficient business-partner. Such a man was found in the person of Mr Thomas M'Elrath. The biographer shouts and rubs his hands with ecstasy at such a combination of excellence as was now realised. Hear him :

"Roll Horace Greeley and Thomas M'Elrath into one, and the result would be, a very respectable approximation to a Perfect Man. The Two, united in partnership, have been able to produce a very respectable approximation to a perfect newspaper. As Damon and Pythias are the types of perfect friendship, so may Greeley and M'Elrath be of a perfect partnership; and one may say, with a sigh at the many discordant unions the world presents, Oh! that every Greeley could find his M'Elrath! and blessed is the M'Elrath that finds his Greeley!"

And woe to the Greeley that finds his Parton!

For a complete history of this respectable approximation to perfection, says Mr Parton, "ten octavo volumes would be required, and most interesting volumes they would be." Mr Parton gives us instead the small dose of "over" 200 octavo pages, and we are bound to say that it is at least 190 too many. In these weary sheets the curious will find a full account of Mr Greeley's exertions in defence of Fourierism, Whiggism, Teetotalism, Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, and Irish Rebellion, his libels on Fenimore Cooper,

his motions in Congress, his lectures, his European travels, his personal appearance, his private habits, &c. &c.

"For Irish Repeal," among other good causes, the *Tribune* "fought like a tiger," the magnanimous editor accepting a place in the Directory of the Friends of Ireland, "to the funds of which he contributed liberally." Mr Greeley is not a warlike man, as his boyish experiences have indicated, but incendiarism and bloodshed in British territory are things for which he willingly sacrifices a few dollars. Our readers are aware that the publication of the wildest fictions, pleasantly denominated "hoaxes," constitutes an attractive element in American journalism. In August 1848, New York red-republicanism was "on the tiptoe of expectation for important news of the Irish rebellion." The fortunate *Tribune* obtained exclusive intelligence, and hastened to publish, "with due glorification," a flaming account of the great battle of Slievenamon (afterwards known as "Slievegammon,") in which 6000 British troops were killed and wounded. "For a day or two the Irish and the friends of Ireland exulted; but when the truth became known, their note was sadly changed." The editor, we learn, was absent at the time; but there is no doubt he would have exulted as much as any man to hear of the "stench" of a three-mile shambles of British soldiers. His tone on the subject of the Russian war has betrayed no weak sympathy with the Western combatants; and doubtless he takes a brotherly interest in the insane and detestable conspiracies now or lately hatching among the unhappy exiles of Erin.

In November of that year, Mr Greeley was elected to a seat in Congress, by a machinery the corruption of which is testified by no less a person than himself. He was very active as a member, and soon made himself prominently obnoxious by exposing various legislative jobs. Some of the lively scenes that occurred are de-

* The meaning of the words "Whig," "Democrat," &c., and the combination in the same individuals of Whig and Protectionist, Conservative and Democrat, are somewhat puzzling to those who have not studied the complicated subject of American politics.

scribed at immense length. Mr Parton draws no flattering conclusion from the reception of his hero in the House of Representatives. Let our American friends console themselves with the assurance that his testimony is not decisive.

"An honest man in the House of Representatives of the United States seemed to be a foreign element, a fly in its cup, an ingredient that would not mix, a novelty that disturbed its peace. It struggled hard to find a pretext for the expulsion of the offensive person; but not finding one, the next best thing was to endeavour to show the country that Horace Greeley was, after all, no better than members of Congress generally."

In 1849, the *Tribune*, with its habitual predilection for the fanatical and revolutionary, or, as Mr Parton loftily phrases the thing, "true to its instinct of giving hospitality to every new or revived idea," devoted large space to the promulgation of Proudhon's delightful ideas on the subject of Property. Among other things also, says our chronicler, it began a rejoinder to the *Evening Post* in the following spirited manner,—the only specimen we choose to quote of Mr Greeley's vituperative abilities:—

"You lie, villain! wilfully, wickedly, basely lie!"

This observation, placidly remarks the historian, "called forth much remark at the time." The person to whom it was addressed was WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. With the same instinctive hospitality towards every form of delusion, the *Tribune* opened its accommodating columns to the Spirit-Rappers, who, notwithstanding a few hundred cases of insanity and other small evils, have, in Mr Parton's opinion, done much good. About the same time it took up the Woman's Rights humbug, acknowledging that the ladies are perhaps unwise in making the demand, but maintaining that no sincere republican can give any adequate reason for refusing them "an equal participation with men in political rights." A whole chapter is devoted to Mr Greeley's platform exhibitions, which it seems are very frequent and edifying—Horace having, as Mr Parton tells us, a benevolent appreciation of the delight it gives "to see the man

whose writings have charmed and moved and formed us." Not only does he lecture as often as possible, but

"At public meetings and public dinners Mr Greeley is a frequent speaker. His name usually comes at the end of the report, introduced with 'Horace Greeley being loudly called for, made a few remarks to the following purport.' The call is never declined; nor does he ever speak without saying something; and when he has said it, he resumes his seat."

The remarkable man!

In 1851, Horace went to see the World's Fair in Hyde Park. No foolish curiosity or sentimentality instigated the philosophic editor; his main object, as announced (the American editor keeps his readers regularly informed on all his movements) in the *Tribune*, being to inspect "*the improvements recently made, or now being made, in the modes of dressing flax and hemp, and preparing them to be spun and woven by steam or water power.*"

The departure and passage are carefully described; Mr Parton having apparently paid a steward to note, watch in hand, all the phenomena of Horace's sea-sickness. Nothing that he saw in this effete country seems to have in the least impressed his great mind. The royal procession would have faded before "a parade of the New York Firemen or Odd Fellows." The Queen he patronisingly noticed, and was even "glad to see," though "he could not but feel that her vocation was behind the intelligence of the age, and likely to go out of fashion at no distant day," but not, poor thing! "through her fault." The posts of honour nearest her person should have been confided, he thought, to "the descendants of Watt and Arkwright;" the foreign ambassadors should have been "the sons of Fitch, Fulton, Whitney, Daguerre, and Morse," &c. &c. Hampton Court he thought "larger than the Astor House, but less lofty, and containing fewer rooms." Westminster Abbey was "a mere barbaric profusion of lofty ceilings, stained windows, carving, graining, and all manner of contrivances for absorbing labour and

money;" less adapted for public worship "than a fifty thousand dollar church in New York." He gives credit to the English for many good qualities, but thinks them "a most *un-ideal* people,"—he, the romantic Greeley! "He liked the amiable" women of England, so excellent at the fireside, so tame in the drawing-room; but he doubts whether they could so much as *comprehend* the ideas which underlie the woman's rights movement." (The amiable women of England may well console themselves under a doubt so complimentary to their common-sense.) In Paris the great man was apparently in better humour, devoting two days to the Louvre—a wonderful fact. His great political sagacity shines forth in his estimate of French affairs in June 1851. France he found as "tranquil and prosperous as England herself;" as for fear from Louis Napoleon, he " marvels at the *obliquity of vision* whereby any one is enabled, standing in this metropolis, to anticipate the subversion of the Republic." In Italy his first remark was, that he had never seen a region so much in want of "*a few subsoil ploughs*." Edinburgh, it seems, was honoured, before his return to New York, by a visit from this great unknown; and we are proud to learn that it "surpassed his expectations."

"In the composition of this work," says our judicious biographer, "I have, as a rule, abstained from the impertinence of panegyric." When, therefore, he tells us that the rolling together of Greeley and M'Elrath, after the manner of a dumpling, would result in something like perfection; that Greeley is "too much in earnest to be a perfect editor;" that "he is a BORN LEGISLATOR," and "could save a nation, but never learn to tie a cravat;" that he is "New York's most distinguished citizen, the Country's most influential man," and editor of the best paper in existence; that, in short, he is "the Franklin of this generation—Franklin liberalised and enlightened,"—we are to take these statements as the sober expression of bare hard fact; and the reader is left to conclude from them how much might have been said by a more partial and

weak-minded biographer—his imagination is left to fill up the outline of a Greeley's perfections!

But does the reader wish to see the man himself—to know his height and weight, not metaphorically, but actually, in British feet and inches, and in pounds *avoirdupois*? So pleasant and laudable a desire the amiable Parton is far from disappointing; for does not the great man say that "there's no use in any man's writing a biography unless he can tell what no one else can tell." Here, then, reader, you have it, what no one else assuredly could, would, or should dream of telling you but the inimitable, the unapproachable Parton:—

"Horace Greeley stands five feet ten and a half inches, in his stockings. He weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. Since his return from Europe in 1851, he has increased in weight, and promises to attain, in due time, something of the dignity which belongs to amplitude of person. He stoops considerably, not from age, but from a constitutional pliancy of the back-bone, aided by his early habit of incessant reading. In walking, he swings or sways from side to side. Seen from behind, he looks, as he walks with head depressed, bonded back, and swaying gait, like an old man; an illusion which is heightened if a stray lock of white hair escapes from under his hat. But the expression of his face is singularly and engagingly youthful. His complexion is extremely fair, and a smile plays ever upon his countenance. His head, measured round the organs of Individuality and Philoprogenitiveness, is twenty-three and a half inches in circumference, which is considerably larger than the average. His forehead is round and full, and rises into a high and ample dome. The hair is white, inclining to red at the ends, and thinly scattered over the head. Seated in company, with his hat off, he looks not unlike the 'Philosopher' he is often called; no one could take him for a common man."

Now, then, reader, if you do not give us credit for introducing you to the acme of modern biography, we pronounce you the most ungrateful and least discriminating of human beings. "If Horace Greeley were a flower," says J. P., "botanists would call him single, and examine him with interest." "He is what the Germans sometimes style 'a nature.'"

And if J. P. also were a flower, botanists would inevitably pronounce him "a tulip." He is what in Scotland we sometimes call "a natural"—otherwise known as "a halfling;" or, in vernacular English, a born fool. Horace Greeley is not, to our mind, a person very agreeable or very venerable; but intensely as we dislike his bad qualities, and those of his paper (in some respects a good one—very attentive, in its own peculiar way, to literature, and excellently printed*), his dreary fanaticism and vulgarity, his bigoted Yankeeism, his strong anti-British feeling—much as we dislike all this, we do not like to see him made absolutely ridiculous, had he no other good quality than the pleasure he takes in farming. We are not surprised, however, to learn that he has few friends, "and no cronies." His biographer, at least, is not among the former; for any man would accept his chance against a Kentucky rifle sooner than a biography at the hands of Mr J. Parton. There is this comfort, at least, that Horace Greeley "has no pleasures, so called, and suffers little pain," otherwise, we imagine, the admiring scribbler would not, with such inconceivable indelicacy, have opened the doors of his closet, and exhibited him *in puris naturalibus* to the gaze of the world.

Turn we now to the voracious record of the Life and Adventures of the Jack Ketch of editors, the redoubtable and happily unparalleled James Gordon Bennett, with whom, for several reasons, we must be brief. The author has of course sought no counsel from "Mr Bennett, nor any one connected with him." The work is a pure labour of love, "a spontaneous act of literary justice" to the character of a noble and much maligned man. The former statement, we perfectly believe, as we imagine the consultation would na-

turally proceed from and not to the subject of the memoir. As to the spontaneity, there can be little doubt that the work was prompted by the dumpy and infatuated volume of which we have attempted faintly to shadow forth the beauties,—as to "justice," no man is more dreadfully in earnest for justice than when he defends himself. The motto prefixed from Dr Johnson is admirable: "*History, which draws a portrait of living manners, may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions.*" Which being applied to the present case, may be interpreted to signify that the life of a notorious blackguard is more eloquent than a sermon of Dr Blair, and conveys the knowledge of virtue, through the exhibition of its contrary, with more impressiveness than all the proverbs of Solomon! In this sense the Life of Mr James Gordon Bennett might, in faithful and competent hands, do as much good as the *Newgate Calendar*, or Defoe's Autobiography of an Unfortunate Female,—it might carry along with it, as this preface says, "not a few valuable lessons." Unhappily, however, the genius of this biographer is utterly unequal to the subject, and instead of a lifelike and instructive portraiture, he has produced a senseless and incredible daub. More speaking by far is the portrait which fronts the title-page. It represents in sharp outline the face of a hard-headed, heavy-browed, obstinate man; vulpine sagacity in the wrinkles of the mouth and the corners of the eyes; long upper-lip and heavy under-jaw, and bold vulturine nose seeming to scent carrion from afar. The eyes are upturned in sculptured lifelessness—in artistic justice, we pre-

* Of the printing-office and editorial rooms Mr Parton gives a minute account, not failing to give us the names and describe the personal attractions of all the leading officials, including the distinguished foreman, Mr T. Roeker, who warns "gentlemen desiring to wash and soak their distributing matter," to "use the metal galleys" he has cast for that purpose! "It took the world," says Mr P., "an unknown number of thousand years to arrive at that word *Galleys*." What a pity that some smart man does not write a little book on "The Philosophy of Democracy."

sume, to that unfortunate ophthalmic defect known as a diabolical squint. The portrait, we say, is better than the book, and tells, though probably a flattering likeness, a clearer and more honest story.

"Is it not," inquired Mr Dickens in New York, "a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So-and-so should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?—Yes, sir. A convicted liar?—Yes, sir. He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?—Yes, sir. And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?—Yes, sir. In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?—*Well, sir, he is a smart man!*" Such is the satisfactory solution of the problem to which we have already alluded, the solution of the Barnum phenomenon, and with it of all analogous phenomena. Similar is the testimony of the smart young man whom we have just parted with. "Every race," he says, "has its own ideas respecting what is best in the character of a man. . . . When a Yankee would bestow his most special commendation upon another, he says, 'That is a man, sir, who generally succeeds in what he undertakes.' Let no delicate and high-minded person, therefore, be aston-

ished that such a man as James Gordon Bennett, whom the respectability of New York has for twenty years faithfully patronised, should have attained a commanding position among the spiritual powers of the American Republic. He is a man of undeniable "smartness"—not in our sense, indeed, for we have never seen a line of his composition that exhibited anything above what could be called third-rate mediocrity of thought and style, but in the sense of keen appreciation of means and ends, audacious scheming, impenetrability to shame, and invincible endurance of chastisement. His inflictions in this respect, both moral and physical, he has uniformly turned to the best account: in a sense different from that of the Psalmist, he can say that it was good for him to be afflicted. No man probably ever made more dollars by the proclamation of his own disgrace. A mere catalogue of the horse-whippings he has undergone during his long career of ingloriousness would astonish the nerves of our readers.* Each new infliction has been prominently blazoned in the columns of the *Herald*, and the attractive words "COW-HIDED AGAIN!!!" have been duly followed by a rush of buyers and a cheering flow of cents into the pockets of the complacent victim! On this subject his own testimony and that of his biographer are singularly frank and decided:—

* On this subject the biography maintains, with one or two exceptions, a prudent reserve. One pathetic description is attempted of the old sinner, "as he stood in his editorial rooms in Nassau Street, while from his head was washed the blood that incarnadined the snows of fifty winters." After the washing of his headpiece, the invincible editor coolly sat down to narrate the "assassination" in his own choice style for the benefit of his readers. The following may pass as a specimen of his manner. "James Watson Webb," editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, was an old comrade of the writer's.

"As I was leisurely pursuing my business yesterday, in Wall Street, collecting the information which is daily disseminated in the *Herald*, James Watson Webb came up to me on the northern side of the street—said something which I could not hear distinctly, then pushed me down the stone steps leading to one of the broker's offices, and commenced fighting with a species of brutal and demoniac desperation characteristic of a fury."

"My damage is a scratch, about three-quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which any tailor will restate for a shilling. His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian 40 dollars, and a blow in the face which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know. Balance in my favour, 29 dollars, 94 cents."

"Since I knew myself, all the real approbation I sought for was my own. If my conscience was satisfied on the score of morals, and my ambitions on the matter of talent, I always felt easy. On this principle I have acted from my youth up, and on this principle I mean to die. Nothing can disturb my equanimity. I know myself—so does the Almighty. Is not that enough?"

"This," says the biographer, "is not the language and spirit of a common mind. It is the essence of a philosophy which has not deserted a man who has never failed to republish every slander against himself, and who has been conscious always that calumnies cannot outlive and overshadow truth."

A man whose conscience seems never to have given him much trouble, and whose ambition has been satisfied with the acquisition of wealth and political power, may well feel easy under the whips and scorns of a whole universe! This is assuredly, and we rejoice to think so, not the language and spirit of the majority of mankind. Those only despise the approbation of their fellows who have shaken off the attributes of humanity, and accept the reverse of the proverb, that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The impious allusion to the Almighty is worthy of a Couthon or a Marat.*

The success of such a journal as the *New York Herald* is an undeniable blot on the community on whose follies and vices it batten into prosperity. The damning fact cannot be denied, that it was not in spite but on account of their scandalous character that such journals first attracted public attention and secured a hearing. While, therefore, we diminish not a jot our abhorrence of the men who reared these monuments of their own infamy, we are bound to regard them as but the concentrated type of the character that pervaded

their constituency. If the *New York Herald* was unprincipled and obscene, the readers of the *New York Herald* must have shared in these qualities. Its conductor may have been a scoundrel, but he certainly was no fool; he fed his readers with such food as suited their taste. Had that taste been purer, he was knowing enough to have provided cleaner fare; in a grave and religious community he would probably have preached with unctuous decorum. Already the taste of that community has improved (no thanks, assuredly, to him); the deluge of vituperation and indecency has subsided, and the *New York Herald* has followed the temper of the time. It may not, as the helpless biographer tells us it is, be "a familiar journal at every court throughout the world, and in all intelligent communities," but, compared with its former self, it is positively respectable.

Granting, therefore, that James Gordon Bennett was as disreputable an editor as Dr Faust's great patron ever let loose upon mankind, it is both philosophically and historically just that we should regard him, as Germans would say, not as an isolated phenomenon, but as a highly-remarkable-and-in-itself-much-embracing-development of social existence. The half-apologetic statements on this subject by the biographer, who is in general so preposterous in his partiality and admiration as to be utterly beyond criticism, are among the most curious things in the book. After describing the state of society and of journalism previous to 1823, he says:—

"A more fortunate position of circumstances cannot be imagined than that which presented itself for Mr Bennett's talents at this period. He had been moulded by events and experience to take a part in the change which the Press was about to undergo.

"Mr Bennett was prepared in every

* Mr Bennett, it would appear, is not indeed utterly free from the human feeling of "love of approbation"—the approbation, however, of "peculiar" characters. Mr O'Connell insulted him at a great Repeal gathering in Dublin, by saying, when his card was presented, "We don't want him here. He is one of the conductors of one of the vilest Gazettes ever published by infamous publishers." Poor Bennett was "ill for some days in Scotland"—probably, thinks the tender biographer, in consequence of this unexpected repulse from a brother demagogue.

way for the occasion. He had been just so far injured as to urge him to take hold of the world with but little mercy for its foibles, and with so little regard to its opinions that he could distinguish himself by an original course in Journalism. He felt as Byron did after the Scotch Reviewers had embittered his soul by their harsh treatment of his 'Hours of Idleness.' This was a mood highly favourable to the production of a rare effect. The dormant spirit of the people could only be awakened by something startling and novel, and circumstances had produced a man for the times."

The early numbers of the *Herald*, we are told, were "agreeable, pleasantly written, and comparatively prudish." The habits of the editor were "exemplary." Finding that this sort of thing was "no go," the astute adventurer took a bolder course, and flung aside those trammels of decency and moderation which would have impeded or ruined the prospects of a weaker and less original mind. The biographer admits that his hero behaved somewhat grossly, but argues, as one might plead in defence of a vampire or a cobra-de-capello, that he merely used the weapons which nature had given him, and that at any rate he was no worse than his neighbours.

"The improved taste of the present hour will not sanction the mode in which Mr Bennett at first undertook to be the censor of society: but a philosophical analysis of the means which were used in his peculiar and eccentric course (!) exhibits motives as the springs of action, which do not necessarily indicate a callous heart or a bad temper. . . . That Mr Bennett had been provoked to use any and all power at his command, to overturn the wanton assailants of his character, cannot be denied. He had but armed himself with the best instruments heaven had bestowed upon him, and his mode of warfare was quite as dignified as that which had been resorted to, and adopted for fifteen or twenty years before, by the Press generally."

If instead of the blasphemous word "Heaven" we substitute another more congruous to the nature of the subject, the above may be taken as a sufficiently "philosophical" view of the point at issue. A little farther on there is a still clearer admission. After telling us that the public did

not care for political articles in such small sheets as the *Herald*, the biographer shows how it became necessary for Mr Bennett to fill his paper with falsehood and obscenity:—

"It would have been folly, therefore, to have attempted to make a daily offering to the public of a newspaper, such as is accepted even at the present hour. Mr Bennett saw this—he felt it. He wrote to create an interest for himself and the *Herald*. In this he was pecuniarily wise, for had he taken a more dignified course, and thus have produced only such studied articles as he had contributed to the *Courier and Enquirer*, from 1829 to 1832, the *Herald* would not have existed for a single month, unless sustained by a sacrifice of capital which it was not in the power of Mr Bennett to command. All of his success depended upon his making a journal wholly different from any one that was in existence."

And in that attempt the enterprising editor succeeded to a miracle, for certainly anything approaching to the *Herald* in its "peculiar" character, the literature of civilisation had not seen!

That there may be no mistake on the matter, the biographer, in summing up the transcendent merits of Mr Bennett near the close of the volume, assures us that the course pursued was perfectly deliberate:—

"On the 5th of May 1835, he commenced his work of regeneration by publishing the first number of the *New York Herald*, which, till it was established, was conducted with such peculiarities as secured it attention—peculiarities which seemed to have sprung from a mind resolved to carry out certain broad personal characteristics, which in themselves furnish the bitterest satire upon the true nature of political and social life known to the literature of any age or country. The course adopted was not based on impulse. There is no excuse for it on that ground. It was the fruit of the most careful reflection, as is proved by the fact that the original prospectus has not been departed from in any point whatever during a period of twenty years."

The original design was to establish a journal which should be independent of all parties, and the influence of which should be founded upon its devotion to the popular will—a plan which has found numerous imitators, and which is the only one suited to satisfy the demands of the public."

Mr Bennett, who of course "endorses" these sentiments, is thus, it is evident, as much at ease in his "conscience" with regard to his past conduct as ever, and would, if the thing were to be done over again, do it *con amore* again. The popular will—not Truth or Righteousness; the most sweet voices of the rabble, not the still small voice of the man within the breast—that, then, is the creed of this "regenerator" of journalism—*Apage Satana*.

The best type of Scottish character is eminently distinguished

by force and earnestness; but as a Scotchman, when he is good, is intensely so—a Scotchman, when he sells himself to Clouty, is perhaps of all human beings the most devoted servant of that personage. Scotland, which has produced such eminent examples of genius and nobleness in this century as Thomas Chalmers and John Wilson, had the misfortune to give birth also to James Gordon Bennett. Let her not grieve, for the same England that gave birth to John Milton, was the mother likewise of Titus Oates.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

THERE can be no question with the philosopher, that war is one of the great sources of change in the movement of the world. Whether its purpose be conquest or defence, or its stimulant ambition or restlessness, or its immediate impulse the genius of some great leader, urging the rapacity of a people, the changes which it makes in the general mass of society are always more remarkable than those of any other instrument of human impression. Wars are the moral thunderstorms, which either cover the face of society with havoc, or purify its atmosphere. War is the shifting of the channel in which the great stream of society has hitherto flowed on, and the formation of the new course which fertilises a new region, while it leaves the old one barren; or, is like the power of steam, a pressure in its nature explosive, and marking its power only in its ruin, but capable of being guided into a general benefactor of man, and originating effects large and general beyond the means of any other mover.

To the reader of the Scriptures, the question is decided at once: War is constantly held forth as the instrument of Divine action—sometimes as punishment, sometimes as restoration, but always as subservient to a great providential intention. A voice of more than man calls Cyrus from the sands of Persia, at once to smite the pride of Babylon, and to break the chains of the Jew. The same voice summons Alexander

from the hills of Macedonia to subvert Persepolis, and be the protector of the chosen people. We have the distinct declaration from the highest of all sources, that the Roman war which closed the national existence of that unhappy but memorable people, was the direct performance of the Divine will by the instrumentality of the heathen sword.

It is true, that in later history we have not the same power of ascertaining the distinct purposes of Providence. We "see through a glass darkly," through the dimmed medium of human knowledge, through the comparison of things imperfectly shown, and the misty conjectures of man. Yet still it is a study honourable to human intelligence, and we are sometimes enabled, even by flashes and fragments of evidence, to trace without superstition or exaggeration the ways of that great Disposer, who balances the fates of nations, and whose vigilance is as sleepless as His power is immeasurable. No man conversant with modern history can doubt, that the war of the German princes in the sixteenth century sheltered the cradle of the Reformation, until the mighty infant was enabled to quit that cradle and assume maturity; or that the war with Spain and the destruction of the Armada gave English Protestantism an embodying of strength in England, and a renown abroad, which secured it from all assault either at home or abroad; or that the wars of William

III., in Ireland and on the Continent, were the virtual throwing of a shield over Protestantism in England, and extinguishing by the sword in France the power which had pledged itself to the extermination of French Protestantism; or that the French revolutionary war, however originating in the national vices, had, in its conquest of the three Capitals of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, a direct connection with the vengeance of insulted justice, and the retribution of outraged humanity on the royal spoilers of unhappy Poland.

Nothing among the phases of human affairs has been a matter of older or more frequent wonder to both the philosopher and the Christian, than the condition of the country ranging along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. That, within the perpetual hearing, and almost within sight of the civilisation of Europe, with the sounds of its moral revolutions, progress, and discoveries in its ears, it has never exhibited an inclination to try the strength of its own frame in any of the exercises of self-government; that, with a population highly gifted by nature, acute, adroit, and even warlike, fifty-fold more numerous than the Turk; that, with the finest climate of the globe, the richest soil, the noblest historic recollections, the whole region, from Egypt to the Euphrates, should have exhibited its bravery in nothing but the exploits of banditti, its intelligence in nothing but the craft of the trafficker, and its philosophy in nothing but the submission of the slave, seems unaccountable.

Yet especially that Palestine, the land of which we can never speak the name, or remember the afflictions, or revolve the history, without homage, sorrow, and hope; that the soil, with every hill and valley and sea-shore sacred to the Christian heart, and the object of promises, on which we fully rely, yet which transcend all that earth has seen of blessing, power, and splendour,—the land of which inspiration has pronounced: "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Thy people also shall be

all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time" (Isaiah, lx. 20); that Palestine, towards which every man, Christian or Jew, looks, as the prophet in the days of the captivity looked in his prayer, should be still desolate; that even Jerusalem, whose very dust is dear to us, should be known as scarcely more than the haunt of obscure superstition, and the squabbles of Greek and Latin monks,—is among the most surprising facts of human annals.

We are by no means sanguine as to the effect of the war, into which Russia has provoked the Powers of Europe. It is an impulse which may pass away—a "wind which bloweth where it listeth, and we hear but the sound thereof"—a form of ambitious frenzy, starting up from the imperial couch, and, in the first moment of exhaustion, sinking back within its curtains. But, notwithstanding all those possibilities, to chide the eagerness of human anticipation, nothing is more evident than that the war has some features which distinguish it from all the wars since the fall of the Greek Empire. It is remarkable that its first quarrel was in Jerusalem, and the express contest was for the possession of the most venerated spot in Jerusalem, the Holy Sepulchre. Whether this quarrel was sincere or a pretence—whether to restore injured rights or to cover a determination of wrongs—is a matter of no moment in presence of the fact that thus began the Russian war. Another obvious fact is, that though there have been expeditions to the Levant within the century, as the march of Napoleon into Syria, and the later assaults on Acre, this is the first war, since the Crusades, which ever poured the weight of the great armies and navies of England and France on the East, which ever planted a solid step on the lands under the Mahomedan rule, which ever exhibited European strength, arts, discipline, and treasure, in their actual and distinct character, to the eye of the Mahomme-

dan. If the European forces should be withdrawn to-morrow, there can be no doubt of their having thrown a new light on the mind of the Mohammedan world. The old generation must soon pass away, and a large portion of its prejudices must pass away with it. The new generation may respect its memory, and act as the pall-bearers in its obsequies, but they will not go down into its grave. Already the Turk is becoming associated with the Englishman and the Frenchman; the English discipline of the Contingent must leave its impressions, even when the Contingent shall be broken up. The pay, the punctuality, the good order, and the gallantry of the service, cannot be forgotten; and the man will be cast into a mould, manlier and more capable of progress than any Turk, since the tribe, with the "black banner" before them, descended from the slopes of the Himalaya. The Christians of the Ottoman Empire have obtained new privileges already by this war. Measures are on foot for making their testimony available in the courts of justice. They are to have the right of bearing arms in the Ottoman service—a highly important innovation, and leading to every privilege; and there can be no doubt that the Ottoman government must acknowledge its old power of oppression to be at an end, or that any attempt at persecution or violence to its Christian subjects would be under penalty of provoking resistance from its Christian allies. All those results have their origin in the war, and those are in their nature progressive. Privilege begets privilege, and the next quarter of a century, whether in the struggles of war or the activity of peace, will place the Christians of the East in a position higher than their most sanguine speculation could have contemplated before the war on the Euxine.

Views of this order give additional value to that interesting subject, the character of the Christian Church in the East. It becomes important to know how far that Church is capable of assisting the progress, aiding the energies, or even conforming to the character of a people on the eve of renovation; whether it is to

continue the swamp that it has been for the four centuries since the capture of Constantinople, or to be the fount flowing with the waters of national life; whether it is to be regarded as a monument of dreary ceremonial, encumbering the soil with its weight, and of doctrines incompatible with the gospel, or as only waiting to be freed from the barbarian accumulations of antiquity, to show the world an architecture worthy of its apostolic founders, and fit for the reception of enlightened mankind.

The Greek Church has, beyond all question, high claims to the consideration of Christendom as the mother of all the churches,—founded by the Apostles, governed by the last of the Apostles,—the Church of the first Christian empire, and for the first four centuries exhibiting the most illustrious examples of virtue and ability, of patience under trial, and of piety in the propagation of the faith. In the Church of proconsular Asia was the arena in which the strength of revelation was first tried against all the power of imperial heathenism, the severer combats than against the lions of Numidia. To that province was sent the message to the "Angels of the Seven Churches;" in its neighbouring Byzantium was erected the central Church, the spiritual sun, which spread its light through the East and West, through the shores and forests of the North, and through the mountains and wildernesses of the South,—the Church which, resisting the image-worship of the Western nations, and the mysterious mythology of the East, continued for fifteen hundred years the Ark of Christianity.

The subject has been frequently touched on in the rapid publications of our time, but with an inaccuracy of detail, and an obscurity of view, which fully justifies the attempt to rectify the one, and to clear up the other.

From the fourth century, the subtle spirit of the Greeks began to exercise itself in those questions of Scripture, which, being confessedly above the range of the human faculties, are to be received on the authority of Scripture alone, as the objects of faith, and not of experience. The Arian,

Nestorian, and Eutychian heresies began to disturb the world. The great Council of Nice (A.D. 325), an assemblage of 318 bishops, declared the voice of the Church against the doctrine of Arius; yet the heresy continued for some ages to distract the empire. When these disputes had worn themselves out, another source of disturbance exhibited itself in the Civil claims of the rival Sees of Rome and Constantinople. The Bishop of Rome demanded the Supremacy for the sitter in the ancient capital of empire; the Bishop of Constantinople demanded it for the sitter in the capital of the actual empire. But the contest was unequal. The Bishop of the West had no imperial figure, to thwart his authority; the Bishop of the East stood directly under the shadow of the imperial figure. The former was the lord of the faith to the half-civilised and superstitious millions of the barbarian settlers in Europe; the latter was surrounded with as many heresies as episcopates, with keen inquiries and doubtful fidelity, with philosophy envenomed into scepticism, and with four Patriarchs, sometimes denying his doctrine, and always envying his authority.

The contest continued through two centuries, treated by the warlike emperors with contempt, and regarded by the feeble emperors with alarm. At length it was decided by Justinian, one of those characters who form epochs in history. It is only by such epochs that we can mark the progress of those unvarying years and casual trains of events which form the stream of Time. Remote history is like the remote landscape; we judge of the country only by its mountain-tops. History has done but narrow justice to this restorer of the Roman empire. It has measured his imperial strength on the scale of his personal weakness; but the true estimate of the governor of kingdoms is, by what he has done on the throne. Monarchs are actors, with their kingdom for a stage, and the world for their audience. When they throw off the royal robe and the buskin, they are but men; but who has a right to follow them behind the scenes? In the reign of Justinian was reunited

the dislocated empire. Italy and Northern Africa were conjoined. The barbarian kingdoms of Europe were reduced into submission, the celebrated Code was established which formed the body of law to Europe for nearly ten centuries, and which exists as the civil law to this day. The noblest temple of Europe (until the sixteenth century), the Santa Sophia, was built by him, and he held the sceptre with undiminished authority to the end of a reign of thirty-nine years, and a life of eighty-three!

The sole imperial weakness of Justinian was his theology; he loved to mingle in the turbid discussions of the time. In one of those discussions, to conciliate the verdict of the Roman bishop, he conferred on him the title of "Head of the Universal Church,"—a title which no man could be guiltless in either bestowing or accepting, the title belonging to Him alone who earned it on Calvary; the bestowal was a usurpation, and the adoption a crime. From this transaction, and from the year 533, the Papacy dates its assumed supremacy over the Universal Church.

The separation of the Greek and the Latin Churches was near at hand. In the seventh century Rome had adopted image-worship. In the eighth century the Emperor Leo proclaimed it an abomination, and ordered that all images should be taken from the altars. The Pope (Gregory II.) answered the command by a challenge. His answer was an Anathema. "You accuse," said his letter, "the Catholics of idolatry: in this you betray your own impiety. You assault us, tyrant, with a carnal and military hand; we can only implore Christ that he will send you a devil for the destruction of your body and the salvation of your soul. Are you ignorant that the Popes are the bands of union, the mediators of peace between the East and the West? The eyes of the nations are fixed on our humility, and they revere as a God on earth the Apostle St Peter, whose image you threaten to destroy. The remote kingdoms of the earth present their homage to Christ and His vicegerent." A war followed; Gregory sent out his

"pastoral letters" through the West. The imperial troops were beaten in Italy by the peasant insurrection. A battle was fought on the banks of the Po, with such slaughter of the Greeks, that for a succession of years the people refused to eat of the fish. Rome was broken off from the empire. The imperial sovereignty of the West was at an end, after a dominion of seven centuries; and image-worship was established as the religion of the Popedom.

The schism of the churches was now begun. But the question had changed from doctrine, which the growing ignorance of the age was unable to discuss, to jurisdiction, a discussion which at once excited the ambition and fed the animosity of a time of darkness. The bitterness of the contest was increased in the ninth century by the elevation of Photius to the see of Constantinople.

This remarkable man was the solitary light of his age in the East. He was a layman, who had passed through the highest offices of the State, and a scholar who has left the monument of his scholarship to posterity in his celebrated *Bibliotheca*. To place him in the bishopric, the

emperor deposed its former possessor, who appealed to Rome. The pope ordered his restoration; the emperor repeated his refusal.

It would be as idle to trace, as it would be difficult to disentangle, the perplexities of a quarrel which continued for centuries. But the consummation was now at hand. The Pope (Leo IX.), and the Patriarch, Cerularius, had excommunicated each other. A conference of pretended conciliation was held in Constantinople with the papal legates. It ended in new claims, met by new resistance: the legates, at last, went solemnly to the church of Santa Sophia, publicly read the letters of excommunication, placed the document of anathema on the high altar, and then departed from Constantinople! Thus in 1054 was completed the Schism, which had been commenced in arrogant ambition, and continued in priestly rancour; which had scandalised Christendom, and libelled Christianity; and which, in Asia, was punished by the conquests and conversions of Mahommedanism, and in Europe by the increased power, the darker superstition, and the sterner severities of Rome.

DOCTRINE.

From this period we may state the doctrines and practices of the Greek Church, as an independent community.

The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is established. But the Holy Spirit is assumed to proceed from the Father only; in this point differing from the Popish and the Protestant Churches. This difference was the subject of long controversy between the East and the West, but, with the usual fate of ancient disputation, leaving both parties more confident in their own opinions.

On the doctrine of Redemption, its language is that of Scripture; Christ is acknowledged to be the Regenerator of our fallen nature. Justification by Faith includes the works which prove the sincerity of the faith, without which "faith is dead."

Regeneration is regarded as essential, but this Church admits of no

Indulgences; on this point differing totally from the practices of Rome.

The Church acknowledges no *purgatory*. But it holds an "intermediate state of the departed;" the spirits of the wicked remaining in a place of sorrow and comparative suffering, and those of the virtuous in a place of rest and comparative happiness; and both thus remaining until the Resurrection. But it admits "prayer for the dead;" not for the redemption of the spirit from a place of *purification* or partial penalty, but from a consideration of the Divine mercy. In those doctrines it makes some approach to Protestantism, though in praying for the dead it obviously goes beyond the only authority to which we can look for the condition of man after death—namely, Scripture.

In its ritual, the Church more nearly approaches Rome. It ac-

knowledges as Sacraments, Marriage, Confirmation, Extreme Unction, Ordination, and Penance, in addition to Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Baptism is administered by trine immersion.

Infants are baptised on the eighth day.

Chrism, or anointing with holy oil, which is regarded as confirmation, is administered soon after baptism.

The Lord's Supper is administered under both forms, the bread and the wine, to both priest and laity. But the Church holds transubstantiation, or, in the words of the Confession, "when the priest consecrates the elements, the very substance of the bread and wine is transformed into the substance of the true body and blood of Christ."

The ceremonial of the consecration is worth remarking, as it seems to have been taken in some degree as the model for the modern innovations in the English Ritual. The elements are first carried round the church *on the head of the deacon*; then the priest prays that the Almighty may convert them into the substance of the body and blood. He then prays to the Holy Spirit for His gift. He then prays to Jesus Christ, as sitting on the right hand of the Father, and yet invisibly present, to impart to the receivers "His immaculate body and precious blood." Still, there are some distinctions in the Eastern and Western practice. The same degree of worship is not offered to the Host as in the Romish Church. It is not carried in procession, nor is it offered to public adoration, nor is there any festival in its honour. It is carried to the sick, but the priests do not prostrate themselves before it. All this ceremonial the Eastern Church pretends to justify on the ground of antiquity, where it was not to be found in the purest and most primitive centuries. The Protestant looks to the original solemnisation, and takes his practice from Scripture. What common-sense can believe that Jesus of Nazareth gave His actual body to be eaten before His eyes, or that the Apostles, while at supper, believed that they were eating flesh

and drinking blood, and this without a sign of repulsion and reluctance, or without even a remonstrance or an inquiry? The words, "This do in remembrance of me," are a sufficient declaration that neither His flesh nor His blood was to remain on earth; for remembrance implied departure. And that the remembrance was the express purpose, is distinctly declared in the words, "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come;"—thus extinguishing at once transubstantiation, and the more diluted doctrine of the "Real presence." St Paul (A.D. 59) describes the Sacrament as still the *bread* and the *cup* (1st Corinthians, xi. 26), the popular dishonour of which would involve dishonour to the body and blood of which they were the *representatives*. And he further states, that when the "Real presence" shall have come, the representation shall pass away; as in the instance of the Jewish sacrifices, which represented the offering of Christ, but when the *real offering* was come, the representation naturally passed away, the Temple was overthrown, and sacrifice was no more. And this was the language of the great Apostle of the Gentiles upwards of a quarter of a century after the Crucifixion. If St Paul believed in Transubstantiation, it is impossible to doubt that he would have scrupulously avoided any mention of the "bread and the cup," particularly on an occasion when he was warning the dissolute and disputatious Corinthians of the danger of *disrespect* to the Sacrament.

The Greek Church holds the doctrine of Penance, Absolution by the priest, and Auricular Confession, as a consequence of the doctrine of Absolution, "the priest not knowing *what* to absolve until he knows the state of the penitent." Absolution and Confession are held to be of the highest importance, and of the most general application. They have been termed "the axle on which the globe of ecclesiastical polity turns;" and beyond question they have been the most extensive sources of power and revenue to both the Greek faith and the Roman.

CEREMONIAL.

The Ritual of the Eastern Church is even more laborious than that of the Roman, both churches in this point straying from the simplicity of Scripture. The elaborate ritual of the Jewish dispensation was for a Divine purpose—the separation of the people from Heathenism; but when that purpose ceased with the cessation of the national privileges and the coming of Christianity, ceremonial perished, as being unnecessary to a religion whose laws were to be “written in the heart,” and as inconsistent with the nature of a religion which was yet to be *universal*. Christ came to redeem mankind, not only from the yoke of sin, but the yoke of ceremonial. “Come unto me; all ye that labour and are heavy laden,” was the language, not merely of help to human nature, but of relief from the weight of ordinances. Christianity has *no ceremonial*, and but two rites, Baptism and the Lord’s Supper. It has *forms*, for forms are essential to order, but it proscribes no *system* of worship, no locality, and no *labour* of devotion.

The Greek Church abounds in Fastings, and those of the severest order. Besides the Lent of the Western Church, it has three seasons of public abstinence within the year—one from St Whitsuntide to St Peter’s Day, one from the 6th to the 15th of August, and one during the *forty days* before Christmas. In the monasteries, to this number is superadded one for the first fourteen days of September, in honour of the “Exaltation of the Holy Cross;” and those unnatural and unnecessary abstinences are practised, in general, with extreme severity, even to the rejection of all fish. On the other hand, the festivals of their saints are literally *feasts*; thus producing, in the one instance, hazard to health, and in the other, hazard to morals. These feasts, however, and their attendant levities, have the presumed character of religion; and the saint of the day is especially invoked as an intercessor, equally in contradiction to common sense and the Gospel,—the

first telling us the folly of appealing to beings of whom we cannot possibly know whether they can hear or answer prayer, and the second, declaring that there is but one intercessor between God and man, Jesus Christ.*

Image-worship is held in abhorrence by the Eastern Church, yet it pays the same species of adoration to pictures; on the idea, that while images represent the inventions of man, pictures represent some real existence; or that, in the words of St Paul, “An idol is nothing in the world” (1st Corinthians, viii. 4), while a picture is the *adumbration* of some true transaction,—as the existence of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the saints, &c. But, for the purpose of preserving their devotion as pure as possible, they make those pictures generally the most unattractive possible. With the higher orders the picture may serve only as a stimulant to devotion, but, with the peasantry, the adoration is probably complete.

The Greek priests of the higher order generally exhibit a reluctance to acknowledge the reality of this worship, this “*pinakolatria*,” if we must coin a word for it. They acknowledge the popular homage, but excuse it on the ground of respect for memorable names; as in common life we preserve the pictures of memorable persons, and value those of our departed friends. But the Eastern homage goes wholly beyond this grateful observance. We do not make genuflections to the pictures of our great men, nor pray to those of our friends, nor send those pictures to assist women in the sufferings of childbirth, nor place them on the beds of the dying, nor believe them to work miracles.

In fact, this worship of resemblances, whether pictures or images, is one of the most general, and yet most *improbable*, delusions in the world. To imagine that the statue which we carve, or the picture which we paint, the actual work of our hands, is gifted with powers above the man who has made it; or can

have a holiness which he has not, or faculties of which he is unconscious, or a *spirit* which he can approach only with homage,—is an absurdity which tasks the utmost credulity of man. Or if he be willing to try the effect of this contempt, he may fling the statue from its pedestal, or take down the picture from its shrine, with the most perfect impunity. And yet, what millions have worshipped the statue and the picture, and worship them still!

In the first ages of Christianity, worship was exclusively given to the God of the Gospel; the objects of heathen adoration were an abhorrence, and the ceremonial of the temples a theme of perpetual scorn. At length, however, the influence of heathenism returned; Christian corruption adopted its emblems, and the images of Christ and the Virgin were surrounded by the sicklier devotees or more fanatical formalists of the Church. Then came miracles. The perils of the Greek Empire required supernatural protectors; and the Greek, unused to arms, and trembling at Saracen invasion, gladly committed the hazardous trust of defending his battlements to the saint in his hands. The city of Edessa was thus *saved*! by the sight of a napkin, marked with the face of Jesus. These cheap defences finally failed, and Mahomet was lord of the Empire; but the passion for the picture still lived among the serfs of the Caliph; and while Europe, looking on the remote danger with secure contempt, multiplied her idols, Greece, under her Arab scourge, cherished her pictures as the source of her consolation.

The chief treasure of her mythology, the Veron Eikon, or true resemblance, was a picture of our Lord, supposed to bear His impression from having wiped His face on Calvary. This He gave to a woman, who gave it to the Emperor Tiberius, whom it cured of the gout! But as the napkin was triple-folded, it carried *three* impressions, which were impartially divided among the faithful; one being sent to Constantinople,

another to Paris, and the third being already in the hands of that rather hazardous guardian of relics, Tiberius. The Veron Eikon has seen a great deal of service since, and its last exploit was its attempt to rout the French column advancing to Rome in 1796, an attempt in which it unhappily failed. Such is the history of the most authentic, renowned, and sacred relic of the Greek and Popish world. The historian* gives the hymn of Byzantium to the Veronica (for they changed it into a female, and the female into a saint) in the sixth century. "How can we with mortal eyes contemplate this image, whose celestial splendour the host of heaven presumes not to behold? He who dwells in heaven condescends this day to visit us by His venerable image. He who is seated on the Cherubim visits us this day by a picture; which the FATHER has delineated with His immaculate hand, which He has formed in an ineffable manner, and which we sanctify by adoring it with faith and love." Such is idolatry everywhere at this hour!

The "*sign* of the Cross" is universal, and almost perpetual. The Cross itself is frequently addressed in prayer, and in language applicable only to the Divine Being. A quotation from Stourdza, a man of intelligence and learning, in his defence of the Greek Church, will show to what an extent this mysticism can be carried.

"The Cross is the representative of the structure of man. It seems to have been formed expressly for man, and its punishment explicitly to serve as the emblem of his misery and his grandeur. Standing erect, looking down on all surrounding things, the arms extended as if to embrace the immense space of which it appears the King; the feet fixed in this valley of tears, the brow crowned with thorns, signs of the cares which surround man even to the tomb. Behold the Man! *Ecce homo*—behold the adorable attitude of the God-man upon the earth. The more we contemplate, the more we must feel that it is only by the punishment of the Cross that Jesus

Christ could express in Himself all the woes and all the transgressions of man, expiate them, ransom them, and exhibit collectively the human race under one form alone."

The use of tapers and torches in daylight services is defended, not on the Popish principle of emblematising the Holy Spirit, but on the more plausible ground of imitating the primitive ages, when the Christians met only before daylight and in caverns. Both are equally presumptuous, as unauthorised by Scripture; and both equally profane, as palpably adopted from heathenism.

The services of the Greek Church are wearisomely long; they are in *Hellenic*, and therefore almost wholly unintelligible to the people, and they are intolerably laborious to the priest: the whole body of the services occupying twenty folio volumes, with an additional volume of directions!—a study to which the time of the priest is almost wholly confined, not for its knowledge, but for its manipulation; the selection of the services appropriate to the day, which change every day, and even in the course of the day. The Liturgy, so called, is limited to a small portion of those labours, namely, the Communion.

Ambition in a priesthood and ignorance in a people always produce superstition; the priest eager to extend his authority, and the people unable to detect the imposture. The natural results are, the Legend and the pretended Miracle. These practices in the Greek Church take a colouring from the picturesque region and the romantic fancy of the people. Every island, and perhaps every hill and valley, has its sacred spot, to

which the population approach in long processions on any remarkable public circumstance, whether of Nature or the Calendar. To appease an epidemic, to still an earthquake, to make the skies propitious after a drought, or to call down the peculiar aid of the Virgin, who usurps, in the Greek mind, the whole power of *intercession*, and thus effectively possesses the sceptre of Omnipotence, summons the multitude in all their pageantry.

The services of the Church being performed in a tongue comparatively obsolete, and being recited by the priest habitually in a tone of mystery, which renders them scarcely audible, if they were understood, leave the people in almost total ignorance of their meaning, and of course indifferent to all but the forms of devotion. Like the priest of Rome, the Greek priest is the presumed *mediator*, not the leader of the popular devotion; his prayers are *for*, not *with*, the people. Thus his performance of the service is supposed to answer its purpose, whether audible or whispered. One portion of his duty, however, addresses itself to the general ear,—the reading of the "Lives of the Saints," entitled "The Tablet of the United Worthies," a record of 365 lives; all equal to gorge the most ravenous credulity. Greece, once the land of invention, is now the land of imposture; the original talent of the soil is now exhausted on dreary fiction. Still believing in magic, charms, the influence of dreams, and the inspiration of the "*genius loci*," they are prepared to welcome every folly of fanaticism, and submit to every artifice of superstition.

GOVERNMENT.

The four Patriarchs, of Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, are the religious rulers of the Greek Church; the three latter being, in a certain degree, subordinate to the Patriarch of Constantinople, without whose consent nothing of general importance can be effected. This Patriarch is elected by the votes of the neighbouring bishops; but he must be presented to the Sultan for insti-

tution; and as nothing is done in Turkey without a present, the fee on this occasion amounts to 20,000 or 30,000 dollars, the Sultan still retaining the power of deposition, banishment, or even of death. The Patriarch possesses the considerable privilege of naming his brother patriarchs, but the rescript of the Sultan is still necessary for their confirmation, and even to that of every bishop who may

be appointed by the Patriarch. Thus the Greek Church exhibits none of the "supremacy" of the Roman. It has since the reign of Constantine claimed no "temporal sovereignty," and it has thus in some measure been freed from the intrigues, violences, and crimes, which form so large a part of the history of priestly ambition.

Another important prevention of those evils was the marriage of the parochial priesthood. In the earlier periods of this Church, marriage was *commanded* to the priest, and was considered so necessary to his office that on the death of his wife he must give up his parish. Even now, notwithstanding the example of Rome, the *secular* clergy are permitted to marry, though only once. The *regular* clergy (monks) are not permitted to marry, on the absurd principle that their lives are an offering for the popular sins, and that celibacy belongs to holiness. The marriage of the priesthood had the natural effect of rendering them loyal, by the connection of their children with the country, of preventing the irregularities to which constrained celibacy inevitably gives rise, and of preventing that ambition for the influence of their class which naturally exhibits itself in great bodies who have no tie but to the head of their order. *Constrained* celibacy is, in fact, a conspiracy against human nature, which always transpires in a conspiracy against human Allegiance.

Monasticism forms a prominent feature of the system. The Greek convents are numerous, powerful, and in some instances opulent. Their inhabitants are divided into Caloyers (monks) and lay brethren. The lives of the former are comparatively indolent; of the latter, comparatively laborious. But the Caloyer has his peculiar round of irksome occupations. Matins begin at four in the morning, and last until dawn. The performance of the Liturgy is followed by reciting the life of some saint, and that is followed again by nine hymns, six of which are to the

Virgin, and three to the saint of the day. In Lent, his task is wearisome: he must go through the whole Psalter every day, and perform the *Metania*, which consists in kissing the ground *three hundred* times in the twenty-four hours. To this employment four hours of the night, of which two are immediately after midnight, are devoted. How any human understanding can conceive that this drudgery is connected with virtue, is productive of good to man, or is acceptable to his Creator, must be left to the reveries of the monk, and the recorded absurdities of human nature.

The lay brothers are the farmers, the shepherds, the tillers, and the traders of the convent. They are industrious, and so far they remove the stigma from the general uselessness of conventual life. Some of those communities are largely endowed. The monks of the well-known brotherhood of Mount Athos have twenty convents, and possess extensive lands. Their Turkish taxation is generally moderate, and indolence never had an easier form than in the shape of the Caloyer.

The state of the Russian Church would lead us too far into inquiry; but it has a history of its own, some remarkable peculiarities, and some prospects well worthy of examination. Those who feel an interest in the subject may be referred to Stourdza, *Considerations sur la Doctrine, to King On the Russian Church*, and to the brief but exact *Treatise on the Greek Church* by the present learned Dean of Durham. The subject may well interest us, when it involves the religious welfare of the millions inhabiting the Eastern provinces of Europe, the Danubian provinces, the length of Asia Minor, a portion of Syria, Assyria, and Africa, and the sixty millions of Russia—an immense extent of human existence, which a few years may open to a purer faith, and which is already qualifying, by the effects of knowledge, suffering, and war, for the GOSPEL.

NICARAGUA AND THE FILIBUSTERS.

It is a fixed idea with the American people, that in due course of time they are to have the control of all the North American continent, and of the Island of Cuba; they consider this their "manifest destiny," and any movement in that direction is looked on by them as a matter of course, and deserving of encouragement.

The popular name for the agency by which such a state of things is to be brought about is "filibusterism." The word "filibuster" is a French and Spanish corruption of the English word freebooter, an appellation which, in former days, from its being frequently assumed by a certain class of men, who disliked the harsher name of pirate, became familiar to the inhabitants of the West India Islands and Central America; but as filibusterism is now used, it expresses the action of the American people, or a portion of the people, in the acquisition of territory which does not belong to them, unrestrained by the responsibilities of the American Government.

The sovereign people of the United States, and the United States Government, are two distinct bodies, influenced by different motives. The Government is obliged to maintain the appearance of keeping faith with other friendly powers, but at the same time is so anxious to gain popularity at home, that it does not take really effectual measures to check any popular movement, however illegal it may be, if favoured by the majority of the people.

The manner in which the State of Nicaragua has been reduced, or, it should rather be said, raised to her present position, by being occupied and governed by a large body of Americans, affords an instance of the truth of this statement.

For the last two years the American and English Governments have been exchanging diplomatic letters, arguing at great length on the abstract meaning of certain words of a treaty, by which either power was equally bound not to occupy, fortify,

colonise, or take possession of, any part of Central America. In the mean time a party of American citizens, under command of a certain Colonel Walker, have virtually taken possession of, and do now govern the State of Nicaragua, one of the States specially mentioned in the treaty. When they first landed in Nicaragua, not ten months ago, they numbered only fifty-six men; but in as far as they had the good-will of the majority of the American people, they represented the nation as truly as General Pierce and his Cabinet. Colonel Walker was merely the practical exponent of a popular theory, and his success has been so rapid and decisive, and such is the position he now holds in Nicaragua, strengthened by daily accessions to his force from California and from the United States, that the Americanisation of Nicaragua may be almost considered an established fact.

Should the Americans in that country be able to maintain their position, of which, at present, there seems to be every probability, the successful filibustering of Nicaragua will be but the beginning; the end will be the occupation, by Americans, of all the Central American States, and, in due course of time, of Mexico and Cuba.

In order to show why the filibustering energies of the Americans have been specially directed to Nicaragua, and how it is that so small a party of them have so quickly got control of that State, and also to appreciate fully the position which their leaders occupy as members of the newly-formed government, it is necessary to give some information on the political condition of the country, and on recent events there, which the writer, while a resident in the country during the greater part of the revolution, had good opportunity of acquiring.

On the discovery of gold in California in 1848, when there was such a rush of gold-hunters to that land of promise both from the Old and the New World, the route generally

followed was that by Panama, as the most expeditious—lines of steamers being established by American companies from New York and New Orleans to Chagres, and from Panama to San Francisco.

The supply of steamers, however, was never sufficient for the accommodation of the crowds of eager emigrants; the profits of the steamship companies were enormous, and American enterprise was not long in discovering and opening a new, and in many respects superior, route to the golden regions of the Pacific.

The new route lay through the State of Nicaragua, one of the five States into which the Central American Confederation was dissolved in the year 1831.

It was to the advantages offered by its geographical position that Nicaragua owed its distinction. The Lake of Nicaragua, a splendid sheet of water ninety miles long by about fifty broad, lies within the State. Its most western extremity is only twelve miles from the Pacific, and at its eastern extremity about one hundred and fifty miles from the Atlantic: it empties itself into that ocean through the river San Juan, which is navigable all the distance for small vessels, and forms at its mouth the harbour of Greytown or San Juan del Norte. An inter-oceanic canal was first talked of, but it was found that it would take all the gold in California to construct it; so that idea was for the time abandoned, and a New York company, styled the Accessory Transit Company of Nicaragua, got a charter from the State, granting them for considerations the exclusive privilege of steam-navigation of the river San Juan, and of the Lake Nicaragua, for a period of ninety-nine years.

Steamboats of various capacities, to suit the navigation of the river and of the lake, were sent out—a road over the twelve miles of land, between the lake and the harbour of San Juan del Sur on the Pacific, was commenced—steamships were put on between that port and San Francisco, and between New York and Greytown, and a large share of the Californian emigration began to stream through the country.

The difficulties of the route were at first considerable, owing to the number of rapids in the River San Juan requiring boats of peculiar construction for their navigation, and from the fact of the country through which lies the road to the Pacific being a mountainous wilderness, the greater part covered by a dense tropical forest.

In the rainy season, which lasts for about five months, the road was so bad that a mule would sink to his belly at every step; the twelve miles were not unfrequently a two days' journey, and many a poor mule, after vainly struggling to extricate himself, succumbed to his fate, and was absorbed in the mud, leaving his rider to fight his own way through, which he generally did without much trouble. Such little difficulties were not thought much of by Californian emigrants in those days.

The Company, however, soon completed the road, and so far perfected their arrangements that the passage from ocean to ocean is performed in two days.

The travel to and fro between California and the Atlantic States is not confined to any particular class of the community. Capitalists, merchants, professional men, mechanics, labourers,—in fact, people of all classes, are constantly going and coming. For the last five years an average of two thousand Americans per month have passed to and fro by this route, and, during the few days occupied in transit, have had ample time to admire and covet the splendid country through which they passed, to look with utter contempt on the natives, and to speculate on what a country it would be if it were only under the Stars and Stripes.

The country, its climate, its advantages, resources, and social and political condition, have thus been gradually made familiar to a constantly increasing proportion of the people of the United States and of California.

It is in natural consequence of all this, and of the apparent hopelessness of immediate success in Cuba, that the attention of the filibustering portion of the American community has been gradually directed

to the State of Nicaragua, and the late civil war in that country offered too favourable an opportunity to be lost for making a beginning in furtherance of the cherished idea.

The constitution of Nicaragua, like that of all the Spanish-American States, is republican—that is to say, in name; in effect it approaches more nearly to a despotism, a mode of government much better adapted to a people the majority of whom are quite incompetent to form any idea on the subject of self-government.

Since the dissolution of the Central American Confederation the country has been in a constant state of revolution. Two years is about the longest period of peace which has intervened. The people are wantonly destructive and cruel in their civil warfare; and having been so actively employed for nearly twenty years in cutting each other's throats, battering down each other's cities, spending their money in gunpowder, and ruining all producing interests by taking the labourers from the field to serve as soldiers, they had managed to reduce themselves and their country to such a wretched state of misery, that it really appeared to be the duty of some civilised nation to step in and keep them all in order.

In passing through the country, one cannot but be struck with the ruin and desolation everywhere apparent, and with the remains of by-gone wealth and grandeur, but little in accordance with the poverty and listless indolence in which the inhabitants are now contented to live.

Their cities are half in ruins, and the churches, which, in their mode of warfare, they use as fortresses, have come in for their full share of destruction. Those which remain are peppered all over with cannon-balls. The ruins on the old indigo and cotton estates give one an idea of the different way in which the people once employed themselves; but now, in a country capable of producing in the greatest abundance indigo, cotton, sugar, rice, coffee, tobacco, and nearly every other tropical production, little else is to be seen but plantains and Indian corn, the two great staple articles of food. The tobacco grown in the country is good; the people,

men, women, and children, are inveterate smokers, but they do not even raise sufficient tobacco for their own consumption. The "cacao," or chocolate, raised in the neighbourhood of the town of Rivas, is the finest in the world: it is a national beverage, and the greater part of the crop is consumed in the country; a small quantity is exported to the neighbouring States; but with the exception of a few bullock hides and deerskins, which are sent to New York, the country cannot be said to have any exports.

The climate generally is by no means unhealthy. It varies very much throughout the State, being in some parts much tempered by a constant breeze off the lake, while in the high lands of Segovia and Matagalpa, the temperature is so moderate that most of the grains and fruits of the north can be raised in great perfection.

The rainy season commences about the end of July, and continues till November or December. During this season it rains in torrents for days at a time, and the roads become almost impassable. The most sickly periods of the year are the beginning and the end of this season; fever and ague are then very prevalent, but the natives suffer more than foreigners, chiefly owing to the wretched way in which they live, the habitations of the lower orders affording generally but poor protection against the weather.

In the mountains of the district of Matagalpa, which form part of the great range which traverses all the North American continent, are mines of gold and silver. They have hitherto only been worked by the Indians in a very rude manner, but sufficient has been done to prove that they are rich: if scientifically worked, they will no doubt prove very productive.

The forests abound in rosewood, mahogany, and other beautiful woods, and throughout the State many valuable medicinal gums and plants are found.

The scenery is varied and very beautiful; at certain seasons the trees are completely covered with flowers, and the forests are a confused mass of luxuriant vegetation.

There are several volcanic mountains in the country, all of great

similarity of appearance: the finest is Ometepe, which rises out of the lake, in the shape of a perfect cone, to the height of many thousand feet.

The people are very deficient in ambition and energy, and have a very decided objection to labour. As long as a man has sufficient to supply his immediate wants, he cannot be induced to work, but will devote himself to the passive enjoyment of swinging in his hammock, and smoking a cigar. In this way they pass the greater part of their time, as very little labour is requisite to provide plantains, beans, and Indian corn, which are the principal articles of food.

Gambling is a prevailing vice, cards and dice being chiefly played. Cock-fighting, however, is the great national sport, and at this the most money is staked. The fight is never of very long duration, being generally nothing more than a flutter of wings for a moment, when one cock crows over the other lying dead at his feet, nearly cut in two by the long sharp knives with which their heels are armed.

They have celebrated breeds of chickens, on which they pride themselves, and in almost every house in the country may be seen one or more gamecocks tied by the leg in a corner. The owner is always ready to fight a cock on any occasion, but Sunday afternoon is the time generally devoted to this amusement, which is patronised by all classes.

The people possess a great deal of natural grace, and are extremely polite and formal in their manners; even the lower orders are remarkable for their gracefulness of gesture, and for their courteous phrasology.

The principal cities of Nicaragua are Granada, on the northern shore of the lake, and Leon, about a hundred and fifty miles to the north, and not far from the Pacific coast. They are both fine cities, built in the usual Spanish-American style, with narrow streets, and large houses of a single storey, covering an immense area, and built in the form of a square, the centre being an open space, generally planted with trees and flowers, and all round which is a wide open corridor. The houses are very spa-

cious and lofty, and admirably adapted to the climate.

The population of Granada is about 15,000, that of Leon is rather more. Between the inhabitants of these two cities there has always existed a bitter feeling of jealousy and enmity, and in most of their revolutions the opposing factions have been the Granadinos against the Leoneses. So it was in the revolution which is only now terminated, and which commenced in May 1854.

The government at that time was in the hands of the Granada party. The president, the late Don Fruto Chamorro, was a man of great energy and determination, but unfortunately also of most stubborn obstinacy. He would listen to advice from no one, but blindly insisted on carrying out his own ideas. After being a little more than a year in power, and becoming more despotic every day, he issued a decree, declaring himself president for four years more than the usual term.

The Leon party of course immediately got up a revolution, of which the leaders were a few prominent men, whom Chamorro had a few months before banished from the State, on suspicion of their being engaged in a conspiracy against the government. At the head of them was Francisco Castillon, a man of superior education, and with much more liberal and enlightened views than most of his countrymen, having spent some years in England as minister for Nicaragua. The object of the revolution was to place Castillon in power, and the party professed to entertain liberal ideas, and styled themselves the Democratic Party. They commenced their operations at Roalejo, a small port on the Pacific, at the northern extremity of the State, where, with a small force, they surprised the few soldiers of the garrison. They proceeded to Chinandega, a considerable town about six miles on the way to Leon. Here they met but slight resistance, the majority of the people being favourable to them; and with a large addition to their force, they marched towards Leon, distant about thirty miles, where they established their head-quarters, after fighting one battle in the neighbour-

hood with the government forces under Chamorro in person, who was defeated, and retired to Granada. In Leon they remained some time recruiting their forces, before venturing to attack Granada, which is the great stronghold of the government party.

The system adopted of recruiting is very simple indeed. A few soldiers with fixed bayonets are sent out to bring in fresh men, or, to use their own expressive term, to "catch" men. When the unfortunate recruit is "caught," a musket is put in his hands, and he becomes a soldier. Soldiering is by no means a popular occupation: during a revolution, at the approach of forces of either party, the peace-loving natives, in order to escape being "caught," and forced into the service, will remain hidden in the woods till they are nearly starved. The lower orders take but little interest in the revolutions, or in politics, and from troops raised in this way, of course very valorous deeds are not to be expected. They generally desert on the first opportunity; but, if they do not take their muskets with them, it is of little consequence, as other men are soon caught, and made to carry them. Sometimes, however, men become scarce, the able-bodied having emigrated to some more peaceful locality; in such a case one-half of a garrison is placed to keep guard over the other half, to prevent their running away.

There is consequently no mutual feeling of confidence between officers and men. During impending danger of an attack, the officers will keep their horses saddled all night, and sleep with their spurs on, ready to cut and run at a moment's notice, and leave their men to take care of themselves. The men, in their turn, when led into battle, will turn round and desert their officers at the most critical moment. There are exceptions, of course; and during the late revolution, many, both officers and men, fought well and bravely; none more so than the late President Chamorro.

While the Democrats were recruiting in Leon, Chamorro was busy collecting his forces in Granada, and preparing to stand a siege.

In all these Spanish towns is a

large public square called the Plaza, in which are generally the principal church, the barracks, and other public buildings. The Plaza, in case of war, becomes the citadel, the streets leading into it being all barricaded, and cannon planted so as to command the approaches. Chamorro enclosed within his barricades the Plaza, and a considerable portion of the city immediately surrounding it. The streets being narrow, barricades were soon made of logs of wood and "adobes," a sort of sun-dried bricks, of which the houses are built.

Double and triple barricades of this sort, eight or ten feet high, presented a very effectual resistance to anything which the enemy had to bring against them. The Democrats soon made their appearance, and taking possession of all that part of the city not enclosed in the barricades, they fixed their headquarters in an elevated situation, from which they could pop their cannon balls into any part of the Plaza.

Neither party were well provided with artillery. They had each three or four guns, twelve and twenty-four pounders, with which they blazed away at each other for nearly a year, and between them managed to lay about three-fourths of the city in ruins.

The city was never completely invested, and occasional skirmishes between small parties of the opposing forces took place outside the town, but nothing worthy the name of an assault was ever attempted. The Democrats soon became masters of the entire country, with the exception of the besieged portion of the city of Granada occupied by Chamorro and his party, the Legitimists, as they called themselves.

When a small detachment of the Democratic army marched upon Rivas, the only town of importance in the part of the country through which the Transit road passes, the inhabitants, being mostly in favour of the Chamorro government, fled *en masse*, taking with them all their valuables and movable property, to the neighbouring state of Costa Rica, the frontier of which is within twenty miles.

The few who had the courage to

remain were not molested, but the Democrats appropriated to their own use as barracks, &c., whatever private houses suited their convenience, and commenced levying contributions on the inhabitants; but as they had fled, and were not present to respond to the call, their property was advertised for sale, their stores broken open, their goods sold, and sundry other forcible measures taken to raise funds.

The mode of financing in time of revolution is equally simple with that of recruiting.

When a contribution, as they call it, is levied on a town, the principal inhabitants are assessed arbitrarily by the officers in command for as much as each is supposed to be able to pay. The unfortunate victims have then to fork out the dollars; there is no help for them. If they refuse, or plead poverty, they are perhaps imprisoned and kept on low diet: a few days of this treatment has a wonderful effect on the memory, and frequently enables a man to remember where he has buried his cash, or to discover some means of raising the needful, to be handed over for the support of the party, to which probably he may be opposed. When his own party come in to power again, they will make him disgorge to double the amount by way of punishment. For these forced loans he may get some sort of debenture, worth about as much as the paper it is written on. In such times the people are afraid to let it be supposed that they have any money at all; they feign poverty, burying their money secretly, and the houses of foreign residents are lumbered up with all sorts of chests and boxes, sent there stealthily by the unfortunate natives, in order to keep them safe from the rapacity of their countrymen.

The Democrats from the first were eager to obtain the good-will of the American residents; and as they professed to be fighting in the cause of liberty and progress, against tyranny and old-fogeyism, they succeeded in enlisting a dozen or so of Americans in San Juan del Sur and Virgin Bay. The latter place is a small village on the lake, where the passengers by the Transit route embark on the

steamers. They paid these men about a hundred dollars per month, gave them commissions as colonels and captains, and sent them to Granada to pepper the Chamorro party with their rifles.

With the aid of some Americans, they also took possession of San Carlos, which is an old fort situated at the point where the lake debouches into the river San Juan. It is a position of great importance, as it commands the entrance into the lake, by which is the only communication between the interior of the country and the Atlantic. They also occupied an old Spanish fort about fifty miles down the river, called Castillo, where there are a few hotels kept by Americans for the accommodation of passengers by the Transit route.

In Leon, the head-quarters of the Democrats, they proclaimed their government, declaring Castillon president. They appointed all the necessary government functionaries throughout the State, and in fact were the virtual government of the country.

The Legitimists remained in a state of siege in Granada, and would have had to surrender for want of ammunition, had they not succeeded in retaking San Carlos from the Democrats, and thereby opening their communication with the Atlantic; they then procured a large supply of powder and shot from Jamaica.

During the siege the besieging army of Democrats numbered about fifteen hundred, while the Legitimists did not number more than a thousand.

The Democrats were assisted by the state of Honduras to the extent of two hundred men; and the Legitimists were long in negotiation with the government of Guatemala, which was favourable to their cause, but they did not succeed in getting any material aid from that State.

After ten months' vain endeavour to take the Plaza of Granada, the Democrats, last February, broke up their camp, and retired to Leon. At a town called Masaya, about half-way from Granada, they were overtaken and attacked by the opposite party. A bloody fight ensued—the thickest of it took place in the church,

in which some three hundred men were killed.

The Granada party now regained possession of the southern part of the State, while the Democrats continued to hold Leon and all the northern portion.

During the time that the Transit route had been held by the Democrats, they had been most active in their endeavours to enlist Americans in their cause. Cash was scarce, but their offers of lands to those who would join them were very liberal; and it soon became known, both in Nicaragua and in California, that a negotiation had been concluded between Colonel Walker in San Francisco, through his agent in Nicaragua, and the Democratic government, whereby large tracts of land were granted to him, and other privileges guaranteed to him, on condition of his coming down with a certain number of men to serve in the Democratic army.

This Colonel Walker had already distinguished himself as the most daring filibuster of the day. In the month of October 1853, he was the leader of an expedition which sailed from San Francisco, with the intention of taking possession of Sonora, a northern state of Mexico, adjoining California. He landed at a small place on the coast, with some fifty or sixty men, where he met but little resistance. He proclaimed himself president, and appointed each one of his party to some high office of state. He very soon, however, had to evacuate the premises, and escaped to California, with but a small portion of his original band; and on his arrival in San Francisco, was tried for a violation of the neutrality laws; he conducted his own defence, and of course was acquitted. The people of California are not disposed to judge very harshly of such an enterprise, and from the larger portion of the community he met with more sympathy than condemnation.

It was so publicly known in San Francisco that Walker was fitting out his Nicaraguan expedition, that the authorities were of course compelled to interfere. Their endeavours to stop the sailing of his brig, however, were not very effectual, as Walker, having embarked all his

small party of fifty-six men, managed to get under weigh during the night.

In the month of May they arrived in the port of Realajo, and marched to Leon to join the headquarters of the Democratic army.

The Legitimists were now in a perpetual state of consternation: during the siege of Granada they had learned to appreciate the efficacy of an American rifle in American hands; and in their frightened imaginations, Walker's modest force of fifty-six men was augmented to 500. They made active preparations, however, to give him a warm reception: proclamations were issued with the object of rousing the patriotism of the people, calling on all to be ready to take up arms to save the independence of the country, and ordering all the inhabitants, on the approach of Walker, to retire to the nearest garrison. However, excepting among the political leaders of the party, and those compromised with them in the revolution, the prospect of Americans gaining the ascendancy in the country seemed to be regarded with indifference. Indeed, many of the upper classes, tired of their constant revolutions, and the ruin and misery attendant upon them, longed secretly for the presence of any foreign influence which should guarantee peace in the country.

The first active service in which Walker and his men were engaged was in an expedition which was formed by the Democrats to recapture the town of Rivas. About the end of June, the expeditionary force, consisting of Walker's party, and two hundred native troops under the immediate command of their own officers, embarked at Realajo in two or three small vessels, and landing in the neighbourhood of San Juan del Sur, marched across the country upon the town of Rivas, distant about twenty-five miles.

The people of Rivas, when the Legitimists retook the town in February, had returned from their voluntary exile in Costa Rica; and feeling, no doubt, ashamed of the inglorious way in which, a year before, they abandoned their town to the Democrats without ever firing a shot, they roused

themselves now to make a stout resistance, their spies having given them ample warning of the enemy's approach.

When the Democrats arrived, and the fight began, Walker was most shamefully deserted by the whole of the native troops, and he found himself, with his fifty-six Americans, opposed to a force of about four hundred.

His party, however, had taken up their position in a house, from which their rifles dealt sudden death most profusely—all the natives killed were hit in the head; but at last they expended their ammunition, and the Legitimists setting fire to the house, they were obliged to cut their way through them, and retired to San Juan del Sur, which place they reached unmolested, the natives not caring to follow them.

The loss on Walker's side, in this affair, was six men killed; while the Legitimists lost about seventy.

At San Juan del Sur they found a small schooner to take them back to Realejo; and before sailing, Walker performed an act of summary justice, which raised him highly in the opinion of many people in the country. He and his men had all embarked quietly in the evening on board the schooner, which was lying in the harbour, and were waiting till morning for a breeze, when, about midnight, two Americans, who did not belong to Walker's party, and were well known to be bad and desperate characters, set fire to a large wooden building which was used as a barrack: their object was to burn the town, and take the opportunity of the confusion to rob and plunder the inhabitants, expecting, no doubt, that Walker's party would join them.

They made a great mistake, however; for, on going on board Walker's vessel, and boasting of what they had done, he immediately arrested them, and as there were no authorities ashore to whom he could hand them over, he had them tried by a court-martial at once, by which they were sentenced to be shot. One was shot while endeavouring to make his escape in a boat; the other was taken ashore to be shot, where, in the darkness of the night, he managed to escape from his guards.

About a month before this time General Chamorro died of an illness, under which he had been for some months gradually sinking. He was succeeded as General-in-chief of the Legitimist party by General Corral, who had already been actually in command for some time.

Walker did not attempt another descent on that part of the country till the month of August, when he landed at San Juan del Sur with about seventy-five Americans and two hundred native troops. There he met with no opposition, the forces of the Legitimists being all concentrated in the town of Rivas. He shortly marched to the village of Virgin Bay on the Lake; while there he was attacked by a vastly superior force of Legitimists under General Guardiola. The fight lasted several hours, but Walker succeeded in driving them back to Rivas with considerable loss. The casualties on his side were, two Americans wounded and half-a-dozen natives killed. After this, he again returned to San Juan del Sur, where he remained quietly receiving reinforcements from California, and enlisting from the passengers passing through the country.

Virgin Bay and San Juan del Sur are two small villages, called into existence by the establishment of the Transit route. They form the termini of the land travel, and are composed principally of American hotels for the accommodation of passengers; the requirements of the Transit route also furnish employment to a small number of Americans at these two points.

About the middle of October, Walker—now holding a regular commission as Commander-in-chief of the Democratic army, and having gradually augmented the number of Americans under his command to two hundred, and having a force of two hundred and fifty native troops—proceeded to Virgin Bay, and, taking possession of one of the Transit Company's steamers, he embarked his whole force. After a few hours' passage he landed his troops about two miles from Granada, and marched directly on that stronghold of the Legitimists. General Corral, the Commander-in-chief, was in

with the greater part of his forces, expecting that Walker would make that the first point of attack. The garrison in Granada were completely taken by surprise, and, after firing but a few shots, Walker had full possession of the city. The inhabitants were at first greatly alarmed, expecting that the Democrats would commit all sorts of excesses; but Walker quickly issued a proclamation, promising protection to person and property. As the people found that he maintained such strict discipline among his troops as to be able to keep his word, tranquillity was soon restored; and no doubt favourable comparisons were drawn between the order and quiet which prevailed on the taking of their city by the Democrats under Walker, and the scenes of plunder and excess which had ensued on such occasions in their former revolutions.

During the months of July and August, the country had been visited by cholera in its most deadly form. Many small villages, Virgin Bay and San Juan del Sur among the number, were almost depopulated. In the town of Masaya, with a population of about ten thousand, nearly one-third of the number perished. Castillon, the Democratic president in Leon, fell a victim to the disease; and Walker, being General-in-chief, was now at the head of the party. He was offered the Presidency, which he judiciously declined, retaining his more effective office of General-in-chief.

The Commander-in-chief of the Legitimist party, General Corral, being at Rivas with his forces, it was proposed to offer him terms, as it must have been evident to him that his cause was now hopeless. Colonel Wheeler, the United States Minister resident in Nicaragua, was induced, at the urgent solicitation of the people of Granada, to undertake the duty of negotiating terms, assisted by Don Juan Ruiz, a man of great influence in the Rivas department.

On their arrival in Rivas, in pursuit of their pacific object, Colonel Wheeler very soon found himself a prisoner in the hands of the Legitimists. Some days afterwards, his non-appearance causing alarm to his

friends of the other party, a schooner was despatched to make a demonstration before Rivas, which is situated about a mile from the shore of the Lake. After a few guns had been fired, the Legitimists took the hint, and set Colonel Wheeler at liberty.

A negotiation was afterwards entered into, which resulted in a treaty of peace being agreed upon, and signed by Walker and Corral, as the representatives of their respective parties.

By this treaty, which was concluded towards the end of October, it was agreed that the two governments which had existed in the country since the commencement of the revolution, should cease. Don Patricio Rivas was declared provisional President for fourteen months, and General Walker was acknowledged General-in-chief of the army, who, with four ministers to be appointed by the President, were to form the government.

According to the stipulations of the treaty, General Corral, a day or two afterwards, entered the city of Granada with his troops, and was received by Walker. The two generals then went through an imposing ceremony of solemnly ratifying the treaty in church. A Te Deum was sung, the Legitimist troops were joined to the Democrats, and became one army under command of Walker, and the following government was proclaimed:—

DON PATRICIO RIVAS, *President*.
GENERAL WM. WALKER, *Commander-in-Chief*.
GENERAL MAXIMO KERR, *Minister of State*.
GENERAL PONOIANO CORRAL, *Minister of War*.
COL. PARKER H. FRENCH, *Minister of the Hacienda*.
DON FERMIN FERRER, *Minister of Public Credit*.

Although the Democrats had gained the day, the new government was composed of men of both parties.

Rivas the President is a gentleman much esteemed and respected; he is the head of an influential family, who have always been opposed to the Democratic party. For some years he has been collector of customs at San Carlos.

General Walker, commander-in-chief, filled the same office in the Democratic government.

General Maximio Keres, minister of state, was Walker's predecessor in command of the Democratic army,

he and Corral, the new minister of war, having been the generals of the two hostile armies during the greater part of the revolution.

Colonel Parker H. French, minister of the Hacienda, is an American who distinguished himself some years ago in the intestine wars in Mexico, and has latterly been conducting a newspaper in California.

Don Fermin Ferrer, minister of public credit, is a wealthy citizen of Granada, who took no active part in the late revolution.

A very few days after General Corral had so solemnly ratified the treaty, letters were intercepted, written by him to some other leaders of the old Legitimist party, from which it was evident that he was conspiring with them to upset the government, of which he had just become a member. He was immediately tried by court-martial for treason; and being found guilty, he was sentenced to be shot next day. With his party he was immensely popular, and during the revolution had displayed great ability as a military leader; but the evidences of his treachery admitted of no doubt, and he was shot according to his sentence, in the Plaza of Granada, in presence of the whole army. His summary execution will no doubt have a beneficial influence on the people, by inculcating on them the necessity of acting with sincerity, in whatever obligations they come under.

The new government was now formally acknowledged by Colonel Wheeler, the American minister, the only foreign minister resident in the State. The president was also visited by the captain of the United States sloop of war Massachusetts, then lying in the harbour of San Juan del Sur.

The natural consequences of a restoration of peace, after a year and a half of revolution, were soon manifested in the return of many of the inhabitants, who had absented themselves, to avoid the horrors of civil war, and in the impulse given to all peaceful pursuits.

The power of the press is such an acknowledged fact in the United States, and the establishment of a newspaper follows so closely on the advance of civilisation, that wher-

ever half-a-dozen Americans are settled together in the backwoods, one of them is sure to publish a newspaper for the edification of the rest.

So in Granada one of the first things the Americans did was to bring out a weekly paper, called "*El Nicaraguense*"—"the Nicaraguan," half English, half Spanish. It is a very respectable sheet, with a good deal of its space devoted to the enlightenment of the public regarding the natural advantages of the country, its fertility, its delightful climate and great mineral wealth. The only thing in the shape of a newspaper hitherto known in Nicaragua, had been a mere Government Gazette, published once a-month or so.

The State of Costa Rica, adjoining Nicaragua on the south, is the most flourishing of all the Central American States. It has been for many years free from revolution, and the people are comparatively thrifty and industrious. The finances of the State are in a good condition, and in military matters it is far in advance of Nicaragua, having a well-organised militia of 4000 or 5000 men. A certain proportion of the troops are armed with the Minié rifle, and they are well provided with artillery. There are great numbers of Germans in the country, many of them in the employment of Government, and it is to them that the people are indebted for the effective state of their army. The principal production of the country is coffee, of which the export is large, the greater part being sent to England. The Government were in great consternation at the success of the Walker party in Nicaragua, thinking, no doubt, that their turn would soon come. They made active preparations to resist invasion, but it is not likely that they will attempt to act on the offensive.

Honduras, which adjoins Nicaragua on the north, was favourable to the Democratic party, and has acknowledged the American-Nicaraguan Government. The president of that State lately visited Walker in Granada; and as Honduras is threatened with a renewal of hostilities by Guatemala, Walker is about to assist the former State with a portion of his

American forces. The fact of Walker taking half of his force from Nicaragua to the assistance of a neighbouring State, is a convincing proof of his confidence in the security of his position which he has attained. In Honduras, of course, the same game will be played as in Nicaragua. In fighting for the people, the Americans will gain the ascendancy over them, and will keep it.

Guatemala, which lies to the north of Honduras, is the largest and most important of the Central American States, and is also the most hostile to American influence.

But whatever be the feelings of the other States towards Americans, it is not to be supposed that, having gained the foothold they have in Central America, they can be restrained by the weak and indolent people by which they are surrounded from extending their dominion. In whatever way they may come into contact, whether in war, diplomacy, or peaceful competition in mercantile and industrial pursuits, the superior boldness, energy, and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon character is sure to assert its supremacy.

The spirit of filibusterism is not confined to any particular class of the American community. Among the small party with which Walker originally sailed from San Francisco were several lawyers and doctors, and others holding a respectable position. General Walker himself is of a respectable family in Alabama. He is about forty years of age, and is a man of superior education, the greater part of which he received in Europe. He originally studied medicine, but afterwards became a member of the legal profession. For some years he conducted a newspaper in New Orleans; but when the California excitement broke out, he went to that country, and for some time edited a journal in San Francisco, and has latterly been practising his profession in Marysville, a city of some importance in the northern part of California.

In personal appearance he is not at all what one would suppose such a daring and successful filibuster to be, being an exceedingly quiet man, with a mild expression of face, and very

decidedly Saxon features. His followers hold him in the utmost esteem and admiration; and his conduct, since his accession to power in Nicaragua, has been such as to inspire with confidence in his judgment and abilities many influential theoretical filibusters in California, who are not likely to allow the present flattering prospect of the realisation of their ideas to be lost for want of support.

He has been receiving continual accessions to his force, and now the Americans in Nicaragua under his command amount to upwards of 900 men.

The following article from the *San Francisco Herald* of the 6th October gives a very good idea of the popular feeling in favour of Walker, even before the achievement of his success in Granada had become known. The inefficiency of the executive to repress such a wholesale shipment of recruits and arms is also remarkable:—

"THE DEPARTURE OF THE WALKER REINFORCEMENTS FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

"Exciting Scenes along the Wharves—Ineffectual Attempt of a Party to board the Steamer in a Sailing Vessel—Three Hundred Stand of Arms for Walker's Army—Proceeding in the Twelfth District Court—The Sheriff's Party too late—Incidents, &c.

"The current rumours of the past week relative to the number of adventurers who intended to embark on the steamer Uncle Sam, to join Walker at Nicaragua, served to attract a large crowd in the vicinity of the steamer on the occasion of her departure yesterday. The vessel was advertised to sail at 9 o'clock A. M., and long before that hour Jackson Street Wharf was filled with spectators and those interested in the embarkation of the Expeditionists. It is stated that nearly four hundred through passage tickets were sold before the appointed sailing hour, but, as will be seen, various circumstances compelled the agent of the line to postpone the steamer's departure until four o'clock P. M. Officers were stationed in every part of the vessel, with positive orders to allow no one on board unless provided with a passage ticket. There seemed to be no disposition to infringe this order, and everything went on quietly until about noon, when it was discovered that some of the passengers were in possession of arms belonging to the 'San Francisco Blues' military corps. A search-warrant was

immediately procured, and twenty-nine muskets, identified by members of the company named, were recovered. The warrant was executed by a single officer of the police, who received no molestation, but was permitted to make a thorough search of every quarter of the vessel. During this investigation two large crockery crates, full of arms, were discovered, but as the officer had no authority to seize upon these, they were left undisturbed, although information of the fact was immediately given to the Quartermaster, General Kibbe of the State militia, who soon after ascertained, by means of the telegraph wires, that the armoury of the Sacramento rifle company had been entirely divested of every weapon and round of ammunition. General Kibbe at once commenced suit in the Twelfth District Court to recover the arms belonging to the State, on board the Uncle Sam. The business of the suit was despatched with all possible haste; but before the necessary documents could be procured and placed in the hands of the sheriff, the hour had arrived for the sailing of the steamer. As the lines holding the vessel to the wharf were cast adrift, there was some indication of trouble between the officers of the vessel and those on the wharf anxious to obtain passage. The wharf was densely packed with men, and at the first move of the steamer's paddles, a general rush was made to board her. The officers of the boat resisted, and the body of the crowd was driven back, at the imminent risk of their being crushed between the vessel and the wharf, or launched overboard. The scene was frightful, indeed; but fortunately, and singularly enough, no one sustained serious injury, as far as could be ascertained. About fifteen or twenty succeeded in getting on board, and the vessel shot out into the stream, where she came to, evidently with the view of compelling those to return on shore who had succeeded in boarding the vessel by force. By this time the expeditionists, to the number of three hundred, had chartered a large schooner lying convenient to the wharf. This movement was seen on board the steamer, and as the schooner spread her canvass, the steamer's paddles were again put in motion; but she had not proceeded far when she again lay-to. The schooner was now under full headway with a fine breeze, and tacking quickly, she came up under the lee of the steamer, when she was ordered to keep off, and at the same time the steamer commenced moving ahead. It was now beyond the power of the schooner to work up to the position

of the steamer until the latter would have sufficient time to send the intruders ashore and get under way again. Still the schooner persevered, and stood off for another tack. In the meantime a posse of Sheriff's officers, headed by Mr. Dowdigan, with the writ of restitution, had procured a rowboat for the purpose of boarding the steamer. This they were unable to accomplish, as the steamer got under way just as the Sheriff's boat reached her side. The schooner was at this time within a few cables' length of the steamer, but, coming up under the lee of Telegraph Hill, the breeze died away, and all thought of boarding was at once abandoned, as the steamer was by this time under a full head of steam, with her bows directed seaward. The schooner landed the disappointed expeditionists at Jackson Street wharf; and a large number of ships' launches and other small craft filled with men who evidently intended to take the first opportunity to board the steamer, put back to the shore. It would be useless to attempt a description of the scenes along the wharves. From Jackson Street to North Point, every place of observation was crowded with eager spectators of the movements of the two vessels. It seemed to be the universal impression that the schooner load would be permitted to board, as it was rumoured that they had obtained passage tickets by some means just as the steamer left the wharf. No foundation for this rumour could be ascertained, and it was undoubtedly erroneous. The city Marshal, with several policemen, remained on the steamer until she was fully under way. Among the number who attempted to board in small boats, was a man named Henry Gray, who strenuously persisted in his endeavours to board the steamer, although forcibly resisted by officer Connelly. At last Gray drew a revolver and pointed it at the officer, who also drew his pistol, when the boatmen in the boat with Gray covered his person with their own. Gray was subsequently arrested by the police and placed in confinement. It is generally believed that the Uncle Sam carried away about three hundred stand of arms for the use of Walker's army. It is known that a large quantity of arms and ammunition had been purchased in this city to be sent to San Juan by this steamer. Just previous to the sailing of the steamer it was ascertained that a number of percussion lock muskets, belonging to the Manhattan Fire Company of this city, were taken from the engine-house during the night. The rifles taken from the Sacramento military company are said to be

excellent weapons, and they will, undoubtedly, be a valuable acquisition to the armament of the Nicaragua republican troops. Many of those who failed to procure passage on the steamer yesterday had placed their baggage on board. This baggage will unquestionably be landed at San Juan, and kept for them by their more fortunate comrades until such time as they shall be successful in their endeavours to join Walker."—*San Francisco Herald*, Oct. 6.

This is the way they do things in California, affording a striking contrast to the very imposing demonstration made in New York about two months ago in support of the neutrality laws.

Shortly after the formation of the Walker government in Granada, a decree was issued, granting two hundred and fifty acres of land to every emigrant who would come and settle on and improve his grant; and in consequence of advertisements to that effect, inserted by the Nicaraguan government in the New York papers, great numbers of men intended sailing for that country in the regular steamer of the Nicaragua Transit Company.

Proclamations were issued by President Pierce, warning the citizens not to violate the neutrality laws; and when the steamer was on the point of leaving the wharf, the government officers made an attempt to arrest her. The captain, however, disregarded them, and got under way, but was brought up, while steaming down the harbour, by two or three shots from a man-of-war. The steamer was searched, but no evidence of the violation of the laws was found on board of her. The company, however, requested the assistance of the government officers in putting ashore about two hundred men who had not paid their passage. This was done, and the steamer went on her way, carrying two or three officers of government to see whether, on using up the coal, some cannon might not be found at the bottom of the coal-bunkers.

At this time, also, Colonel French, who had resigned his seat in the Walker cabinet as minister of the Hacienda, presented himself at Washington as minister-plenipotentiary

from the State of Nicaragua; but the American Government refused to receive him. Colonel Wheeler, the American minister in Nicaragua, had already formally acknowledged the Walker government immediately on its formation, and as he visited Washington in the month of July, it is hardly to be supposed that he returned to his duties in Nicaragua, without acquainting himself with the views of his Government on the course to be pursued in event of the success of the Americans in that State. But Colonel Walker had already so firmly established himself in Nicaragua that any want of countenance from the American government could not weaken his position; the President's message also was soon about to appear, and too cordial an acknowledgment of the Americans in Nicaragua would not have been consistent with the tone observed in that document in regard to the enforcement of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

The Mosquito protectorate question is being practically settled by the Mosquitians themselves. Mosquitia is a strip of land on the Atlantic coast, part of which has always been claimed by Nicaragua, and which, from its geographical position, seems naturally to belong to her. Since the establishment of peace in that country, the government have sent commissioners among the Mosquito Indians in the neighbouring parts of Mosquitia. The natives are reported to have expressed great dissatisfaction at the exactions of the king, and to have declared their readiness to come under Nicaragua. So the Mosquito kingdom seems likely to revert to Nicaragua, the State to which it originally belonged.

The success which has attended Walker's enterprise offers a strong contrast to the failure of that which, for the attainment of a similar end, was originated in New York towards the end of the year 1854.

A company was started under the name of the Central American Land Colonisation Company, or some such name. The ostensible object was the colonisation and cultivation of the Mosquito territory, more especially a certain portion known as the "Sheppard Grant," a large tract of

land acquired by a Mr Sheppard from the King of Mosquitia. A certain Colonel Kinney took a prominent part in the organisation of the Company, which was supported by many capitalists in New York and other cities of the Union. The government also professed to be favourable to the scheme, and preparations were commenced on a large scale for carrying it out. A great deal was said about the promotion of agriculture on the Mosquito coast; but it was pretty generally understood by the public, that the real object in view was to filibuster the State of Nicaragua, or at all events to establish a depôt in that part of the world, from which, when all should be ready, a descent upon Cuba might be conveniently made.

At the remonstrances of the Nicaraguan minister in Washington, the administration were compelled to open their eyes to the true nature of the expedition.

A great fuss was then made; proclamations were issued, warning the people not to take part in the hostile invasion of a friendly State; a large steamer, chartered by Colonel Kinney, and all ready to take down several hundred agriculturists to cultivate the pestiferous swamps of the King of Mosquitia, was seized by the authorities; several men-of-war were stationed in New York harbour to watch her, and Colonel Kinney himself was arrested and held to bail.

Many of the supporters of the enterprise now withdrew; but Kinney was not to be deterred; and as he could not go in his steamer with several hundred followers, he modestly started, about the month of May, in a small schooner, with a couple of dozen men. He was wrecked somewhere about the West Indies, and was finally brought into Greytown, his original destination, by an English brig, which had picked him and his party off the rocks.

About this time the Accessory Transit Company of Nicaragua raised a little army in New York, on their own account, of fifty men, principally French and German. These they sent down in one of their steamers to Nicaragua, and stationed at

Castillo, on the San Juan River, there to stop the advance of foreign invaders. This is the French legion referred to in the treaty of peace.

It was given out that Kinney and his small party were only the pioneers; that reinforcements were coming from New Orleans and other ports, but they have never yet made their appearance; and Kinney and his men still remain in Greytown, where, with the exception of starting a newspaper, they have as yet done nothing.

This Walker business in Nicaragua has been much more cleverly managed. The Americans in that country appear in the light of men who have gone there at the request of a party which constituted the majority of the people. They became citizens of the State, fought for it, and have risen to power.

The United States have themselves been to a certain extent filibustered in the same way. The Irish party has of late become so formidable, that the native Americans have had to form a league to counteract the Irish influence; and even if the American Government were opposed to the present movement in Nicaragua, they cannot prevent individual citizens from emigrating to, and becoming citizens of, that State.

It cannot be doubted that the advantages to Nicaragua, in consequence of the introduction of American influence, will be very great.

The constant fear of revolution being removed, the people will have more confidence in carrying on agricultural and commercial undertakings. The Americans will do away with all the antiquated absurdities of Spanish law, and amend a ridiculous old tariff, whereby many of the commonest articles of civilised life have been virtually prohibited; foreign capital will be freely employed in the cultivation of sugar, rice, tobacco, indigo, and other valuable crops, in the production of which Nicaragua can compete with any country in the world; and the resources of the mining districts will be developed by energetic and experienced miners from California.

THE SCOTTISH FISHERIES.

THE Fisheries of Scotland constitute her most valuable and important interests, and form, in some of their features, the only really *national* undertaking in which our people are engaged. Of the benefits arising from agriculture and manufactures, we have, of course, our share; although our colder climate, and less affluent natural resources, make our merit all the greater in reaping in both of those departments such redundant harvests. But what is often wanting on the surface of our sterile land, is compensated by the products of the exhaustless deep. A hardy and athletic race is thus maintained in useful independence—a race for whom, but for this so frequent occupation in the great waters, nothing would now remain save expatriation or the poor's-roll.

When mention is made of the vast importance of our fisheries, and of their increasing prosperity, it must, however, be in no spirit of boastfulness, nor with any very buoyant feelings of continuous and assured success. The fisherman's vocation is at the best one not only of perpetual toil, but of frequent peril; and truly, while engaged in it, no man knows what even an hour may bring forth. The brightest day, with its calmly glittering sea, and sky as clear in its cerulean depth as ever fondly brooded over the "cloudless Parthenope," may be followed by the thick darkness of a night of storm and terror; and instead of another glad some sunrise, with hopeful mothers and happy children scattered in expectant groups along some sheltered semicircular shore, the wild waves are coursing tumultuously over the lifeless forms of many whose places will henceforward know them no more for ever. Let any kindly and considerate person pass even an hour or two in one of our fishing-villages,

and converse with the inhabitants, whether old or young. Strong stalwart men of iron mould, enduring and unbending as the gnarled oak, and in no way given to that sickly sentimentalism which we sometimes meet with elsewhere, become softened and subdued when the dark remembrance of some great bereavement comes back in bitterness upon them,—in earlier life the loss of fathers and elder brothers,—in later years that of sons and helpmates, fellow-workmen in the world of waters. How many hearths are cold or cheerless, how many homes desolate, or the forlorn dwellings of the widow and the fatherless! Women may be seen seemingly intent upon the preparation of hooks and lines; but there is not one among them that cannot tell some heart-rending tale of sudden and unlooked-for death; and as they cast their melancholy eyes over the then gently heaving sea, they never cease to feel, because they too sadly know, how wrathful and ruthless is the power of that dread destroyer.

A seafaring people are proverbially subject to calamities of the most fatal and almost irremediable kind, such as no exercise of skill or caution on their own part can possibly provide against, and which befall no class of artisans or agricultural labourers. The sea, like the land, has also its barren and unproductive places; and even its richer fields are not seldom those of death and desolation. Therefore, whatever tends to ameliorate the condition of such of our people as are engaged in the fisheries should be carefully encouraged, and any sudden, especially if doubtful, changes in their relationship to the rest of the world, considered with the greater caution, even although certain existing conditions should not altogether con-

Report by the Commissioners for the British Fisheries of their Proceedings in the Year ended 31st December 1854; being Fishing 1854. Edinburgh, 1855.

Article "FISHERIES" in the current edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. ix. Edinburgh, 1855.

form to those general principles of political economy which it might otherwise be prudent to apply.

"The weary ploughman plods his homeward way,"

but seldom fails to find it. 'The

"Swinked hedger at his supper sits,"

and soft is the mossy bank beneath him, and sweet the air around, redolent with the balmy breath of flowers, and filled with the melody of birds singing their evening hymn. How rarely does the extinction of life from other than natural causes overtake these dwellers on the land, compared with the frequent fate of those who do business in the great waters! How astounded would be the natives of our inland vales, and the shepherds on a thousand hills, if ever and anon their hitherto steadfast and enduring boundaries were rent by earthquakes, and, literally "adding field to field," one fine piece of pasture was lifted up and laid upon another, entombing for ever alike the corn and its cultivators, the shepherds and their sheep. No very pleasant greetings in the marketplace would ensue among the grain-merchants, wool-growers, and cattle-dealers, when the morning's news might chance to be—that the Lammermoors had subsided 1500 feet, and were entirely under water; that "Eildon's triple height" had been turned over, peaks downmost; that the debris of Penicuik was scattered over the vestiges of Peebles; and that the good town of Dalkeith was lying (its fine body of militiamen fast fossilised) at the bottom of a coal-pit. Yet equally disastrous, though not quite similar, calamities not unfrequently befall those whose precarious lot it is to cultivate the sea.

The formation of more commodious harbours, and of substantial and efficient piers, and whatever other accommodation may be most required, along our rock-bound shores, may therefore surely be regarded as emphatically a work both of necessity and mercy, without which the bountiful gifts of nature are either useless, or obtained at such fatal sacrifice of life and property as it would be painful to contemplate. It has been sometimes said, that as the coast

proprietors are benefited by an increased success of the fisheries, the duty of erecting harbours or other shore-works is chiefly incumbent upon themselves. It is true that, when a proprietor builds a farmstead or a porter's lodge, he is bound to pay for it, as he may be presumed to reap the chief advantage, and, at all events, is entitled to debar others from any participation of profits. But a building which abuts into the region of the sea-shore is so far public property, is under certain Admiralty supervision and control, and cannot be used exclusively for individual interests, although a reasonable power of regulation, in the way of imposing harbour-dues, may very properly be agreed upon as between proprietors and the public. The existence or non-existence of such works is often as the difference betwixt life and death to those who seek some shelter from the sea. Their construction is a great and indispensable public benefit, and therefore necessary; and a proprietor need no more be grudged the individual advantage which undoubtedly, and we think fortunately, accrues to him, than he can be grudged the corresponding advantage (which he shares with the general community) of those public roads and bridges which intersect or span the more inland portions of his property. It is, therefore, a very narrow and unpatriotic view which would saddle the expense of sea-works, of whatever kind, upon the immediate local owners of the land. Let them bear their share, as they are assuredly much benefited by the increase of fishing or other commercial intercourse, both as direct advantages, and as almost necessarily leading to the improvement of property and a rise of rents; but considering the wild and unstable nature of the elements with which we have to deal, and the almost incalculable general benefits which result from all such works, when skilfully planned and substantially executed, let the public also largely, and ungrudgingly join in the required expenditure.

As Captain Washington has well observed, it is not one or more great harbours of refuge on our north-east-

ern shores that is now required. The Bay of Cromarty, the *Portus Salutis* of the ancients, one of the finest and most secure harbours in the known world, lies not more than fifty miles to the southward of Wick, while the safe anchorage of Long Hope, in the Orkneys, is only twenty miles to the northward of that great fishing capital of Caithness. These are accessible at all times to every kind of shipping. But it is not so much shelter for the general trade, as security for fishing-boats, and coasting vessels connected with the fisheries, that is so imperatively needed. In proof of this we shall here briefly record the great catastrophe which befell a portion of our fishing population of the north-east coast of Scotland in the autumn of 1848. It is known that at this time upwards of 800 boats, manned by 3500 men, were engaged in the fishery from the Wick district alone. On the afternoon of Friday the 18th of August of that year, the majority of these fishing-boats (all open ones) left Pulteneytown harbour soon after high water, and remained in the Bay of Wick. Towards evening they stood out to sea, and when about ten miles off the land, as usual, shot their nets. The afternoon was fine, though the evening had somewhat of a threatening aspect, yet not such as to deter a fisherman from the pursuit of his accustomed calling. At midnight, much wind and sea having risen, many of the boats ran for the harbour, and got safely in about high water, which occurred at half-past one o'clock. By three in the morning the wind had increased to a gale from the south-east, with heavy rain. Most of the remaining boats then bore up for the Bay, which they reached between four and five o'clock; but by this time the tide had fallen one-half, and therefore there was not more than five feet depth of water at the entrance of the harbour, so that, with such a sea running, no loaded boat could enter. Some, however, made the attempt, and were either thrown up at the back of the north quay, or wrecked on the south pier, or swamped upon the bar. In this disastrous way 25 men perished, besides 12 others whose boats were swamped at sea; thus, in the brief period of about three hours, occasion-

ing a loss of 37 men drowned, leaving 17 widows and 60 children utterly destitute. There was a destruction of property in boats and nets of about £1600.

Dunbeath lies some sixteen or eighteen miles to the south-west of Wick. It is a favourite fishing-station, and much resorted to, having about 106 boats and 410 men. Its creek is slightly protected on the east by a promontory, and some detached rocks, which partially throw off the sea, and direct it into the west side of the bay; but it is much exposed to the south-west and southerly winds, and the fishermen have twice built up a breakwater of loose stones on the south side, near the burn-mouth. Not only is the violence of the waves to be dreaded, but after much rain in the interior, heavy fresh-water *spates* descend suddenly, and cause great destruction among such boats as have not been hauled up to a place of safety. Thus in the storm referred to, 18 boats were drifted out of the harbour by the river flood, and were smashed upon the beach. Still more unfortunately, a Lybster boat, while making for the harbour, was upset, and three men drowned.

Helmsdale, in Sutherlandshire, is fifteen miles farther to the south-west. It has made wonderful progress within comparatively recent years—is in a very thriving condition, and possesses some of the best curing establishments in all Scotland. But there is great want of accommodation both for men and boats, and the crowded state of the river is disadvantageous. There is also a bar at its mouth, and the harbourage, moreover, suffers much from the inland *spates*. During the autumn of 1848 there were 177 boats fishing from Helmsdale. Of these, 130 put to sea on the evening of the 18th of August. In the disastrous gale of the ensuing morning, two boats were upset while running over the bar for the harbour, and four men were drowned. Two other boats were either run down or foundered at sea, when 5 men perished, and another man was washed overboard while endeavouring to haul his nets,—making a loss of 10 lives.

On the southern side of the Moray Firth, Buckie is known as a most important, though exposed and almost shelterless station. It puts

out about 160 boats, and its fishermen are noted as among the most daring as well as industrious on our coasts. They pursue the deep-sea fishing, and so labour not during the herring harvest alone, but all the year round. In the gale of the 19th of August, 12 of its boats were wrecked off Peterhead, 8 were sorely damaged, and their nets carried away, while 11 men were drowned. Port Gordon, Portessie, and Findochtie, belong to the same quarter. They lost among them 5 boats wrecked, and 10 men drowned—making a total loss, for that limited district, of 17 boats and 21 men.

Peterhead occupies a commanding and well-known position on a projecting and very exposed portion of our coast, and the stations included as in the same district, extend southwards as far as Aberdeen. It has about 60 boats of its own, while those of the entire district amount to 262, with 920 men and boys. But while these are the numbers belonging to the district, the actual amount at work within it, during the season of 1848, was 437 boats, employing 2185 men. Peterhead has the advantage of both a north and south harbour, each of considerable extent. The south harbour is dry at low water, but the outer portion of the northern has from six to seven feet at low water of spring-tides, and eighteen feet at high water. During the gale of the 18th and 19th of August, the boats began to run for shelter about eleven o'clock at night, and continued to do so until half-past three o'clock in the morning, at which time it was high water. But while endeavouring to make the harbour, 30 boats were totally lost, 33 were damaged and stranded, and 31 men were drowned.

Stonehaven is the principal station

of the next and more southern district, which extends for about fifty-five miles from Girdleness to Broughty Ferry on the Tay. This district furnishes 300 boats, manned by 1160 fishermen. Of its 23 fishing-stations 17 have no piers. Findon, so celebrated for its smoked haddocks, has 14 boats, but no pier. Portlethen, somewhat sheltered by a ledge of rocks, has 20 boats, but no pier. Cowie, under a similar precarious shelter, has 18 boats, but no pier. Auchmithie, with 37 boats, and Johnshaven with 10, have nothing like a pier. In many of these places the shore is steep and rough, with loose though heavy shingle. The boats, when they get in safely, must often be hauled well up for a continuance of protection. This, with relaunching, is most laborious and exhausting work. The women labour in and out of water, whether deep or shallow, as well as, sometimes even more assiduously than, the men. They carry the wet nets up the steep banks to be spread and dried, and they are not seldom seen bearing the wearied men out of the boats upon their backs, and landing them, high and dry, upon the beach. But these are savage customs, and lead to or perpetuate an uncouth and indurated, if not savage life. Yet before we can "excavate the heathens," and ameliorate their manners, we must excavate their beach, and build them substantial piers of stone and lime. On the miserable morning of the 19th of August, 6 boats belonging to this district were totally lost, and 19 men drowned.

The following is a brief summary of the loss of life and property which was suffered in the course of a very few hours during this disastrous gale:—

District	Number of boats lost or damaged.	Value of boats and nets lost.	Number of men drowned.
Wick,	41	£1621	37
Lybster,	...	320	...
Helmsdale,	24	800	13
Peterhead,	51	8820	31
Stonehaven,	8	450	19
Total loss,	124	£7011	106

This fearful loss, it may be borne in mind, fell not upon fishermen and mer-

A calamity so great and sudden forcibly drew the public attention to the subject, and the Lords of the Admiralty were induced ere long to depute Captain Washington to inquire into and report regarding it. His report was printed by order of the House of Commons, and contains many most valuable observations and suggestions.* We cannot here enter into technical details, but may quote one of his concluding paragraphs.

"In reviewing the evidence adduced on the present inquiry, it cannot fail to strike the most cursory reader that the want of good harbours, accessible at all times, is the grand cause of the loss of life and property, and the increased risk connected with our fisheries. It is not the construction of two or more large central harbours (as has been suggested) that is wanted, but a general deepening and improvement of all the existing harbours and rivers along the whole eastern coast of Scotland. Nor would the improvement of those harbours be attended with any very considerable outlay. It is scarcely credible that the small sum of £2500 a-year, which Parliament has devoted [through the Board of Fisheries] to building harbours and piers in Scotland for the last few years, should have given so great a stimulus to important local improvements as those grants are found to have done. But they are quite inadequate to grapple in earnest with the want which exists: four times their amount, or £10,000 a-year for a few years, steadily laid out on piers and harbours, would do much to remedy the want, and to place the fishermen of the east of Scotland on a par with those of more favoured coasts. It would be an act of mercy to a race of hardy, industrious, frugal men—to 10,000 fishermen of one of the poorest and most unproductive districts of Scotland, who are not at sea as occasional passers-by, but are constantly hovering off the coast in pursuit of their calling for three months together, exposed to

the suddenness and violence of north-east gales—such as that of August 1845, and again in August 1848—without the common shelter that all mariners are entitled to look for in the hour of need."—*Report*, p. xvii.

Here we seem to have a distinct statement of what is most required,—an equally distinct recognition of the great benefits which have already resulted from small means,—and a strong recommendation of a large increase of those means, to be administered, we may presume, through the same medium and machinery as heretofore employed, and of which Captain Washington so much approves.

The harbour of Lybster lies in a sheltered situation, about half-way between Wick and Helmsdale. The best localities for the herring fishery are only a few miles off; and it had thus risen from a creek, scarcely navigable by small boats, to a fishing-station of very considerable importance. More than twenty years ago, Mr Sinclair, the proprietor, erected a pier on the west side of the harbour, at an expense of about £7000. Above 100 herring-boats were in use to frequent it during the season; many coasting vessels entered in; the quay-dues produced a revenue of £130, and a large and thriving village became established. All this time the harbour accommodation was limited and incommodious, consisting only of the channel of the river; and its increase of trade cannot be explained in any other way than by the safety experienced by boats in consequence of the entrance being well protected from the worst and most prevailing winds. Such being the case, Capt. Washington thought it highly desirable to profit by the advantages which nature had bestowed upon this creek; "or rather,"

chants, but upon the poor fishermen alone—most of the survivors being thereby rendered destitute. "Of those who perished at Wick, 17 left widows and 60 children; at Helmsdale, the 13 drowned have left 9 widows and 25 children; of the 26 men belonging to Port Gordon and Buckie, who perished at Peterhead, 8 have left widows and 22 children; and, including the 15 widows and 54 children of the 19 men lost belonging to Stonehaven and Johnshaven, there will be left 47 widows and 161 children totally unprovided for—a calamity without precedent in the annals of the British fisheries."—CAPTAIN WASHINGTON'S *Report*, p. xvii.

* *Report—Fishing Boats (Scotland)*. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 28th July 1849.

he observes, "it becomes an imperative duty to do so, when we consider the number of lives endangered, and the value of the property at stake, on the sudden springing up of an easterly gale, such as that of August 1845, and again in August 1848, which strewed the coast of Caithness with wrecks." We may add, that the Lybster district comprises also Occumster, Clyth, Latheronwheel, Forse, &c., and that these places yielded, during the few weeks' continuance of the fishing of 1854, as many as 41,550 barrels of herrings. In consequence of Captain Washington's recommendation, and other patriotic influences, the Treasury advised a grant of £6000 for the improvement of the harbour of Lybster. The sum was voted by Parliament, and has since been successfully administered under the superintendence of the Board of Fisheries. The advantageous effects of this well-managed grant are manifest from the following facts. The number of boats that fished from the old harbour of Lybster in 1850 was 97, but the number that has fished from it since the basin was enlarged, is 174 boats in 1853, and 171 boats in 1854. But the difference in mere numbers of these two years, as compared with 1850, does not exhibit the actual alteration and improvement; for since the disastrous gale of 1848, the boats have almost every year been of larger build—so much so, that the fishermen consider that the old harbour would not have held above 80 boats of the existing size, and that 180 of these boats are now harboured in greater safety than 80 could have formerly been. The amount of fishermen employed in 1848 was 418; during the past season (1855) it was 920. Had this increased accommodation existed in 1848, there is no saying what saving of life and property might have been accomplished. During the gale so frequently referred to, of the 34 boats which fished from Forse, 9 were totally lost, with all their nets, and 11 were severely damaged. Some of those Forse boats did, however, run for Lybster, and were saved; and all would have done so,

but from the fear of want of room. It was this fear, unfortunately, that induced one of the Lybster boats, as already mentioned, to run for Dunbeath, where she was totally wrecked, and three of her crew drowned.

Our notices have hitherto been of a very casual kind, drawn out by the sympathy which cannot but be felt for the disastrous death of intrepid men and the destruction of property, which inevitably leads to such severe and long-continued suffering on the part of the survivors, haply but little thought of during the first wild wailings of the widow and the fatherless. But poverty sorely embitters grief; and the amount of prolonged misery involved by destitution so often consequent on death, can be in no way conveyed by the mere recital of the facts, however harrowing these may be. But it is cheering to know that the occasional disbursement of sums, which, to the greatest maritime nation that ever existed on earth, or made its undisputed home upon the deep, are only as a few grains of sand to the shores of the immeasurable sea, may produce the most obvious, immediate, and permanent advantage, and actually go far to convert a life of danger and difficulty into one of comparative security and ease. In reference to this view of the subject Captain Washington has well observed:—

"Besides the invaluable boon on this (the Caithness) coast of a harbour that might be fearlessly run for at all times of tide, and within which the fisherman might land his cargo immediately on his arrival, and rest quietly at his home until the moment of sailing arrives (instead of the anxious hours now often spent off a harbour's mouth, waiting for the rise of tide), such a harbour would probably lead to a larger and safer class of fishing-boats (those now in use being adapted to a shallow dry harbour), and induce the fishermen to follow the deep-sea fishing all the year round, instead of merely the herring fishery for the season; and thus cultivate habits of steady industry and occupation, which could not but be beneficial to himself, his family, and the community."—*Report*, p. viii.

"Nor could such an outlay," he afterwards adds, "be considered in any other light than as sound economy. By the exertions of the British Fishing Society, and of individuals, a vast public

has been created on this coast within the last half-century. A fishing village has been raised into a comparatively opulent town, wealth has been diffused, and civilisation has followed in its wake. The example here set has had a most beneficial influence on a large portion of the Highlands and islands of Scotland, and habits of industry and the best mode of fishing have been taught to the Highlander. The large amount of 126,000 barrels of herrings, or one-fifth of the whole produce of the Scottish fisheries, was cured at Wick during the past year, in addition to 12,000 barrels otherwise consumed.* The total value of the boats, nets, and lines employed exceeded £81,000, while the catching and curing the fish occupied 5600 persons; and the carrying of salt, and the export of the fish to Ireland and the European markets, gave occupation to 16,700 tons of shipping. *These are great public interests, which are entitled to be considered.* They are the results of spirited enterprise that may fairly claim to be encouraged, not by bounties and protection duties, but by placing these industrious and hardy Caithness fishermen, as far as possible, on a level with those of more favoured coasts, by the construction of a low-water harbour, to which they may confidently resort in the hour of need."—*Ibid.* p. ix.

There can be no doubt that the formation of a capacious, easily accessible, and well-sheltered low-water harbour, in a central portion of the great fishing district of the north-east of Scotland would be of infinite advantage; but it is equally certain (and Captain Washington, as we have already shown, is likewise of that opinion) that the improvement and increase of the smaller, even the creek harbours, and the precarious piers of such as have any such erections, would be of incalculable service. It is a well-known fact, and one worthy of being held in remembrance, that during the lamentable gale of the 19th of August 1848, thirty boats ran for Keiss Bay, where there is a harbourage built or enlarged by the Board of Fisheries, and were saved. We may here add, what is well known, that where there are no harbours, the boats must be drawn

up and beached in creeks and bays. Their size, therefore, in these cases, corresponds not to the wilderness of waves which they have to encounter, but to the nature of the situation on which they can be drawn up and placed in safety. We thus frequently find a great contrast between the size of boats where harbours or other sheltering fabrics have been built, and those frequenting places where there are none. It is also well known that the boats engaged in the cod and ling fisheries, &c., now require to proceed farther out to sea than formerly; and as they are necessarily constructed of a larger size, and so draw more water, they also need deeper harbourage than of old.

We may now briefly notice the commercial value of our fisheries. The capital embarked in the trade is not less than *two millions seven hundred and thirty thousand pounds*. It is chiefly distributed among a people inhabiting wild and barren districts of the country, where the climate is cold and moist, employment precarious, labour poorly paid, and all creature-comforts few and far between. Their real resources lie in the sea, the products of which, unlike the *cereals*, are fortunately not very materially affected by a somewhat cloudy and uncomfortable climate. Many years ago, views of this kind were propounded by a Scotchman, Mr David Loch, the father, we believe, of the late lamented M.P. for the Wick burghs. He writes rather critically regarding the natives of the *Western Highlands* :—

"I am sorry to observe that the fishing is greatly neglected at this and the harvest seasons, as most of the people are farmers as well as fishermen; so that their time being divided between the two branches, the great object, fishing, has not that time and attention paid to it which is absolutely necessary. It is true that the country is not unfavourable to the breeding of sheep, not only on account of the pasture in general, but also as the snow never remains long on the ground; and as the farmers, very judiciously, use no tar, they sell their wool at 1s. the stone. The fisheries,

* The year above referred to was that of 1848. Still larger captures and comparative increase in the quantity cured have since occurred. Thus, in 1849, there were cured at Wick 140,505 barrels.

however, should be their first care; and I declare, from my own knowledge, that a few boats' crews of our east-country fishers would make rich here, and realise more money than half the farmers in this quarter. What a pity it is the inhabitants should be so blind to their own interest, and neglect to avail themselves of the advantages which their local situation offers to them! A boat's crew of six men would make more money in one month than any farmer here can off the produce of a hundred acres of his best arable land, after deducting the value of the seed and the expenses attending its culture; and the farmer could, from the proceeds of their fish, furnish themselves with meal, flour, malt, barley, and vivers of every kind, on easier and much better terms than the latter can possibly raise and supply themselves with from their own farms. *Fish* is the natural produce of their seas, with which they abound, and to which they are contiguous; and *grass*, for pasturing sheep and black cattle, the natural produce of their lands. Nature, in denying them the means (of grain culture), has given them the fisheries, which is their natural staple, and is more than an equivalent for the deprivation of the other.*

A higher and more recent authority, Sir John McNeill, G.C.B., Chief Commissioner of the Poor Law Board for Scotland, has borne corresponding testimony to the value of our fisheries, and their great advance during our own days. In reference to the county of Caithness, he observes:—

"Nearly the whole sea-coast of the county, including the towns of Thurso and Wick, is inhabited by persons more or less directly dependent upon the fisheries. In the rural parts, the fishermen have generally attached to their dwellings small farms or lots as they are called, varying in extent from two to ten acres of arable land. These, however, do not afford them the chief part of their subsistence. They rely upon the fisheries, and regard the cultivation of their lots as a secondary and comparatively unimportant part of their business.

"At the end of the last century, the value of the cured fish annually exported from Caithness did not exceed £13,000, and it then consisted almost exclusively of salmon. The cured herring, cod, and

ling, exported from Wick and Lybster for the last ten years, gives an average annual value of not less than £130,000, according to the Returns of the Board of Fisheries. The annual value of the whole land in the county was returned in 1843 at £66,000. The population in 1841 was 36,343.

"The Caithness fisheries have thus not only become a source of prosperity to the county, but have also become an object of national importance; and their further extension appears to be in a great measure dependent upon the increase of suitable harbour accommodation for the boats engaged in them. Harbours, more or less secure, have been formed from time to time at different creeks along the coast, from Wick southward, and the number of boats appears to have increased in the ratio of the accommodation provided for them. There is no reason to believe that the limit has yet been reached, or that, if the harbour accommodation were increased, the fisheries, more especially of herring, would not receive a corresponding development. But even now the population of the county is not nearly sufficient to supply the demand for hands during the fishing season, and some thousands of men from the west coast, find in Caithness, during that season, employment and wages, without which they could not subsist. The increase of harbour accommodation in Caithness, besides increasing the general amount of production, would thus afford additional employment to the inhabitants of the West Coast and Islands of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, who frequent the east-coast fisheries because they cannot find sufficient employment at home."†

We may add in connection with the above, that about 10,000 Highlanders pass across from west to east during the continuance of the autumnal fishery, in which they find, for the time being, their sole refuge from destitution. It is estimated that from 7000 to 10,000 Highland women of the poorest class, and otherwise most forlorn condition, are likewise beneficially employed in gutting and packing herrings.

Great improvement and increased activity have been manifested in the fisheries of late years, and the facili-

* *Essays on the Trade, Commerce, Manufactures, and Fisheries of Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 197. Edinburgh, 1778.

† *Fifth Annual Report of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor in Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1853.

ties afforded by steam-navigation and the formation of railways have no doubt given a decided impulse to that department, as to so many other branches of commercial occupation. The value of our *materials* alone, in the way of boats, netting, and lines, now amounts to upwards of £580,000, minutely portioned out as the property, we need scarcely say in many cases the sole property, of a very poor though industrious part of the population.* There are nearly 11,000 boats employed in the Scotch fisheries (including a few hundred from the Isle of Man), giving permanent employment to about 40,000 fishermen, besides occupying, as coopers, gutters, and labourers, towards 30,000 other persons. Of the higher class of merchants or fish-curers, there are considerably above 1100 engaged in the trade.†

In estimating the money-value of the products of the Scotch fisheries, each barrel of cured herrings may be regarded as equivalent to £1, 1s. The price is sometimes higher, as in 1854, when it often reached to £1, 4s.; but it is also occasionally lower, when there is a large stock in hand, and the foreign trade is more than most others liable to fluctuations,—the supply itself varying from glut to scarcity. Thus the average profits are probably very moderate to all concerned. But taking the sum first mentioned as a fair price, it has been ascertained, that, upon the most moderate computation, the herring fishery of 1855 will produce—

Of cured herrings,	£700,000
Of fresh herrings,	150,000
	£850,000

The price, however, of cured fish being actually up, and as the *returns* of fresh fish are always much below the mark, we are informed, on the best authority, that the real value of

the preceding season's capture will exceed *one million* sterling. This is a great thing for so poor a country, and especially for the poorer classes of that country. That our wealthier neighbours over the Border are made large partakers in our scaly spoils, is obvious from what appears to us to be a remarkable though distinctly ascertained fact, that in the course of a few weeks of last season, 6053 *tons of fresh herrings* were transmitted, chiefly southwards, from the Dunbar district, by the North British Railway alone. The *take* of herrings in 1849, for Scotland and the Isle of Man, was 942,617 barrels. The season of 1853 was also very productive, yielding, exclusive of the English stations, 908,800 barrels.

Of the cured fish a very considerable portion is exported to Ireland and the Continental kingdoms. Thus during the immediately preceding season (fishing of 1855), it is estimated that out of a total cure of 705,109 barrels, 100,000 barrels were sent to Ireland, and 338,360 barrels to the Continent. To Stettin alone we have this year exported close upon 155,000 barrels, almost all guaranteed as the prime condition, and skillfully cured, by *luteners of the Fishery* crown brand impressed by burning on the staves. This process of branding is regarded as of great importance by the foreign merchants, more especially by such as have afterwards occasion to consign their stock to others for inland transportation. The crown brand is our Government official mark, and testifies that the contents have been carefully examined and approved of by the appointed Fishery officer of the district where the fish were caught and cured; and so great is the confidence now placed in the skill and integrity of these experienced and faithful functionaries, that barrels so marked pass from hand to hand, without examination, into the very heart of Europe, and

Value of boats employed in the fisheries,	
Do. of nets	"
Do. of lines	"

• £225,830	*
303,666	
57,324	

Total (for 1854),

£587,420

† The above numbers are exclusive of between four and five thousand men engaged in the export fishing trade.

onwards to the shores of the Black Sea. We need scarcely say how deteriorated the contents would be if the barrels were opened and the fish inspected, as they passed from country to country, or from one purchaser to another. By the present practice this loss is avoided, and great advantage gained.

A single sentence may suffice for cod and ling. Stornoway in Lewis, and the Orkney and Shetland Islands, are the chief stations for these fine fish. In 1854 the amount cured at these and the other places in the north was 115,850 *hundredweight*. Besides these, there were caught and disposed of *fresh*, 58,042 hundredweight. The quantity of individual fish of the cod and ling kind, killed in the north of Scotland during the season of 1854, was *three million five hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and sixty-nine*. Of these, 1,385,699 were caught off the Shetland Islands. What a boon to a people who can scarcely grow grain, and cannot live on grass!

The preceding facts seem, on the whole, to indicate a rather pleasant and prosperous condition of affairs, for which we ought to be unfeignedly thankful, and with which it might not be deemed advisable to intermeddle, at least in the way of sudden and unsought-for change.

Our fishery affairs, we may now observe, are at present managed, so far as legal rules and regulations are concerned, by a certain number of Commissioners, who constitute the "Board of Fisheries." * The functions of that Board are chiefly as follows: To obtain for Parliament accurate statistical returns of the cod and herring fisheries,—of the sea-faring and other persons employed in those occupations,—of the number, computed tonnage, value, &c., of the boats and other vessels engaged, and to give clearances for the same. In the herring fishery, to see that the measures for the delivery of fresh

herrings, as between purchaser and seller, are of the legal standard size; and when the fish are cured, to ascertain that the barrels in which they are packed are of the full dimensions, and not fraudulently made, and to apply the official mark, called the Crown Brand, to whatever barrels contain herrings so cured and packed, and of such superior quality as to entitle them to receive it; to enforce the fishery convention between Great Britain and foreign countries, and guard the coast of Scotland against the intrusion of foreigners during the fishing season; to act likewise as a home police among the multitudinous masses of fishermen and other natives collected for the herring fishery along the coast, or in the numerous narrow firths and sea-lochs of our country, where there is often scarcely room to hold them; and to see that the boats in all such cases take up their proper stations, so as to prevent fouling of gear, and unseemly, sometimes dangerous, brawls; finally, to erect piers and quays, and to make and maintain harbours on the coasts with aid from the proprietors and fishermen, with whom the Commissioners are in frequent communication, and to protect the boats and property in those harbours.

Of course these important and multifarious duties cannot be performed but at some expense; yet when we consider the deep interests involved, the vast capital embarked, the steady and increasing occupation of a remunerative kind afforded to so great a mass of our poorer population, and the difficulties and dangers which naturally beset this adventurous calling, we think the sum is very small compared with the advantages which its expenditure insures. The police department, especially on the western shores and islands, is chiefly maintained by the Princess Royal cutter, of about 103 tons burden, and a crew of 20 men and boys, including an experienced commander, and

* The following is the present constitution of the Board: *Commissioners*, Lord Murray; Earl of Caithness; George Traill, M.P.; James Wilson; *Rear-Admiral* Henry Dundas; Andrew Coventry; James T. Gibson-Craig; *Professor* Traill; William Mitchell Innes; Lord Elcho, M.P.; Sir James Matheson, M.P.; John Thomson Gordon; George Loch; with Lord Advocate Moncreiff, and *Solicitor-General* Maitland, *Ex officio*.—Secretary, Hon. B. F. Primrose.

mate. This vessel is under the exclusive control of the Board. During the height of the fishing season, one or more small steam-vessels are placed by the Admiralty under the direction of the Board, and one of these vessels is usually continued in the Firth of Forth, for the protection of the winter fishing, so frequent there. The entire coast is divided into districts amounting, with the Orkney and Shetland Islands, to 22 in number, managed by a general Inspector, and 25 resident officers, whose sole occupation consists in the direction and encouragement of whatever may tend to the improvement and increase of the fisheries, and their products. It is imperative that these men should themselves have served for three years in the practical performance of the cooper's art. They are selected on account of their probity, sobriety, assiduity, and intelligence, and they are not raised to be the responsible officers of a district till they have acquired the requisite knowledge, and given proof of their capability, as assistants and nominees, for the higher situations. They reside among, and habitually mingle with, the people of the fishing stations, and keep up a friendly and uninterrupted intercourse with them. That they skilfully and faithfully fulfil their functions, may be inferred from the very few instances in which, during a long continuous course of years, and almost countless series of transactions, any complaint of defective cure in any barrel bearing the brand has ever been presented to the Board.

The mere bestowal of the brand is, however, by no means the sole, though it is the final act of those officials. They are on the alert wherever fish are landed from the exhaustless deep. They encourage and hasten the immediate application of the most approved modes of handling, assorting, gutting, rousing, salting, re-pickling, packing, filling up after sinking, and so on, and are thus actively engaged among all the various classes of people, whether of the sea or shore, explaining what is right, and checking what is wrong, from the first moment that the fish are landed from the boats, like glittering

and gorgeous heaps of silver, till the full barrels are finally fixed down, and the brand applied. They also ascertain that the measures used as between the fishermen and the curers, and between the curers and the public, are properly constructed, and of just dimensions. To do this effectively, in a station such as that of Wick, where many hundred large boats are discharging their almost living freight nearly at the same time, it is obvious that energy, activity, and considerable sharp-sightedness, are indispensable to see that all is open and above board among such an innumerable and multifarious crew from all quarters,—counting among them, no doubt, as in all other trades, those who are not so scrupulous as to debar their being somewhat greedy of gain. We have been told, from the highest source, of how many evils that fatal though frequent passion is the root.

The expenses of the Board, as above constituted, are the following. There is a special grant of £3000 (by Act of Parliament) for the erection of piers and quays, or other harbour-work. There is a further sum granted, by the annual votes of supply, of £11,000 for the general expenses of the Board, their head office in Edinburgh, their establishment of district officers throughout the country, the general superintendence of the fisheries, and the maintenance of the cutter and her crew. The Commissioners of the Board act gratuitously. We presume that the functionaries last alluded to, although unpaid, assiduously perform the duties required of them, and to which they are pledged. The following is Mr John Shaw Lefevre's testimony in their favour, as well as in advocacy of the continuance both of the brand and Board :—

"Having arrived at the conviction of the necessity of maintaining at present the system of branding herrings, it appears to me that this would of itself require the continuance of the Fishery Board, independently of the question of the general utility of that establishment. I conceive that the superintendence of that system, and of the officers conducting it, could not be better or more satisfactorily executed than by that Board,

which is thoroughly conversant with the subject, as respects the Scotch fisheries, to which the branding system is practically limited, and far more conveniently situated than any Central Board in London.

"Having had the opportunity of inspecting the correspondence and proceedings of this Board, it would be unjust not to take this opportunity of advertg to the important services which the Commissioners, acting themselves gratuitously, and with a moderate establishment, have rendered to the public in assisting for a long period of years in the development of this branch of national industry, and of expressing my belief, that, in the present condition of the poorer classes in Scotland, the question of the continuance of the Board of Fisheries is not merely to be regarded in reference to measures of economy,—that it is impossible to doubt the social and moral advantages which may and do result to this class of the population, from the attention bestowed upon their welfare by a body of eminent persons, distinguished by their rank, position, and knowledge, and who are constantly endeavouring to obtain and disseminate information useful to those employed in the fisheries, to encourage their enterprise, to stimulate their industry, and to promote their physical and moral welfare."

We quite agree with Mr Lefevre in the opinion expressed above, and especially in his belief that a Scotch Board, necessarily conversant with the subject of the Scotch fisheries, will exercise a more effective and satisfactory superintendence, and perform its functions much more conveniently and economically, than could any board in London, so far removed from the scene of action.

The general importance of our present subject is too obvious and admitted to be argumentatively insisted on. If we have writ our annals true, it cannot be doubted that the British fisheries, as the great nursery for seamen of habitual hardihood, and fearless of "the lightning, the fierce winds, the trampling waves," are altogether invaluable, and, in a national point of view, far transcend the mere direct pecuniary advantages, however great, which may so easily be shown to spring from them. It is long since Sir Henry Wotton maintained that there was something even in the cap-

ture of fish, viewed simply as a trade, which tended to improve the moral, if not the intellectual character of men, and to bring them up for the most part a humane as well as hardy race; and more recently, Baron Cuvier, so well acquainted with both man and beast, and every other thing that dwells on this terraqueous globe, has recorded his opinion, that all nations possessed of any sea-coast where the herring occurs, have given great encouragement to its capture, wisely regarding that occupation as the most natural nursery for the bringing up of robust men, intrepid sailors, and skilful navigators, and so of the highest importance in the establishment of maritime greatness. Lacedpede goes so far as to regard the herring as "une de ces productions dont l'emploi décide de la destinée des empires." We know that during the palmist days of the States-General, out of a population of 2,400,000 persons, 450,000 were either fishermon, or connected with the building and equipment of ships and boats pertaining to the fisheries; and so the Pensionary De Witt was not far wrong when he stated that every fifth man in Holland earned his subsistence by the sea, and that the herring fishery might be regarded as the right hand of the republic. Indeed, the Dutch nation, so wary, considerate, and persevering, have always admitted that their wealth and strength resulted from the sea; and hence the old saying still in use among them, that the "foundation of Amsterdam was laid on herring-bones."

Seeing, then, that we are surrounded by so great a mass of witnesses, testifying to the importance of this trade, and knowing to what height, after so many years of toil and trouble, we have now attained, ought we to put in peril our present most advantageous position, by venturing upon any fanciful alteration of that familiar machinery which has hitherto worked so well?

It is, however, rumoured that Government proposes, we presume by way of mending these matters, to abolish the Board of Fisheries, collect the statistics, and exercise the superintendence, after some other fashion, cast the brand into oblivion, with-

draw the grant for the building of piers and quays, and so dispense, *in toto*; with the advice, assistance, or intervention of the old and experienced authorities. This proposal, of course, proceeds upon the assumption that the brand may now be advantageously done away with, and the principle adopted which has so long been applied to the linen and woollen manufactures, which are not now stamped officially, but depend for preference on the character and merits of each particular maker. We understand it to be alleged, that this so-called sounder system should be applied to the Scotch fisheries, with a view to assimilate them, so far, to those of Ireland. We shall now consider this proposal, which, we need scarcely say, has sorely perplexed and alarmed the people of our coasts. They almost feel as if the fate foretold by the Prophet Isaiah was now in store for them, and that the time is at hand, when "the fishers also shall mourn, . . . and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish."—Isa. xix. 8.

We shall now, as briefly as we can, take up the subject under the different heads into which it naturally divides itself.

In the first place, we can bear testimony, from personal knowledge, to the fact, that great importance is attached by our fishing population to the existence of the Board. They view it as a body to whom they can have easy access, through the resident Fishery officers at the various stations. Their impression is that their interests are cared for by it, and hence their willingness, in cases of difference or dispute, to be regulated by the friendly interposition of the official superintendents. Innumerable cases might be cited of aid afforded by the captain and crew of the Princess Royal fishery cutter, as well as by the effective influence and authority of the naval superintendent, with his Queen's ship. But the great advantage of the former vessel is, that she is under the entire control of the Board for the whole year, whereas the war-steamer is only given for a time, and is of course always under Admiralty orders. There is also additional benefit found to flow to the Highland population of our insular

and other western shores, from the easy intercourse they can have with the Gaelic-speaking boats' crew of the cutter, compared with the utter and irremediable absence of all intelligible intercourse, which not unfrequently occurs, between that population and the unalloyed Saxons of a steam-ship from the south.

We doubt not that the Board of Fisheries believes itself, and on good ground, to be, from the very nature of its constitution, in a more favourable position than any other body of men can be, to ascertain and judge of the local requirements of parties applying for additional accommodation in the way of piers and quays. Their accurate statistical returns enable them to know whether a given station is on the increase or otherwise, and their local officers having necessarily an intimate acquaintance with the character of the fishing population of each district, can testify to their activity and success. They can thus give information which it would be extremely difficult to obtain in any other way, but without which the propriety of erecting, or repairing and extending, any of these shore-works, could not be so satisfactorily determined.

In respect to the proposal to assimilate the Scotch to the *Irish* fisheries, we believe the fact to be, that the *Irish Herring Fishery* has actually no existence as a national undertaking. Let any one read over the *Reports* of the Irish Commissioners, and he will perceive at once that their functions are confined almost exclusively to the regulation and improvement of the *Inland Fisheries*; that is, those of salmon and white trout. Any mention of herrings is, in truth, of the most casual and unimportant kind. There is, no doubt, a somewhat regular herring fishery off a portion of the eastern coast of Ireland, the boats sailing, for the time being, to and from the harbour of Howth. But it is very well known to every person in any way conversant with the subject, that these boats consist of about 140 from St Ives, in Cornwall, of towards 100 from the Isle of Man, and of some 20 from Campbeltown in the west of Scotland. Scarcely any native Irish boats frequent that fishery. We believe that a few come

off from Arklow,—we presume very few, as they are not enumerated by the Irish Commissioners. These Commissioners, however, state, that of all the boats above mentioned, the Scotch “are invariably the most successful,” owing to the superior nature of their nets, and no doubt more skilful mode of management. So backward, in truth, is the condition of the Irish herring fishery, and those connected with it, compared with the Scotch and its conductors, that a very few seasons ago a set of cooper’s tools for the manufacture of barrels could not be found at any curing-station in all Ireland, and there had to be sent over from Scotland, at the request of Mr Ffennel, one of the Irish Inspecting Commissioners, a few skilled artisans, with the necessary implements, to instruct the establishments of the sister isle, and aid those concerned in their pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Now, we should certainly be very sorry to be assimilated to anything of that kind, although we can easily conceive that the assimilation of the Irish fisheries to those of Scotland would be of great advantage to the former.

We are willing to make every allowance for the difference in the character and disposition of the Scotch and Irish (although the majority of the one, so far as *fishers* are concerned, are as *Celtic* as the other), and for many disturbing elements in the Green Isle which do not so deeply and fatally pervade the social state of our own people; but still, where we find, on the one hand, a most important branch of commerce long established and maintained in security, and now on the increase from year to year, and on the other a desponding if not decreasing condition of affairs, carried on with little energy and no success,—there seems nothing unreasonable in the supposition, that management and methodical regulation, a long-continued course of instruction, an unceasing supervision, and encouragement both by precept and example, to work up and attain to a higher standard of excellence than heretofore, may have produced the most beneficial effect in the former case; while the absence of such ameliorating causes, and of all counteractions of

apathy and ignorance, may have been injurious in the latter. The Scotch fishermen and fish-curers have experienced, and still enjoy, the advantages referred to,—the Irish have not been deprived of them, because they never had them in possession. The Scotch herring fishery is by far the greatest and most successful in the world,—the Irish is unfortunately the smallest and least prosperous on the waters of the known earth; and why should we seek to assimilate the two by adding much to nothing, rather than by endeavouring to create something out of nothing, and thus increasing the previously existing stores of national wealth? Of course, we know not with certainty what effect would follow the formation along the still unproductive Irish shores of a machinery in accordance with the system which has proved so signally successful along the wild coasts of much more barren and ungenial Scotland; but we think it would surely be a wiser and more generous policy to try the experiment of assimilation, rather by endeavouring to raise up Ireland to what it ought to be, than run the risk of bringing the two countries into somewhat similar condition, by sacrificing any of the few advantages which Scotland now enjoys.

If the accurate ascertainment of the statistics of the land is now deemed of such vital importance, surely that of the sea, to this great maritime and commercial nation, is no way less so. This brings us to the consideration of the performance of another important duty of the Board, the advantages of which we should of course lose on its abolition. Our marine and fishery statistics have been hitherto collected with great fulness and accuracy by the officers of the Board, and annually reported to Parliament. On the demolition of the Board, who are to perform the same functions in time to come? If the coast-guard is to be so employed, as it is in Ireland, let us briefly inquire into the well-doing of that system there.

In reference to the marine statistics of the sister isle, as collected and transmitted by the coast-guard, the Irish Fishery Commissioners report as follows:—

"The doubts which we have expressed in former reports of the accuracy of the tabular returns, which are founded upon information furnished by the coast-guard department, are, we regret to state, undiminished. Several cases in which we have endeavoured to test their correctness, have convinced us that *not even an approximate estimate* can be formed of the actual extent and state of the fishing establishment on the coast. From any sources within our reach, unaided by anything like a responsible staff, we are unable to obtain the necessary information, or to effect that perfect organisation of the coast which would tend to the promotion of the fisheries and the preservation of order—an object of vital importance to the well-working of the fisheries, as well as to the peace of the country.

"We have in our department but one clerk, whose duties are sometimes necessarily extended to visiting distant stations for the promulgation of by-laws, or for other purposes; and on such occasions we have required of him to furnish us with a statement of his progress. His reports prove how exceedingly valuable the services of qualified persons would be, instead of the desultory and unsatisfactory information which we are enabled to procure from irresponsible persons, who are bound to make our business quite subordinate to their more important duties. We subjoin a copy of the circular and queries which we issue annually to the coast-guard department; and in most cases we find that five out of the seven questions asked are either not answered at all, or in a manner not calculated to afford much information."

In a subsequent report the Inspecting Commissioners state, in relation to the Belmullet district, which extends from Duna Head to Butter Point, that the diminution in the number of boats and hands is so great as to seem quite incredible. They attribute this not so much to the actual decrease, as to the erroneous and exaggerated information formerly received. "There are no first-class boats, and only 190 second class, with 676 men and boys, instead of the former establishment, which was stated to have been 962 vessels, with 3376 men and boys. This

clearly proves the great inaccuracy of former returns."†

In the most recent report of the Irish Commissioners the following is the conclusion come to:—

"We cannot conclude this report on the coast fisheries of Ireland without expressing our deep regret that we are not furnished with data which would enable us to supply accurate statistical information as to the physical resources which may be found upon our shores for purposes of national defence. The encouragement of our coast fisheries used in former times to be considered the most effectual and legitimate means of providing for our navy.

In France we are told that the whole commercial navy—masters, mates, sailors, and shipboys—are under the eye and jurisdiction of the Minister of Marine;—nay, every fisherman, waterman, ferryman, oyster-dredger, and boat-builder is registered. We very much wish that we had been enabled to establish even a less perfect system of organisation, but we find ourselves more deficient in means of obtaining accurate information every succeeding year; and we entertain little hopes that, until the present plan of registry is much improved, we can ever attempt to present returns the accuracy of which we could vouch for."‡

We do not think that the preceding extracts are encouraging, or hold out any great inducement to assimilate our established mode of marine statistical collection to that of Ireland. Far better to abide as we are, and "let well alone." It may also be borne in mind, that so far as the north-west portions of Scotland, with their numerous and deeply-indented fishing-bays, are concerned, there is actually no coast-guard in existence.

A single paragraph may suffice in regard to the general marine superintendence, or police duties, as exercised by the Board of Fisheries. These duties are chiefly performed by boats' crews from the Princess Royal fishery cutter. We may refer to the fact that the Chamber of Commerce of Wick apply each season to the Board for a boat's crew to be stationed at Wick, for the purpose of preserving order in the fleet of fish-

* *Twentieth Report from the Board of Public Works, Ireland*, p. 236. London, 1862.

† *Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Ireland, for 1853*. Dublin, 1854.

‡ *Ibid.* 1854. Dublin, 1855.

ing-boats assembled in that overcrowded mart; and that the results are invariably so successful and satisfactory, that no complaints of brawling or contention are ever made. On the contrary, the Chamber of Commerce seems annually to express and record its grateful acknowledgments to the Board for its efficient services in this particular matter of the preservation of the peace. The following, however, is of a somewhat different complexion, in the last Report of the Irish Commissioners, regarding the state of matters in the Green Isle:—

"The fishers and buyers complain greatly of the absence of some regulations for the preservation of order among the multitude of boats and people that are often assembled; and still more of the absence of any summary jurisdiction for enforcing regulations and settling disputes between the boatmen themselves, and between them and the purchasers; and have agreed upon a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant upon the subject, which, doubtless, will come before the Board in due time."* "The inspecting commander at Donaghadee complains that the people do not conform to the laws with regard to the size of the meshes; and that with poko nets, used in Lough Strangford, great quantities of fry of cod, whiting, pollock, blocken, sythes, salmon-trout, turbot, golpens, and smelts, from two to three inches long, are destroyed."†

We may now say a few words regarding the somewhat disputed subject of the *brand*. Many of our readers are, no doubt, so innocent as not to know very precisely what this mysterious symbol indicates. The mark called the *Full crown Brand* merely means, that the herrings contained in the barrel which bears it have been regularly selected and assorted from the first, as of full size, good quality, and fresh condition;

that they have been gutted and salted immediately after capture; have gone through various intermediate curative processes not needful to be here detailed; have lain at least ten days in pickle since their first presentment in the market-place; and having been then carefully inspected by the fishery officer of the station, and found in every way excellent and in sound order, have had the heads and gillings of their barrels firmly and finally fixed down by the cooper, and so being entitled to the Government Brand, have accordingly had that distinction impressed upon them by means of a hot iron which "the likeness of a queenly crown has on."

Now, it has been argued by some, who, like Campbell's sable chieftain of the Indian forest,—

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for a bribe,

'Gainst Brand himself have gone in battle forth,"

that this is an interference with the freedom of trade, which should be left open to all competitors, without fear or favour. They maintain that although it may be convenient and advantageous to dealers, it practically tends to confine improvement in the mode of cure within the limits just necessary to secure the brand, and that there is thus no inducement held out to a fish-curer to surpass his fellows,—the Government brand, as it were, equalising the value of the article, although one set of barrels may be much better than another. It is also asserted that the brand creates an artificial system inconsistent with proper and prevailing principles, and that the sounder system now applied to the linen and woollen trade (from both of which the Government mark has been for some time removed), and all along to the fisheries of Ireland, should be put in force.

* *Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Ireland, for 1854*, p. 12. The above quotation refers to the herring fishery carried on at Howth. We think it right to state that the schedules appended to the report bear testimony "to the peaceable and orderly habits of the fishermen, and to the total absence of any conflicts or disturbance of any kind." It is, unfortunately, added, that "it is much to be deplored that nearly all agree in describing an unexampled state of depression as extending to all parts of the coast."—*Ibid.*, p. 6.

† *Ibid.*, p. 6. As the law now stands, there is no regulation in respect to the size of the mesh of nets used in Ireland for the capture of fish other than of the salmon species.

In reply to these objections, it may be mentioned that herrings are of a very different nature from linen or woollen fabrics, and after being packed for exportation, cannot have their character and condition ascertained by either touch or eye-sight, without injury to their future state. The brand is *not compulsory*, and can scarcely present any barrier to improvement in the cure of herrings, because if any curer, more skilful than his neighbours, can find out and put in practice any better method than that now in use, he is entirely free to do so, and may thus establish his name, and trust to it, independent of the brand. Moreover, whatever may be the philosophical value of the principle in political economy pointed out as deserving of a preference in the abstract, it must practically (and the gutting and curing of herrings are very practical operations in their way) be borne in mind, that our fisheries have grown up rapidly under the present system, which was found necessary to enable us to compete with the Dutch, whom we have thereby driven out of whatever markets are open to us without disadvantageous differential duties, and that our now prosperous practice is sunk into the very foundations of our foreign trade, affecting the wellbeing of almost countless thousands, from the foreign fisherman to the wealthiest capitalist, or most aspiring speculator.

It is assuredly a strong fact, that the foreign merchants themselves are unanimous in favour of the continuance of the present system, as enabling them to transmit their barrels, on the faith of the brand, into far inland countries, where the names of our native curers, however familiar to many of ourselves, are necessarily quite unknown, but where the acknowledged *crown brand*, by its simplicity and certainty, suffices for every purpose of an agreed-on guarantee. Great derangement of the foreign trade, and consequent disadvantage, are naturally apprehended from any sudden departure from the existing long-established system. The trouble and expense which, in absence of the brand, necessarily follow the practice of *braken* (that is, inspection

by opening) would inevitably decrease the profits of both the fishermen and curers in our own country; because as each party through whose hands the fish pass from their first capture to their final consumption must reap some share of profit, whatever increases the difficulties of the intermediate stages, tends to lower prices in this country. The duties paid abroad, both of import and transit, and other unavoidable charges, prevent the exaction of any higher prices in the foreign market, because any considerable increase would be tantamount to prohibition, and would thus debar any sales whatever. As the price, then, must remain the same, or nearly so, to the foreign consumer, a large proportion of the loss occasioned by increased expense would unavoidably fall upon our own people. Now, it is well known that, in consequence of the perilous and uncertain nature of a fisherman's vocation, and the peculiarities of the curing trade, the profits to those concerned can in no way stand reduction, however much they may require increase.

The opinion of the foreign merchants on this matter has been manifested many times. On the 7th of March 1844, Messrs Robinow & Sons, and Hudtwalcker & Co., of Hamburg, write as follows:—

"We believe ourselves entitled to state that we are not merely expressing our own individual sentiments, but, at the same time, those of the public in general interested in the herring trade of the Continent. The official interference of the Board will prove a great benefit to the Scotch herring trade. It will, on the one hand, prove to the buyers on the Continent that the Board of Fisheries is desirous to do all in its power to justify the renowned fame of its brands, and in this way give more confidence to the trade. On the other hand, the curers of Scotland will be influenced by such steps to pay as much attention to the curing and packing as possible, and thus increasing confidence on the part of consumers, and increasing vigilance, with a view to improve the cure, on the part of the curers and officers, will conjointly contribute to increase the consumption of Scotch herrings on the Continent, and consequently to increase the exportation."

Mr Wellmann, of Stettin, a very

extensive foreign purchaser of the Caithness branded herrings, in a letter to Mr George Trall, M.P. for the county, wrote thus on the 8th of February 1851 :—

"Scotch herrings are only sold in small quantities in this market and the neighbourhood; they are chiefly sent great distances of from a hundred to eight hundred miles English, into the interior of Germany and Poland, either by orders or offers, without the assistance of commission merchants, for the great expense of forwarding them does not permit any commission to a third party. The great distance prevents, likewise, dealers from inspecting the herrings on the spot here, who therefore make their purchases solely on their trust in the official brand, knowing that the fish must be selected well, and properly cured,—that the barrels be of legal size,—and that they require to be well and tightly made before the brand can be affixed. These herrings are generally forwarded by crafts, which are often six or eight weeks on their passage, and it frequently happens that a great fall in the market takes place during that time; and should the official brand be removed, dealers in the interior might easily take advantage of such falls, for it would not be difficult to find complaints—such, for instance, that the fish were not properly selected or well cured—that they had too much or too little salt—or that the barrels were of a smaller size (for no one can there say of what size the barrels require to be); and as most herrings are sold on credit, they would consequently be often stored at the risk and the expense of the shipper, and perhaps in markets where the person who purchased them was the only dealer. . . . The cheapness and the improved cure have increased the importation of Scotch herrings into our port to a great extent, for there is no port to which more Scotch herrings are shipped than Stettin, whilst the importation of Dutch and Norwegian fish has diminished."

A body of Hamburg merchants, too numerous to be here named, stated, on the 4th of October 1852, that it is by the careful observance of the regulations established and enforced by the Board of Fisheries, that the Scotch herring trade has attained to its present magnitude:—

"It is by the crown full brand," they observe, "that we enter into contracts, make sales and deliveries, without exa-

mination. Such herrings pass current from hand to hand here, and into the interior, some of them reaching the empire of Austria. The many thousand barrels of full crown branded herrings arrived this season have given entire satisfaction to us and our constituents; but the sale of unbranded herrings is frequently the subject of complaint, and threats made by customers to return the herrings. We are, therefore, compelled to make abatements in the price."

The partners of four merchant firms of Berlin expressed themselves thus, on the 7th of October 1852 :— "We hereby represent our entire confidence in the official brand applied to the Scotch herrings by the officers of the Board of Fisheries, which is our only guarantee for the large capital we embark in this business." And the heads of six mercantile houses of Magdeburg state, within a few days of that time, in respect to a rumour which had reached them regarding the possible abolition of the brand: "An alteration in this respect would put us to the greatest inconvenience, and compel us to adopt another plan of payment, which in the end would not be agreeable to your merchants and curers. . . . The opinion of a body of merchants, importing annually 50,000 to 60,000 barrels of Scotch herrings, will be worth some consideration, particularly as the object concerns the interests of both parties."

Mr Thalberg, another Prussian merchant, has recently (in 1855) written as under :—

"In order to show how the Scotch herrings had risen in the Dantzic market, while in 1841 only from 3000 to 4000 barrels were imported, last year there were 35,000, and Scotch herrings were gradually more and more taken into the interior, while Norwegian herrings have correspondingly decreased. The same was the fact at Königsberg. This he attributed to the brand. Some of the herrings were actually sent to the Black Sea, being bought at Dantzic on the faith of the brand, which was so essential to a continuance and spread of the trade, that he did not believe purchasers from the interior would come such a distance and examine the barrels for themselves, were the brand abolished. Norwegian herrings were sent in small yachts, and each parcel was examined

with the greatest minuteness before being purchased."

These are the opinions of foreign merchants on this important point. The following may be taken as expressing the sentiments of those at home. Mr James Methuen, of Leith, a skilful curer, extensively known as of great experience, and very largely embarked in the export trade, very recently wrote us follows :—

"It is impossible to see each herring in a barrel, therefore inspection of them at the time of curing and packing enables an officer to brand with knowledge of the article, and gives confidence to the purchaser.

"The official brand has proved the means of exchange by bill of lading from hand to hand, and from dealer to dealer, in Scotland,—afloat in the middle of the North Sea,—in the Baltic, or in the rivers of Germany in their river craft,

and up the interior of Germany for hundreds of miles,—and been passed and paid for as a good bill of exchange—in some cases through half-a-dozen purchasers.

"I ask those who differ, would it be wise of Parliament to peril the industry of so many thousands of our seafaring and industrious population, for want of the supervision that has wrought so well as to displace the demand for Norwegian and Dutch cured herrings on the continent of Europe, and enhanced the value of the Scotch crown-branded herrings, so that they are now bought and sold without inspection by parties who never, and cannot, see them."*

The important fact previously stated by Mr Wellmann, in regard to the increasing consumption of Scotch herrings in the Baltic, and the consequently decreased importation from other quarters, is well shown by the following table :—

In 1834, barrels of Dutch herrings received at Stettin,	4546
" " of Norwegian do., " "	53,981
" " of Scotch do., " "	19,960
In 1850, " of Dutch do.,	568
" of Norwegian do.,	12,507
" of Scotch do.,	116,538

In the year 1849, our exportation to Stettin amounted to 147,103 barrels. That season is well known to have been the most productive of herrings of any ever "recorded in history," and so gave us the power, while Prussia afforded the opportunity, of this most beneficial exportation. It gives us sincere pleasure to add, that the immediately preceding season of 1855, although by no means the greatest in respect of capture, has exceeded all its predecessors in exportation to the Prussian markets—154,961 barrels having been transmitted to Stettin during the year now closed. Almost the whole of that vast consignment was ordered in consequence of the certain guarantee

afforded by the crown brand. Now that peace is ere long, as we trust, about to be proclaimed, it is pleasant to anticipate the fresh impulse which may be given to the consumption of our native produce in many inland countries of the Continent. The disastrous, though, from the cruel necessities of war, advisable destruction of the great Russian fisheries, will no doubt, for a time, cause additional recourse to our marine resources; but the absence of the well-known and long-trusted brand from our barrels exported to the Baltic, would assuredly tend to check, or render less likely, that desirable increase.†

It is thought by many considerate

* Letter from Mr Methuen to the Lord Advocate; *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, February 6, 1856.

† We have recently received the *Commercial Circular* of Messrs Plüddeman and Kirstein of Stettin, of date the 20th January 1856. Referring to the increased consumption of our herrings in the Continental markets during the last season, they attributed it chiefly to the high prices of all descriptions of meat, as a consequence of the high value of rye, and all other grains, caused by the blockade of the Russian ports, and the failure of the Continental crops. The following is their

and well-instructed people, by bankers and men of business, whether merchants or otherwise, that the power of obtaining the brand is of great advantage to young men of small means, and not yet established commercial reputation, who desire to enter into the export herring trade. By attending carefully to the cure of, it may be, only a few hundred barrels, they obtain the brand, and can ship their small stock with as good a prospect of a fair proportional profit as the most wealthy and best-known exporter. This opens a door to rising integrity and intelligence which might otherwise be closed, and it lessens the occasional evils of those engrossing monopolies which the large command of capital or credit is apt to produce, to the disadvantage of the poorer though not less trustworthy trader.

In reference to the next head of our discourse—the small annual grant of £3000 for the erection or enlargement of harbours, piers, and quays,—we think it cannot be doubted that its administration by the Board of Fisheries is necessarily attended by numerous and great advantages. Correspondence and inquiry take place in each particular instance of application for aid; one of the first practical steps being an accurate survey by the Board's engineers, with a report on the practicability and probable expense of the proposed work. The

cost of this preliminary investigation is shared, half and half, between the applicant and the Board. The Board, being by this time in possession of all particulars necessary to be known, determines the proportion which the proprietor or fishermen (or both, as the case may be) should be made to bear of the ultimate outlay, while the latter parties also take into consideration how far they are able to make the required contribution; and so the agreement is either completed, or does not take place. Of course, the Board may either reject or entertain an application, while a proprietor (committed to nothing more than his share of the previous survey) may on his part accept or refuse to pledge himself to the payment of his fixed proportion, according to what he knows of his own ways and means. It is not till these preliminaries have been adjusted that the actual work is mutually agreed upon, and put in operation. We know that many of these undertakings, which on their first proposal seemed almost hopeless of execution, have, by the encouragement and exertion of the Board, been brought to a successful issue, and are not only now in themselves of unspeakable advantage to our fishing population, but, by affording a successful example of the benefits which occur from comparatively small sums judiciously expended, have been the means of conducing directly to the

summary of the importation of Scotch herrings, into their own and neighbouring districts, during the last four years:—

Years.	Stettin.	Hamburg.	Hamburg.	Dantzic.	Königsberg
	Barrels.	Barrels.	Barrels.	Barrels.	Barrels.
1852	121,290	10,000	44,000	22,146	about 4000
1853	123,537	26,000	22,000	44,272	about 5000
1854	118,800	52,400	23,550	28,009	2758
1855	154,961	59,789	26,500	68,122	15,070

The above transmissions for 1855 give a total of 322,422 barrels of Scotch herrings, of which the price to our curers, for such as were full-crown branded, varied from L.1, 1s. to L.1, 4s. each, producing, with such as were of a somewhat inferior quality and price, an enormous aggregate of income from the Prussian ports alone.

We may here add, that there is an immediate prospect of the duty on our herrings being greatly reduced in Belgium. It is at present 13 francs (or about 11s.) per barrel—a tax which quite prohibits importation. When the great cities of Brussels, Ghent, Liège, Louvain, Antwerp, Bruges, Mons, Namur, Malines, &c., are open to our produce, what may we not hope for from the appetites of a Catholic and therefore fish-eating population!

erection of similar undertakings elsewhere, of equal benefit, but not previously taken into contemplation. A great deal more is done by these quiet and considerate means than can possibly be here detailed; but it is self-evident that the constant and unconstrained communication which now and has so long existed between the Commissioners, the great majority of whom are resident in Edinburgh, and the proprietors as well as people of the coast districts, where an increase of boat accommodation is so much required, cannot be otherwise than advantageous.*

Now, if the Board of Fisheries be abolished, how and by whom are these friendly and encouraging communications to be carried on, and who are to pay the preliminary expenses? Through what agency are matters to be put in shape for acceptance by the Treasury, and the recommendation of a special grant by Parliament, in favour of any particular pier, or other work, that may be wanted? These preliminary but unavoidable expenses would in many cases fall upon a body of poor fishermen, who, without any warning voice on the one hand, or word of encouragement on the other, must proceed in doubt and darkness as to the chances of ultimate success with Government; while that Government could not proceed to action in the proposed matter without ordering some inquiry of their own, with a view to confirm or confute the opinion of the applicant, and thus causing, whatever might be the result, *additional if not double expenditure*,—while the object of the abolition of the Board is *to save expense*! A detailed explanation to Parliament regarding the special requirements of each particular case, though safe and salutary in the instance of great public harbour-works, would prove

inconvenient, if not inoperative, in the administration of the numerous smaller fishing-pier grants for Scotland, hitherto contributed and administered by the Board. In what way the local though important circumstances connected with the expenditure of a few hundred pounds for the erection of a slip at the far end of Lewis, at Sandseir in Shetland, or Eday in Orkney, can form the subject of an immediate and judicious parliamentary inquiry, we cannot well conceive. Probably few proprietors would desire to take advantage of a grant for some small but desirable improvement in those wild regions, were all the private and preliminary negotiations subjected to so cumbrous and uncertain a course as a consideration by the House of Commons. The communications now made to the Board of Fisheries by many Highland and other proprietors, are no doubt often to a certain extent of a confidential nature, involving the exposition of pecuniary affairs in connection with the proportional sums which particular proprietors may or may not have it in their power to pay. But when the main point is proved, to the satisfaction of the Board—to wit, that a great and general advantage will assuredly accrue to the people, whether a closely congregated mass, or the forlorn and far-scattered remnants of some dim and distant island of the sea,—then is the grant agreed to, and every effort, consistent with enduring efficiency, made to economise its administration, while every exertion has been previously put forth to obtain the utmost possible aid from proprietors and fishermen. It is obvious, from the annual reports made to Parliament, how much is frequently effected by the Board in this way. Let the following examples suffice for the exposition

* We have reason to believe that petitions to the Treasury for the maintenance of the Board of Fisheries and its official brand, have been presented or are in course of transmission from the following twenty-one ports in this country, viz. :—Wick Town-Council, Wick Chamber of Commerce, Helmsdale, Burghhead, Lossiemouth, Macduff, Banff, Gardinstown, Whitehills, Portsoy, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Montrose, Anstruther, Leith Chamber of Commerce, Eyemouth, Burnmouth, Coldingham, Berwick-upon-Tweed, &c., Glasgow, Greenock, Bute. The following places on the Continent have sent in corresponding petitions, viz. :—Stettin, Königsberg, Dantzic, Berlin, Breslau, Dresden, Magdeburg, Harburg, Hamburg.

of this portion of our subject. The harbours after-named have not been built by wealthy proprietors, but by contributions to the Board by working fishermen, out of the hard-earned savings of their precarious life of labour.

For the harbour of Cellardyke there was lately paid by fishermen.	£705 18 4
Do. Buckhaven, do.,	3,116 19 9
Do. Coldingham, do.,	571 8 0

The grant to the Board commenced in 1828, but was only £2500 per annum for many years, and often greatly less, the practice appearing to have long been to require from the Treasury only the sum actually wanted for each work; and, from some absence of knowledge among both proprietors and fishermen, and probably inexperience on the part of the Commissioners of the Board, the grant in certain seasons was not obtained at all. It never seems to have reached a regular annual payment of £2500 until the year 1838, nor £3000 until the year 1850. Yet since its institution it has, by means of the negotiations of the Board, drawn out from private parties, for the erection of harbours, the sum of . . . £27,455

Of itself, the Board has }
paid in grants, (59,399

Making a total of . . . £86,854 expended on the improvement of our coasts. It ought, moreover, to be borne in mind, that although, by the Act of Parliament, not less than one-fourth must be contributed by the private promoters of these shore-works, yet, through the influential management of the Board, this required proportion has in a great many cases been raised to one-third, and in some to one-half, of the estimated sum. So greatly, indeed, have the benefits of these ameliorations attracted the attention of the poor fishermen themselves, that they have not seldom of late come forward with offers of contributions much beyond what could have been anticipated from men of their class. When we

consider the other advantages necessarily flowing from the increased prudential habits which must precede this social or domestic saving,—the diminution in the consumption of ardent spirits, and abstinence from other sensuous enjoyments,—it seems impossible to overrate the importance of any existing and well-established condition of affairs, admitted to be directly influential in the production of so beneficial, we may say so blessed, a result.

On the most mature and deliberate consideration of the whole matter now before us, and with large practical experience of the history and habits of our fishermen, and other coast population, we desire to protest against the unpatriotic rumour which has reached our ears, that the Board of Fisheries is about to be abolished, and its beneficial functions performed by—we know not whom.

We have now no longer any space for special observations on the two works of which the titles are given at the foot of the first page of this article. Like all its predecessors, the *Report* by the Commissioners of the Board of Fisheries, for 1854, contains a great deal of valuable statistical and other information, which, if we seek for elsewhere, we shall fail to find. The author of the treatise on “Fisheries,” in the current edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has presented us with an ample and accurate exposition of his subject, with which he is no doubt well acquainted. He appears to us to be rather long-winded on the history and habits of the salmon and its smolts, whether one year old or two; but this is probably one of his hobbies, and as it may be also a favourite topic with a numerous class of curious and inquiring readers, and has recently assumed additional importance in connection with the artificial breeding of the finest of our fresh-water fishes, our ingenious author’s time and labour have probably been by no means misbestowed in its elucidation.

SYDNEY SMITH.

THE art of criticism is a branch of literature peculiar and separate, rigidly marked out from all the other branches of this gentle craft. An author, like a mother, throws all his personal prestige, all his hope, and all his riches, into that frail rich-freighted argosy, the book, which is doubtless *his*, but yet a separate entity, and by no means *him*; and almost in proportion to the power of his genius, and the elevation of his aim, his book outshines and overtops its maker, and becomes of the two the more real and tangible existence. It is indeed the inevitable tendency of art, in all its loftier labours, to glorify the work rather than the worker. The man perforce moves in a limited circle, the book goes everywhere. It is true that we are all much in the habit of saying that the author is better than the book; but this is an extremely questionable proposition, and one which experience constantly controverts. Also we all make comments—and on what subject have we been so unanimously eloquent?—on the wide reception given to the productions, and the small amount of public acknowledgment bestowed on the persons, of English men of literature. Yes, they may do those things better in France; but it is not all our English conventionalism, nor is the “stony British stare” with which the man of land petrifies the man of letters in these realms by any means a primary or even a secondary cause of that want of social rank and estimation of which we all complain. Instead of that, it is the normal position of authorhood, the *bona fide* and genuine condition of a man who has voluntarily transferred his wealth, his aspirations, and his power, to another existence, even though that existence is a creation of his own. The writer of a great book is an abdicated monarch; out of his cloister, dis-crowned, but triumphant, he watches the other king whom he has made, going forth gloriously, a youth and a bridegroom, to take the world by storm. There are other modes of fame for him who has a

mind to enjoy it in his own person; but it is scarcely to be disputed, to our thinking, that the very first principle of art is to glorify the book, the picture, or the image, over the mind that brought them forth.

But criticism does what literature proper does not pretend to do. Happy the man who first hit upon the brilliant expedient of reviewing! The works of the critic are of their nature fugitive and ephemeral; but the same nature gives them innumerable advantages—immediate influence, instant superiority, a dazzling and unlaborious reputation. The works are almost nothing in many cases, but the men have leaped upon the popular platform, and mastered the reins of the popular vehicle in the twinkling of an eye. From whence it comes that the greater critics of modern literature are all known to us rather as persons than as writers. The younger generation, to whom the birth-hour of the *Edinburgh*, that Pallas Athene, in her buff and blue, is a remote historic epoch, have known all their lives the names of Jeffrey and of Sydney Smith; but we venture to say that this knowledge, so far from being based upon the actual productions of these distinguished and brilliant writers, would suffer diminution rather than increase from the most careful study of their several books. It is an entire mistake to send back these versatile and animated personages into the obscure of authorship; their reputation stands out a world above and beyond the volumes that bear their names. They have made no act of abdication in favour of a book; they are orators, impassioned, eager, partial; they are men, each in his own person, storming at us with individual opinions, laughter, indignation, contemptuousness, making splendid blunders, brilliant successes, and leaving echoes of their own undaunted voices in the common din of every day. Their reputation is immediate, sudden, personal—not the fame of a book, but the renown of a man.

And to this cause we may attribute the very evident fact, that some of the most notable men of the last generation have left little behind them to justify the extraordinary reputation bestowed on them by their contemporaries. Even our own St Christopher, the genial giant of Maga, is not sufficiently represented in the world of books—and his brilliant rivals of the opposite party have none of them left a *Noctes*. These men entirely eclipse the published works that bear their name. We know what their opinions were, much more by the primitive vehicle of oral tradition, than by the aid of print or publisher. Their position was that of speakers, not of writers; their periodical address to the public was a personal and direct address, out of a natural pulpit, where the audience saw the orator, as well as the orator saw the audience, and the immediate response was marvellous. But there is compensation in all things; the author "had up" before this bench of judges, and gloriously cut to pieces to the triumph and admiration of all beholders, has his quiet revenge over his old castigators. The critic, like Dives, has all his good things in his lifetime; it is the nature of his fame to decrease, and fade into a recollection. The man dies; the book lives on.

The writer of the work before us,* brief and modest as is her execution of her labour of love, is diffident of the reception which it may meet with at the hands of the public. Lady Holland's doubts on this question have been, doubtless, set at rest long ere now; and we are after date in offering her the comfort of our opinion, so far as that may go. Yet we cannot help saying, that with such a man as Sydney Smith, a biography was a necessity—a right belonging to him, and a duty owed to us. During his own time he was—not a moral essayist, though all the world crowded to his lectures—not an Edinburgh Reviewer, though he himself was the Jove from whose brain that armed Minerva sprang—nor, last and not least, a Canon of St Paul's. He was Sydney Smith—it was enough distinc-

tion—official character would not stick to so manifold and mirthful a personage; it was not possible to seize upon one part of his sunshiny and genial nature, and make of it a supposititious man. There was no catching him even in profile; wherever he went, he went with his whole breadth in full array of errors and excellences, ampler than his canonicals. It is folly to say that such a life was uneventful, or that such a person was not a fit subject for biography. In fact, he was the fittest of subjects; and as the world never before knew him so well, it is safe to say that, not even in the sudden triumph of his first great enterprise, not in the excitement of the times of Plymley, nor in the fury of American repudiation, was the name of Sydney Smith so distinguished or so popular as now.

This is the doing of his daughter and his wife. Honour to the love which would not be discouraged! The mother has not been permitted to see how thoroughly and cordially the world appreciates that honest and noble Englishman, of whose fame she was the loyal conservator; but to have carried out so well her mother's purpose, and to have seen how completely the public mind adopts and justifies their own loving estimate of the head of their household, must be, to Lady Holland, sufficient reward.

Sydney Smith was the son of a gentleman, clever enough and rich enough to be a somewhat remarkable and "picturesque" personage, but not, so far as appears, a very influential one, either as regarded the character or fortune of his sons. The boys were clever beyond precedent; so clever, that their schoolfellows made solemn protest against the injustice of being compelled to strive for prizes with "the Smiths," who were always sure to win. Sydney, the most distinguished of the brotherhood, was captain of the school at Winchester, and, in Oxford, a Fellow of New College. If popular report speaks true, such learned celibates are always lovers of good cheer; and in those days, according to Lady Hol-

land, port wine was the prevailing Helicon ; for medievalism had not then come into fashion, and learned leisure hung heavy upon the colleges. In the thronged world of youth and intelligence, within and around these ancient walls, it is easy to suppose how great an influence, had he sought it, must have fallen to such a man as Sydney Smith—not to say that society was his natural element, and conversation his special and remarkable gift. Under these circumstances—at an age in which every one loves to excel, and in a place where he had unusual opportunities of distinguishing himself—the young Fellow, seeking neither pleasure nor influence, stoutly turned his back upon temptation, and lived, like a brave man as he was, upon his hundred pounds a-year. Sydney was of other mettle than those hapless men of genius whose “light from heaven” is a light which leads astray ; and it is singular to observe that the prevailing characteristic of this famous wit and man of society, at this most perilous portion of his life, was steadfast, honest, self-denying independence. Such an example is rare ; and no one who wishes to form a true estimate of the hero of this story, should omit to note this triumph of his youth.

From New College, by an abrupt transition, the young man falls into his fate. Why the most brilliant of Mr Robert Smith's four sons should be the sacrifice of the family we are not told ; but the elder is destined for the bar, and the younger for India, and to Sydney remains only the Church. He does not feel, nor pretend to feel, that this is his natural vocation ; but he feels it “his duty to yield to his father's wishes, and sacrifice his own.” Indeed, to take him within his own limited standing-ground, the life of Sydney Smith seems nearly a perfect one—duty, frankly accepted and honestly fulfilled, is in every period and change of his history ; and so long as we take it for granted that it is only one of the learned professions which this good son enters in obedience to his father's wishes, we cannot sufficiently admire the fortitude with which he takes up his lot. However, we warn our readers, who may entertain

notions, old-fashioned or newfangled, that a clergyman should be something more than a professional man, to discharge all such fancies from their mind while they discuss this history. Sydney Smith is only to be dealt with on his own platform, and by the light of his own motives. For ourselves, we confess that this most honest, kindhearted, and benevolent divine, is not by any means our *beau idéal* of a clergyman. Granting all his admirable qualities, and with due regard for the “calm dignity of his eye, mien, and voice,” his “deep earnest tones,” and “solemn impressive manner,” and also for the unfailing benevolence and kindness of his dealings with his parishioners—in all which we perfectly believe—we still cannot help feeling that the least satisfactory view which we can have of Sydney Smith is that of his clerical position. He does not belong to it, nor it to him ; he is a wit, a scholar, a man of letters, a man of politics, but in no sense, except in the merely arbitrary matter-of-fact one, is he a clergyman. Without entering into the religious question, or throwing any stigma whatever upon a man, in his own way, so honest and so admirable, we are obliged to hold by our opinion,—the common motives of honesty and propriety which govern men in the commonest of occupations, are all that are necessary in his profession of clergyman for a true judgment of Sydney Smith. It is his duty to look after the morals and comforts of his parishioners, and he does his duty ; but to require of him the entire devotion of an evangelist, would be to require what he does not pretend to, and indeed disapproves of. To judge him as we judge the primitive apostles of our faith, or even to judge him as we judge an Evangelical incumbent or a Puseyite rector—men who, after their different fashions, live for this laborious business of theirs, and put their whole heart in it—would be idle and useless. He must be looked on in the light of his own motives and his own principles, and not according to any special view of ours.

And in this aspect we can admire the sacrifice which a young man,

conscious of his own great powers, and no doubt conscious that in this sphere, of all others, were they least likely to do him service, made "to his father's wishes." He was soon put to a severe practical trial, and with equal fortitude seems to have endured his banishment to the dreary solitude of his first curacy. It was a cruel experiment. "Sydney Smith a curate in the midst of Salisbury Plain!" exclaims his biographer; and certainly the position was dismal enough. "The village consisted but of a few scattered cottages and farms"—"once a-week a butcher's cart came over from Salisbury"—and "his only relaxation, not being able to keep a horse, was long walks over these interminable plains." Under these circumstances one may suppose that a little of the fervour of that Methodism, at which in after days he aimed his least successful arrow, might have been the best amelioration possible to this melancholy state of things; and very sad it is indeed to send a man, with no apostolic vocation whatever, to a place which nothing but the vocation of an apostle could render bearable. Nevertheless Sydney, honest, brave, and manful, did his duty. He remained at his post, though he did not love it, and did what was required of him, if not like an apostle, at least like an honest man.

Let us pause to say that this seems to us the really distinct and predominant feature in the character of Sydney Smith. He is everywhere a full-developed Englishman, making greater account of the manly virtues than of the ethereal ones—disposed to take the plain path before him, and to tread it sturdily—given to discussing everything that comes under his notice, in its actual and practicable reality rather than its remoter essential principles—a man given to *doing* more than to *speculating*—a mind not matter-of-fact, but actual—a soul of hearty and thorough honesty. Honesty is one of the most definite principles of our nature—it leaves no misty debatable land between the false and the true; and a man who says nothing but what he believes true, and does nothing but what he believes right, may be many

a time wrong, as human creatures are, yet must always be an estimable man. Sydney Smith is never quixotic—never goes positively out of his way to seek a duty which does not specially call upon him. As long as the bishop is propitious, he is quite content to leave Foston among the Yorkshire clay, without a parish-priest; but as soon as the duty places itself broad and distinct before him, he is down upon it without a moment's pause, builds the ugly vicarage, takes possession of the unattractive parish, does whatever his hand findeth to do. In this lies the charm and force of his character; in spite of all we say ourselves, and all that other people are pleased to say concerning the sombre and foggy mood of our national mind, we, for our own part, cannot help regarding Sydney Smith as a very type and impersonation of that virtue which has the especial admiration of these islands. For we like tangible worthiness, we British people—we like something to look at, as well as to hear tell of, and rejoice with our whole hearts over the man who "goes in" at his foes, and overcomes them—who makes light of the infinite "bothers" of life, and bears its serious calamities like a man, and who carries his good cheer and his cordial heart unclouded over all. This is the national standard and type of excellence, let them speak of vapours and moroseness who will.

From the dreary probation of this first charge, Sydney was elevated to a tutorship, and ushered into a new and eventful life. With his pupil, the son of a Squire, to whom belongs the honour of finding out that this curate of Netherhaven was no ordinary personage, the young tutor, by a happy chance, found his way to Edinburgh. War broke out: Germany fell into trouble—well for Sydney!—and so the Jove came to Athens that the Minerva might be born. Does anybody remember how it was in those old, old days? Dearest reader, there was no *Maga*! there were *Gentleman's Magazines*, and *Scots Magazines*, and other *outré* and antiquated productions. The broad and comprehensive survey of general events to which we are now accustomed, the universal criticism of everything and

every person which is common to us all, and the perfect dauntlessness of modern journalism, were unknown to those times. And those were the days when our great men were young — when Youth was abroad in the world, with all his daring and all his eagerness. There is no particular star of youth in the horizon of this second half of the nineteenth century, but this brilliant planet was in the ascendant as the old eighteenth ended its old-fashioned career of dulness. There was Jeffrey, sharp, sparkling, and versatile; there was Brougham, vehement and impetuous; there was Sydney, in his English breadth and all-embracing mirthfulness; and there were others, all young — young, clever, daring, exuberant, full of that youthful joyous courage which defies the world. They met, they talked, they argued: strange enough, though there are published *Lives* of most of them, we have no clear account of those conversations — no *Dies* or *Noctes*, disclosing the eager discussions, the boundless animadversions, the satire, the fun, and the laughter of this brilliant fraternity in the high and airy habitations which suited their beginning fortune; but the result we are all very well acquainted with. Something came of the concussion of these young and eager intellects; they were all armed and ready for a grand tilt at things in general — a jubilant attack upon precedent and authority, after the manner of youth. Yes, some of them remain, ancient men — others of them have passed away in ripe old age; yet there they stand, the Revolutionists of Nature, the universal challengers, the fiery Crusaders of youth. It was not Whiggery, good our reader, though Pallas Athene is buff and blue — it was the genuine natural impulse, common to all young human-kind, of pulling down the old and setting up the new.

Perhaps it is because we are better accustomed to good writing and clever speculation in these days — perhaps because there is now a wider freedom of speech and opinion than there used to be; but there is a most distinct and woeful difference, beyond dispute, between the beginning of literary enterprises in this time, and

in that brilliant and eventful period when Maga was born and the *Edinburgh* was young. Quarterly Reviews spring up everywhere in these days — grow into little comfortable private circulations — belong to particular “interests” — are read, and influential in their sphere; but who takes note of the day or hour of their appearing, or hails the advent of the new luminary? Then, the young periodical took the world by storm — now, nobody wots of it. The difference is notable; and perhaps, after all, we may be justly doubtful whether it really is better to have a great many people to do a thing indifferently, than to have one or two who can do it well.

Yes, we were enemies at our outset; we wrestled manfully, sometimes for fame, sometimes for principle, sometimes “for love;” yet, being foes, let us rejoice over them, worthy rivals in an honourable field. Jeffrey and Sydney Smith have gone upon the last journey — Christopher North is gathered to his fathers — alas and alas! genius and fame and power are things of a day, as we are; yet it is hard to believe in their decline and decadence, when we look back upon these days of their youth.

The first idea of the *Edinburgh Review* originated with Sydney Smith. His proposal, as he says himself, was received “with acclamation;” and indeed it is easy to understand the exultation with which these daring young men must have anticipated possessing an organ of their own. He himself edited the first number; and, though his name is not so entirely identified with this brilliant and successful enterprise as some of his colleagues, to him belongs the glory of the beginning. But his biographer does little justice to this interesting period of his life. We have glimpses of his history in Edinburgh only by means of sundry sensible and candid letters written to the father and mother of his pupil, in which, as might be expected, the said pupil, a respectable and mediocre Michael Beach, appears at greater length than his instructor. There is nothing remarkable in these letters, except the good sense and frankness with which the character of this pupil is exhi-

bited; and this is as creditable to the young man's parents as it is to Sydney; but save for two or three domestic incidents, we see nothing more of the man, nor how he lived during this period which had so important an influence upon all his after life. Even Sydney Smith could not make everywhere such a brilliant little nucleus of society as that which he brightened and cheered in Edinburgh. We would gladly have seen more of the five years of his northern residence, and are much disposed to grudge that Lady Holland should take this time of all others to tell us about his writings, and to make a survey of all the future succession of his articles in the *Edinburgh*. These we can find out for ourselves; but we might surely have had a more articulate sketch of how our hero appeared among his equals at this beginning of his life.

Shortly after the first appearance of the Review, Sydney Smith left Edinburgh, whence, having "finished" his pupil, and finding it necessary to make some more permanent provision for his family, he removed to London, where he seems—no disparagement to his manly and independent character—to have lived for some time upon his wits, making strenuous efforts to improve his condition, and bearing what he could not mend with the gayest and most light-hearted philosophy. During this time he delivered his famous lectures upon moral philosophy—about the earliest example, we suppose, of literary lecturings; a course of popular instruction which found immense favour in the eyes of a curious and discerning public. Audiences, crowded, fashionable, and clever, listened with eagerness to his exposition of the doctrines and history of metaphysics. Into this Scotchest of sciences, Sydney, who was no metaphysician, made a rapid and daring leap. We do not pause to inquire whether his style was the perfect English which some of his friends assert it to be—at least it was luminous, clear, and flowing, full of good sense, and bright with lively sparkles of wit and high intelligence. To these lectures "everybody" went; and—very creditable it seems to everybody, that this unbene-

ficed and unaristocratic clergyman, known solely by his great and fearless talents, and as far removed from a courtier of fashion as it is possible to conceive, should have congregated together so large and so enthusiastic an audience. The manner in which the lecturer himself speaks of this popular course of philosophy, and the reputation he acquired by it, is amusing enough. Writing to Jeffrey, he says:—

"My lectures are just now at such an absurd pitch of celebrity, that I must lose a good deal of reputation before the public settles into a just equilibrium respecting them. I am most heartily ashamed of my own fame, because I am conscious I do not deserve it; and that the moment men of sense are provoked by the clamour to look into my claims, it will be at an end."

This prediction has not been fulfilled—nor are the lectures themselves of the brilliant, faulty, and dashing description, which from this account one might suppose them to be. They are, in fact, as honest and truthful as everything else which belongs to their author. When we read them *now*, we cannot quite account for the sensation they made *then*; yet we do not throw them into the list of undeserved or fallacious successes. They merited much though not all of their fame; and the social success and reputation of their author seems to have grown and progressed from this time. He was a universal favourite in that mystical region called "Society," at least in every quarter of it to which his political opinions gave him access; and this public appearance made him henceforth a recognisable personage to the universal public eye. He was still poor and struggling with many difficulties; but he was surrounded with fit companions, and full of exuberant spirits—an admirable example, though unfortunately a rare one, of how well a heart at ease can hold its place against all the cares of life.

Out of this brief but brilliant season of triumph, poverty, and happiness, it was at last the fortune of Sydney Smith to find preferment—which means, in other words, he got a living—an unobtrusive comfortable

living, which permitted its incumbent to remain quietly in town, and, having no parsonage to lodge him in, considerably gave him no manner of trouble. But this state of things was much too good to last, and the unfortunate Rector, a year or two after his appointment, was summoned not only to his post, but to the less obvious duty of making that post tenable. We cannot, we are afraid, perceive much hardship in the necessity of residence, even though the parish was a parish of clay, in Yorkshire, and out of the world; but the building of the parsonage was certainly quite a different matter, and a grievous burden upon a man whose hands already were full enough. Yet the story of this settlement at Foston is the pleasantest of stories—the cheeriest, brightest, prettiest picture imaginable of a Crusoe family-scene. For ourselves, we turn from all the other triumphs of his life—and all his triumphs, so joyfully achieved, are exhilarating to hear of—to dwell upon this delightful conquest of little ills and vulgar difficulties, of brick and timber, architecture and carpentry, slow village minds, and unaccommodating circumstances. Sydney Smith never met his foes vicariously, but with shout and sound of triumph went forth against them, an host in his own person, taking everything at first hand, and trusting to no deputy. The result was, that his work was *done*—briskly, well, and with satisfaction to everybody; though, supposing Sydney's successor in this clayey parish to be a mediæval nun, to whom gables are a point of doctrine, and Gothic porches a necessity, we fear this square box, ugly and comfortable, must have been the good priest's death. It was a home of the brightest to its builder and his family. We will not quote the quaint history, because everybody has quoted it; but of this we are very sure, that the ugly house at Foston, with all its odd contrivances—its immortal, its Jack Robinson, its feminine butler twelve years old, its good cheer, its comfort, its fun, and all the hospitalities of "the Rector's Head"—are pleasanter and more lasting memorabilia than scores of Plym-

ley letters. We know no tale of honest, simple, kindly human interest which has attracted us more.

The visitors at "the Rector's Head" were illustrious people—noble Greys, Carlises, and Hollands, and a flood of philosophers and literary folk as notable in their way. In this book, however, there are but slender traces of this memorable "run upon the road." We can perceive the visitor's carriage floundering in the ploughed field, but we do not come to any very distinct perception of the visitor. Let us not grumble; the noble Whigs and the philosophic heroes are misty and illegible; but the setting-out of the family chariot, its freight, harness, and history, is as quaint and clear as anything in the *Picar of Wakefield*—and, to tell you the truth, by no means unlike the same.

From Foston our hero, now the author of *Peter Plymley's Letters*, comes to greater preferment, and is advanced to Combe Florey, his vale of flowers—strange type of human successes!—at a time when grievous trouble had come upon this happy-hearted man—the loss of his eldest son;—and from this period his course is all prosperous. He does not, it is true, get his bishopric, but he is Canon of St Paul's—is able to spend a good deal of time in his beloved London—keeps up his high reputation in the world of wit and intelligence—and finally grows rich as he grows an old man. Sorrowful is this period of old age; and even the wit of Sydney Smith cannot veil the sadness of that mournful time, when death after death breaks up the original circle—when children are gone out of the parental house, and friends vanish out of the social world. Strangest of all human desires is that universal desire to live long. How melancholy is the ending of every record of a lengthened life! It is grievous to linger upon the tale of weaknesses and sorrows. Surely this art of biography ought to be one of the weightiest of moral teachers; for even such a joyous heart as this, though everywhere it finds relief and compensation, does not escape from that lengthened sojourn in the valley of the shadow. Earl Grey, his old political leader, was upon his

last sick-bed when Sydney Smith, too weak to bear even the thanks of a grateful man whom he was not too weak to serve, made an end of his benevolent and upright days; and messages of mutual sympathy and good wishes passed between these two, who had wished each other well in other and more exciting warfares. So, after a long day of manly work and honest exertion, one of the cheeriest and most courageous of lives came to its conclusion. His contemporaries had been falling around him for years—his brother died immediately after—his friend Jeffrey did not long survive him. They are now almost all gone, these old men, who were once such eloquent and daring leaders of the impetuous genius of youth. The *Edinburgh Review* has fallen into respectable matronhood, and no longer shivers a sparkling lance upon the powers that be. So wears the old away.

We cannot venture to stray into those painful and elaborate definitions of wit, which so many people seem constrained to enter upon at the very name of Sydney Smith. To our humble thinking, there is an indiscriminated region of *fun*, a lesser and lower world than that in which Wit and Humour contend for the kingship, to which many of his triumphs belong. We do not disparage his claims as a wit; we do not deny to him that more tender and delicate touch of sentiment and kindness which seems to us the distinguishing characteristic of the humourist; we acknowledge the acute edge of his satire, and the sweeter power of that joyous ridicule which did not aim at giving pain, but dealt with its victim as old Izaak dealt with his frog, "as if he loved it." But the general atmosphere through which this occasional flash breaks out so brilliantly, is an atmosphere of genial and spontaneous mirth, a universal suffusion of fun, and high spirits, bright and natural and unoppressive. After all, many of Sydney Smith's recorded witticisms are not particularly witty; yet it is perfectly easy to understand how, from his own lips, and in the general current of his own joyous talk, they must once have been irresistible. These

cautious absurdities will not be judged by the rule and line of criticism; they by no means fit into the regulated proportions of orthodox humour. They are not born of a distinct intellectual faculty, nor do they aim at the perfectness of individual and separate productions. Instead of that, they are the mere natural overflowings of natural character, gaiety, and high spirits. We call them wit because we recognise their author as a man from whom wit is to be expected. But who does not know that wide happy atmosphere of *fun* which brightens many a household circle where nobody pretends to be witty?—who does not know how contagious and irresistible is this humbler influence, and how it catches up and inspires the common talk of all our pleasant meetings, giving to almost every family a little fund of odd or merry sayings—not witty, yet the source of unfailing mirthfulness? An acknowledged wit is a man to be pitied; and there is no more woeful position in society than that of one who, when he opens his lips, be it to speak the most commonplace, sees everybody around him preparing for laughter. We can perceive a little of this dire necessity even in Sydney Smith. No doubt, it was whimsical and odd and pleasant to hear a merry voice giving such a quaint order as that to "glorify the room"—yet we are afraid, by-and-by, when people came to hear it every morning, that some indifferent member of the family circle must have been disposed to shout forth the commonplace injunction, "Draw up the blinds!" to the forestalment of Sydney. But the broad lower atmosphere of fun was full about this genial and gifted man. He speaks nonsense with the most admirable success. Nonsense is a very important ingredient in the conversation of all circles which are, or have a right to be, called brilliant. It is often an appropriate surrounding medium, through which wit may flash and play; but it is not wit, let us name it ever so arbitrarily; and for our own part, we frankly confess that an hour of common and simple fun, with one morsel of genuine wit in it—an unexpected sparkle—is much more pleasant in our eyes than an

hour hard pressed with sharp and brilliant witticisms, be they the very perfection of the article—the best that can be made. But we distinctly object to confound together these two separate and differing things. We say this, not in depreciation of the acknowledged wit of our hero, but because his biographer pauses gravely at several periods of this Memoir, to give examples of the “slow perception of humour” evidenced by various people, who did not understand the happy extravagances of Sydney. We do not always agree with Lady Holland in her estimate of her father’s witticisms. Here is one of her instances:—

“Miss . . . the other day, walking round the grounds at Combe Florey, exclaimed, ‘Oh! why do you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr Smith?’ ‘Because it has a passion for breakfasting on parish boys.’ ‘Parish boys!’ she exclaimed; ‘does he really eat boys, Mr Smith?’ ‘Yes, he devours them, buttons and all.’ Her face of horror made me die of laughing.”

Now this is very funny, but everybody must perceive at a glance that it is neither wit nor humour, properly so called; it is pure nonsense, gay and extravagant, and in reality requires a dull understanding, receiving it in the mere literal meaning of the words, to bring out and heighten its effect. The “sayings” of this book, indeed, are by no means up to the reputation of the speaker; they are often heavily told, and sometimes in themselves far from striking. But it does not appear that the wit of Sydney Smith was of a kind to evaporate in sayings; it was not so much a thing as an atmosphere—an envelopment of mirth and sunshine, in which the whole man moved and spoke.

It is not easy to mark out and discriminate the intellectual character of a man like this; for there are few men so undividable—few with whom the ordinary separation of mental and physical is so complete an impossibility. He is one whole individual person, honest and genuine in all his appearances, and entirely transcending as a man, in natural force and influence, anything that can be said of him in any special

character as author, politician, or wit. To our own thinking, Sydney Smith is a complete impersonation of English breadth, manliness, and reality. He is no diver into things unseen, nor has he a strong wing skyward; but he walks upon the resounding earth with a sturdy tread, and has the clearest and most healthful perception of all the actual duties and common principles of life. This strong realisation of good and evil, according to the ordinary conditions of humanity—actual, present, visible benefit or disadvantage—seems the most marked feature of at least his political writings. The Plymley Letters, for instance, never touch upon the soul of the question they discuss. So far as they go, they are admirably clear and pointed—a distinct and powerful exposition of all the phases of expediency; but there they pause, and go no farther. The argument touches only things external, inducements and consequences. These are stated so forcibly and clearly that we cannot wonder at their immediate effect and popularity; for the common mind is easily swayed by reasoning of this practical and tangible description, and it is impossible to misunderstand so undeniable a statement of advantage and disadvantage. But the grand principles on either side of the question—the old lofty notion of a Christian nation, and the duty it owed to God, on the one hand, and the rights of conscience and individual belief upon the other—find no place in the plea. Our native Scottish tendency to consider things “in the abstract” was a favourite subject of Sydney’s gleeful and kindly ridicule. It is the last temptation in the world to which he himself was like to yield; and indeed it is remarkable to note his entire want of this northern foible—his strong English bias to the practical and evident. He has no idea of throwing the whole weight of his cause upon a mere theoretic right and wrong. His first step is to intrench and fortify his position—to build himself round with a Torres Vedras of realities, distinct to touch and vision; and while a preacher of another mind solemnly denounces what is *wrong*, it is his business to show you what is foolish—to point out the spot where

your enemy can have you at disadvantage—to appeal to your common experience, your knowledge of men and of the world. The strain of his argument throughout hangs upon the external and palpable—the principles of general truth are not in his way. He takes for granted the first elements of the controversy, and hurries on to the practical results of it. Peter Plymley has not much to say upon the Catholic Question; but he has a great deal to say upon the chronic disaffection of Ireland, and the uncomfortable chances of an invasion on a coast which discontented Catholics were not likely to make great efforts to defend. With this view of the subject he is armed and eloquent. But this is not the highest view of the subject, though it may be a popular and telling one. In his own life, Sydney Smith held a nobler creed, and pursued his way with unfailing firmness, though it led him entirely beyond the warm and wealthy regions of ecclesiastical preferment; but in his argument the balance which he makes is always a balance of things positive. Perhaps something of the force and manliness of his style is owing to this practical species of reasoning. We give him credit for his “way of putting a thing”—so at least do Dr Doyle and Lady Holland, without perceiving that the weight and obviousness is in the *thing* rather than the *way*. We are tempted to quote the conversation between the Rev. Romanist and the Rev. Anglican, in illustration of this irresistible style of argument common to Sydney Smith:—

He proposed that Government should pay the Catholic priests. “They would not take it,” said Dr Doyle. “Do you mean to say, that if every priest in Ireland received to-morrow morning a Government letter with a hundred pounds, first quarter of their year’s income, that they would refuse it?” “Ah, Mr Smith,” said Dr Doyle, “you’ve such a way of putting things!”

This is a very good example of his prevailing tendency. The *argumentum ad hominem* is the soul of Sydney’s philosophy. You are sure of a home-thrust, positive and unequivocal, when you enter into discussion

with this most practical of understandings. Perhaps you do not agree with him; very probably to your thinking there are principles involved of more importance than these obvious safeties or dangers; but the nature of his implements gives him force and precision; he never strikes vaguely; his sword is no visio sword, but a most English and most evident weapon—sheer steel.

This habit of reasoning had a singular effect upon his papers on religious subjects—we mean especially those articles on Methodism and Missions which appeared many years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*. These extraordinary productions are already altogether out of date, as indeed they must have been behind the time in which they were written, and of right belonged to a less enlightened generation; but it is marvellous to perceive how far so acute and reasonable a man could go in this grand blunder, applying his ordinary and limited rule to the immeasurable principles of truth. It is odd, and it is melancholy; for we confess it gives us little pleasure to prove over again the old truth that the schemes of Christianity are often foolishness to the wise and to the prudent. The paper on Missions is the most wonderful instance of weak argument and inappropriate reasoning. That so clear an eye did not see the wretched logic and poor expediences, the complete begging of the question and strange unworthiness of the argument, is a standing marvel. On any other subject, Sydney Smith could not have gone so far astray. His favourite mode of treatment, however effective in other regions, has no legitimate place in this. We may allow, in spite of our dread of Popery, and conscientious objection to share the powers of government with so absolute and unscrupulous an agency, that an emancipated Catholic is more likely to make a cheerful and patriotic citizen, than a Catholic bound down under penal laws could possibly be. But we are staggered to think of restraining the efforts of the evangelist, in order that we may better secure our supremacy in India over tribes of pagan weaklings, to whom, for our empire’s sake,

freedom and the Gospel must remain unknown. This is a startling conclusion when plainly stated; but it is the obvious and unmistakable end of all that this very able writer, a clergyman and a man of enlightened principles, has to say upon so difficult and intricate a question. Had any of his political opponents said it, and had it been Sydney's part to explode the fallacious reasoning, what a flood of ridicule he would have poured upon these self-same sentiments! how triumphantly he must have exposed the tame and unprofitable argument! how clearly proved that the policy of doing nothing was a policy as old as human nature, and needed no advocacy! To leave paganism alone, because caste is the most effectual means which could be invented for keeping a race in bondage—to put an end to all injudicious eagerness for conversions, because these happy idolators are very comfortable as they are, and our benevolence is thrown away,—if Sydney had not made the argument—had it only by good luck come from the other side—how Sydney could have scattered it in pieces!

Perhaps the happiest hit he ever made was that which covered the unhappy State of Pennsylvania with the shame it was worthy of. No one else could have done this so well. His indignation and vehemence—his grief at the distance thus brought upon a country where his own opinions were supreme—are pointed, and brought home, by the keen touch of ridicule, with a characteristic force and pungency. He is grieved; but still he has a satisfaction in pulling the stray American to pieces, and making over his jewellery to afflicted bondholders. He is angry; but still he can laugh at his proposed uniform, the S. S. for Solvent States, which he would have the New Yorkers wear upon their collars. We have all a wicked enjoyment of other people's castigation; and we are afraid the public in general—those of them who hold no Pennsylvania bonds—were amply consoled by Sydney Smith's letters for the sins of their brethren. Lady Holland tells us that the excitement in America was extraordinary, and that shoals of letters, and occasional homely presents, poured upon her father from all quarters. It was a

fair blow, downright and unanswerable; and no one could have a better right to assault in full force a public dishonesty than such a man as this, honest to the bottom of his heart.

We cannot undertake to predict whether or not the reputation of Sydney Smith will be a lasting reputation. His published works are not very remarkable, and they refer so entirely—saving the sketches of philosophy—to current books and current events—events and books which, to use his own phrase, have blown over—that it seems very doubtful if they can last over two or three generations. Admirable good sense, good English, and good morality, even with the zest of wit to heighten them, do not make a man immortal. They have already done their part, and earned their triumph; the future is in other hands. Herein lies the compensating principle of literature. The critic (and there have been critics more brilliant than Sydney) has his day. Yes, there he stands over all our heads, bowling us down like so many ninepins—small matter to him that in this book lies somebody's hopes, and heart, and fortune. Little cares he for the stifled edition, the turned tide of popular favour. He goes about it coolly: it is his business—practising his death-stroke upon palpitating young poets and unhappy novel-writers, as the German executioner practised upon cabbages. We die by the score under this literary Attila. Our poor bits of laurel, our myrtle-sprigs and leaves of bay, are crushed to dust beneath his ruthless footsteps. With a barbarous triumph he rides over us, extinguishes our poor pretensions, puts us down. Never mind, humiliated brother! The critic has his day. By-and-by there will only be a distant *sough* of him in the curious byways of historic lore. But the Book, oh patient Lazarus!—the Book will live out a century of reviewers, and be as young a hundred years hence as it is to-day.

Wherefore we seriously opine that a lasting reputation as a writer is not to be expected for Sydney Smith. As long as the children's children of his contemporaries remain to tell and remember what they heard in the days of their youth, so long his fluence as a man will live among

Had this biography been less a work of love, and more a work of art, it might have added a longer recollection to this natural memory; for its hero is so true an example of the kind of man whom British men delight to honour, that he might well have been singled out for a popular canonisation. As it is, this simple presentment of Sydney Smith is enough to place him upon his true standing-ground, and recommend him, far above all differences of opinion, or strifes of politics, to the affectionate estimation of every reader. A man honest, courageous, and truthful, struggling bravely through the ordinary trials of everyday existence, bearing poverty and neglect, bearing flattery and favour, coming forth unharmed through more than one fiery ordeal, and with the lightest heart and kindest temper, skilled in that art of ruling himself which is greater than taking a city. A little more sentiment, or a little less practical vigour, might have broken the charm. In his own person, as he lived, he is the very hero of social success and prosperity - for under no circumstances could he have appeared an unappreciated genius or a disappointed man. We are somewhat scornful in these days of the qualities of success. Indeed, it seems a general opinion, that the higher a man's gifts are, the less are his chances. But many a youth of genius would do well to note the teachings of such a cordial and manly life as this, and mark how the gayest heart, and the most brilliant intelligence, are honoured and exalted by such homely virtues as self-restraint and self-denial. Sydney Smith in Oxford, living upon his hundred pounds a-year; Sydney Smith in Nether-haven, honestly enduring his curacy; taking no excuse from his wit; yielding nothing to his natural love of that society in which he shone; undishheartened by a profession which he did not love, and duties for which he had no distinct vocation; honestly, under all circumstances, maintaining his honour, his independence, and his purity, is a better moral lesson than all the lectures of all the societies in the world.

We cannot perceive any closer resemblance, for our own part, much as they are named together, between

Swift and Sydney Smith, than the merely evident and external one - that both were famous wits, and both somewhat unclerical clergymen. Sydney has the mightiest advantage in moral sunshine and sweetness over the redoubtable Dean. The Canon of St Paul's broke no hearts and injured no reputations. There is not a cloud upon his open and bright horizon, except the passing clouds of Providence, and bitterness was not in his kind and generous heart. There is only one grand blunder in his life, and that is his profession. In such a matter the dutifullest of sons is not excusable in "yielding to his father's wishes." We can appreciate the sacrifice, but we cannot approve it. It was filial, but it was wrong. Sydney Smith is an honest man, a truthful man, and in ordinary life unblamable. We have no right to criticise the piety or religiousness of such a person in any private position, but with a clergyman the circumstances are different and the veriest sinner requires something more than professional propriety as the motive and inspiration of the teachers of the faith.

So strong and usual is this feeling, that we do not doubt this book must have been an entire revelation to a great majority of its readers. We knew his great reputation; we knew his wit, and the general tenor of his opinions; yet we were shy of a man whose position and fame seemed almost antagonistic, and set up in our own mind a natural opposition between the sermons of the preacher and the *bon mots* of the wit. This biography resolves the puzzle. Full of mirth, spontaneous and unlaboured, full of honest consistency and goodwill, we accept Sydney Smith as he was, and judge of him by his own principles and actions—his own standard of perfection. Who does not lack some crowning charm to add a fuller and a sweeter excellence to all the lesser virtues? This man was distinguished in all social qualities—virtuous, conscientious, incorruptible, doing bravely every duty which he perceived in his way, and we can point to no truer type of an upright and open-hearted Englishman, than the bright portrait of this modest volume, the true monument and effigies of Sydney Smith.

PEERAGES FOR LIFE.

[We rarely have two articles upon one subject in the same Number of the Magazine, but we have no hesitation in publishing the two following short papers upon the unhappy and singularly ill-timed attempt to destroy the hereditary character of one branch of the Legislature. The first paper is by an English, and the second by a Scotch lawyer.]

It is not, we hope, from any party feeling (though party feelings are, as our readers know, entitled, in our view of things, to grave and deep consideration), that we enter our protest against the measure of creating peers for life,—a measure which its authors, unless they are the most shortsighted men that ever presumed to meddle with great questions, must know will end by changing the character of the House of Lords, and which we really believe to be an attempt as rash as it is uncalled for, and as little likely to conciliate the favour of any but those who dislike a government by King, Lords, and Commons, as it is to produce any one solid or permanent advantage. To those who think that the English constitution—a constitution which has floated like an ark over the waves which have swallowed up so many of those baseless fabrics that were hailed by sciolists as the proudest efforts of legislation—should be, we do not say repaired, and improved, and fortified, but *overthrown*, to make room for “some gay creature of the element” to people the sunbeam for a moment and then to disappear—we do not address ourselves; for we could not hope to produce any effect by reasoning upon those on whom the evidence of their senses is thrown away. But we would ask such of our readers as do not belong to the class we have just mentioned, calmly and dispassionately to examine with us this important question—premising only that the Reform Bill was by no means so serious and menacing a change in the constitution of the lower, as the creation of peers for life (if that disastrous measure is really to be accomplished), will produce in the Upper House of Parliament. The Reform Bill shuffled the cards; this measure will

change the pack. It is at once exotic and obsolete.

The question may be considered in two ways. First, Has the Crown the power to make such a creation? Secondly, Supposing it to possess the power, is such an exercise of it constitutional? With regard to the first question, it is, even on the showing of its supporters, an extremely doubtful one. “*Rectissime illud receptum est, ut leges non solum suffragio legislatoris sed etiam tacito consensu omnium per desuetudinem abrogantur*,” is a maxim embodied in the works of those masters of jurisprudence, to whom alone, to use the words of one of their most illustrious scholars, reason seems to have unveiled her mysteries. Nor is the principle unknown to our municipal jurisprudence. It was a law that every member of a city or borough should be chosen from among the inhabitants of the place which he was selected to represent. This law was abrogated by desuetude only. Many similar instances might probably be found by any one who would examine our ancient statutes. That custom is the best interpreter of written law is an axiom of jurisprudence; and how much more forcibly does the argument apply to unwritten law, to an obsolete prerogative raked from the dust and cobwebs of feudal barbarity, and dragged forth “in luce asine” into the meridian blaze of civilisation, to act upon the destinies of living men. The revival of obsolete prerogatives was one great and just complaint against the Government of Charles I. Lord Clarendon, his ablest advocate, bewails the injudicious and violent measures that unhappy monarch took in reviving the Forest Laws, and obliging gentlemen of certain incomes to compound for knighthood. Had he attempted strip the peerage of its hereditary

character, the outcry would have been louder and more reasonable; for of course our argument applies only to the case of conferring, by a peerage for life, a voice or seat in Parliament. "The common law of England," says a great lawyer and a great thinker, "is nothing else but the common custom of the realm, and a custom which has obtained the force of a law is always said to be '*Jus non scriptum*.' . . . Being only matter of fact, and consisting in use and practice, it can be RECORDED AND REGISTERED NOWHERE BUT IN THE MEMORY OF THE PEOPLE." Again the same eloquent writer says:—"A custom takes beginning, and grows to perfection in this manner: When a reasonable act once done is found to be good and beneficial to the people, and agreeable to their nature and disposition, then do they use and practise it again and again and so, by often iteration and multiplication of the act it becomes a custom; and being continued without interruption time out of mind, it obtains the force of a law." This is exactly the basis on which the "*rerum perpetuo similiter judicatarum auctoritas*" must rest, and exactly the reverse of that prerogative, by the sudden exertion of which, after a lapse of four centuries, it is proposed to give to any minister the power of swamping the House of Peers. What would be said now if any one were to attempt to put on "the statute of uses" the meaning which those by whom it was enacted undoubtedly meant that it should have, and which was frustrated by the narrow decision, as Mr Hallam calls it, of the Judges? If any man were insane enough to attempt such an argument, would he not be silenced at once, and forfeit, for the remainder of his life, all claim to the character of a rational being? Would he not be told that, after the current of precedent had run for centuries in one direction, after all the Estates in England had been settled and disposed of on the faith of those precedents, it was mere mischievous pedantry to question the validity of the original interpretation? Now, the last time when the Crown gave the right of voting in the House of Lords to any one who

would not transmit the same right to his children, to any one whose blood was not ennobled, was long before the period when the statute of uses passed into a law. The four or five cases cited to justify such a stretch of authority are taken from times when the boundaries of the constitution fluctuated incessantly,—when sometimes the king oppressed the barons, and sometimes the barons destroyed the king,—when one encroached upon the other, as he or they were uppermost in a series of victories and defeats equally oppressive to the people, and equally inconsistent with all regular government,—when the soil of England was drenched with the blood of the yeoman, and the axe of the executioner was red with the blood of the noble,——"in stormy and tempestuous times," to use the language of a great and upright magistrate, Chief-Justice Crew, "when the government was unsettled, and the kingdom in competition,"—when Bohun, and Mowbray, and Mortimer passed away—nay, when Plantagenet himself became a shadow and a dream. Will any man say that this was a period when our constitution was understood? that this is the time when its parts were adjusted to each other?—when, though the noble outline of it might be discernible, its lineaments were complete? At that time the Crown granted or withheld writs to boroughs at its pleasure, and so moulded the House of Commons. It summoned a man to take his seat in one Parliament and not in another, and so modelled the House of Lords. But even of these cases, drawn from those times of turbulence and confusion, while the elements of our constitution were at war with each other, predominating or subsiding with every capricious turn of fortune, one only has any bearing on the question. For, as has been said before, the question is not one of complement or precedence; it does not relate to the power of the sovereign to gratify a morbid and spurious appetite for vulgar notoriety by a mongrel title, or to reward vice by flattering the abject vanity of some frivolous prostitute; it relates to his power of giving a share in the legislation of England without that

guarantee for independence which, during four hundred years, has been thought essential to its exercise. Now, in the case of Sir John Cornwall, who was created Lord Fauchope for life, the prerogative was exercised with the assent of the House of Lords. There remains, therefore, the solitary case of Lord Berners, in the reign of Henry VI. — a case that is extremely doubtful — to justify this exercise of the prerogative in the year of grace 1856. If, then, law is to be controlled or modified by usage if the “*lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*” are not to be put aside — it must be admitted that, even in the absence of any negative argument, the right of the Crown is extremely questionable, in spite of the dictum of Lord Coke, and of the writers by whom he has been copied. Lord Coke, it may be remembered, has fallen into acknowledged errors. He was wrong in asserting that a justice of peace had no power of holding a person accused of felony to bail. He was wrong in asserting that common law ought to prevail against the express words of an Act of Parliament. But there *are* strong negative arguments. In Lord Purbeck’s case, which was argued before the celebrated Lord Shaftesbury, who was certainly not ignorant of the principles of the constitution, it was stated by the Attorney-general that the king could create a peer for life. This doctrine was at once questioned by Lord Shaftesbury; and in that opinion Lord Nottingham, the creator of equity, though differing with him as to the case immediately before him, acquiesced.

It is difficult for any one who weighs these arguments to resist the conclusion at which Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Campbell, Lord St Leonard’s and Lord Brougham — laying by on an occasion of such vast importance all party differences and political hostility — have arrived, that an instrument made four hundred years ago, before the constitution had been made, before the disposition, occasions, circumstances, the moral, civil, and social habits to which that noble fabric owes its existence had disclosed themselves, cannot in the eye of reason justify a violent change in

the long-established, the peculiar, and the distinguishing character of the House of Lords.

There is (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. i. page 890) a remarkable case which has never been cited, we believe, and which shows that the House of Lords exercised the right of excluding an unworthy member from its deliberations. It is the case of Lord De la Ware in the reign of Edward VI. “He had attempted to poison his uncle, and was by an *order of Parliament* excluded from any estate or honour that might come to him after his uncle’s death.” The precedent in favour of the Crown dates from a period far more remote than this. If the Crown quote the fifteenth century, why may not the House of Lords quote the sixteenth? And it should be remarked that this is a prerogative which there must have been constant motives for using, and the non-exertion of which, therefore, furnishes a very cogent argument against its existence. Harrington, in his *Oceana*, particularly censures Richard II. under the name of Adoxus, for creating peers “who had hands to dip in the royal purse, but no shoulders to support the throne.” We know what became of that prince and his newly-made Caryatides. Our peers are not to perform the functions Virgil assigned to our fathers —

“*Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britannii.*”

They are not to be courtiers, or geologists, or engineers, or builders of crystal palaces, or presidents of councils of art, or even judges, but *legislators*, mediators between the Crown and the people — an office that may dignify the greatest abilities, and satisfy the most generous ambition.

We come now to the second branch of the question, how far such a measure can be considered constitutional, — meaning by that, how far it is in conformity with the spirit and genius of that form of government to which we owe, during so many ages, and during so many vicissitudes, the tranquil possession of political freedom. Certainly the time chosen to cut one of the strands of the cable of our anchor is a singular one. Freedom, with the exception of the coun-

tries governed by the King of Sardinia, has been overthrown or undermined in every part of the continent of Europe. Nobody can doubt that a main cause to which the present condition of France is to be attributed, is the want of a body of hereditary legislators; the want, that is, of a powerful aristocracy,—in other words, of a House of Lords. Nobody can doubt that the forlorn troop of servile beggars distinguished throughout Germany by the titles of Earl, and Baron, and Freiherrn, is a main reason why all attempts to establish constitutional freedom in that country have only served to illustrate the most ludicrous ignorance of human affairs, coupled with the most abject tergiversation, and to drag to light projects, compared with which the principles by which the Caffres are governed may be considered luminous, and the whims of the politicians of Laputa may pass for reasonable. We object to any scheme for Germanising England. We should be sorry to see the influence of the Court, where we now see other hopes and objects. We should be sorry to see the varied elements of our social state crushed into one undistinguished mass of servitude. Our universities have been tampered with; the next attempt is on the House of Lords. It is the fashion to speak lightly of representative government. “A weak man doth not well consider this, and a fool doth not understand it.” The disgust and contempt felt throughout France for the corruption and time-serving of the mongrel House of Peers, consisting of misplaced men of letters, venal courtiers, affected artists, hireling writers in the daily press, shallow coxcombs, and a few besides of illustrious names—the last scattered like the nails in a wall over a wide blank surface—account for the sympathy with which all reasonable men hailed its annihilation. Such an institution as our House of Lords may be destroyed, but cannot be created; and with these examples staring us in the face, and loudly forbidding the attempt, in defiance of reason and of experience, in contradiction to the sound feelings of the nation, an old prerogative that has, “like unsoured

armour, hung by the wall so long,” that the announcement of its existence may furnish a question perhaps for the amusement of antiquaries of much leisure and little thought, but which, to all real purposes, has become as obsolete as writing pure English—is made the instrument of changing, at the will of the Sovereign, a fundamental part of our constitution. This is done, too, during a war, when great political alterations are usually suspended, as if it were the merest trifle, not worth attention or debate, amounting to nothing more than, and quite as much of course as, the appointment of some commission to recommend the maintenance of all the wretched chicane by which the course of justice in England has been so long impeded. Some knowledge of the constitution which he proposes so presumptuously to violate, some little acquaintance with the great writers who have dwelt upon its excellences, and held them up to the gratitude of posterity, would be a useful ingredient in the composition of a Chancellor. Some knowledge of history (we mean of course English history) might, on the eve of so perilous an undertaking, be found serviceable to the lawyer who (whatever be the mysterious influence under which he acts, and no doubt in perfect unconsciousness) sets himself to work to pull down in cold blood, and with the blandest countenance, one of the safeguards of our liberties. For, with deference to such authority, we look upon the privileges of the Peers as conferred upon them for the public good. To suppose them given or kept for any other purpose, would be a narrow and unworthy view. If they are inconsistent with that object, they cannot be swept away too soon. If they contribute to it, they cannot be too religiously preserved. For four hundred years, during which the parts of our balanced government have been made to harmonise with and give mutual aid to each other, the deliberate opinion of ages and generations in this country has been in favour of their existence. It is a fair inference that all these writers, historians, and statesmen, have not been wholly

destitute of political sagacity, or in a conspiracy to promote abuse. It is a fair inference that a measure which Lord Grey repudiated, which Mr Pitt would not hear of, which Mr Fox would have scouted with every expression of scorn that his vehement nature could have found in his copious vocabulary, is a rash and unconstitutional experiment. But we know what the class (unfortunately it is a numerous one) is who "rush in where angels fear to tread;" we know, too, that the gloom which enveloped these great statesmen has been dissipated by the light which has flashed with such marvellous lustre upon my Lord Cranworth. It is hard upon this land that admitted mediocrity should be no safeguard against reckless extravagance. If, in the days when the wild hurricane of Reform was sweeping over us, some man of an irregular but powerful intellect had, in a moment of irritation and disappointment, suggested such a measure, we should have consoled ourselves by reflecting that inundations atone for the mischief they inflict by the fertility they occasion. We should have accepted the benefit, and been on our guard against the evil. But when a grave commonplace sober gentleman, decent to a fault, by no means of an ardent or romantic disposition, misled by no passions, carried astray by no impetuosity, not intoxicated by learning, carefully and effectually guarded by provident nature against the dangers to which genius is exposed when such a person reverses the famous line, and in a paroxysm of impotence, raging without strength, and overflowing without fulness—"precipitately dull" and dispassionately mischievous—mimics the freaks and caprices for which inspiration only can atone, Heraclitus might laugh at his distempered activity, and Democritus weep for the fate of the country in which he legislates. The line—

"Ut lethargicus hic, cum fit pugil et medicum urget,"

describes him. There is no hope, says an acute writer, for the lover of an ugly woman. There is as little for those who suffer by the absurdi-

ties of a commonplace man. "Whenever you commit an error, Mr Foresight," says the wit in *Love for Love*, "you do it with a great deal of prudence and discretion, and consideration."

It should be recollected that there are many prerogatives of the Crown which, if exercised injudiciously—that is, unconstitutionally—would soon become intolerable. The Crown has the undoubted power of making peace or war; but if Ministers were to agree that York should be occupied by a Russian garrison for ten years, or that we should pay a tribute to Russia for that time, would it be any argument in favour of such clauses that the Crown had only exercised its undoubted prerogative? The Crown has the power of pardoning offenders; would that justify the pardon of every offender as soon as he is convicted? Many persons think that the Crown has never lost the power which it once most unquestionably possessed, of raising the denomination of the coin; is there any maniac, even among the worshippers of Ruskin, who would counsel such an experiment? The prerogatives of the Crown, even when most unquestionable, must be exercised in conformity with the spirit of the constitution. It is the peculiar character of our constitution that it contains within it the three great principles of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, blended together so intimately, yet perhaps so inexplicably, that the Crown has no strength, except in connection with the aristocracy and the people: the aristocracy is nothing when opposed to the Crown and the people; and the people have little power, if abandoned by the aristocracy and the Crown. Fortunate indeed have been the circumstances which enabled our fathers to complete this mysterious union. The strength of our system is its harmony. Take away the beauty of its proportions, and its energies are at an end. That amazing system, the work not of giddy choice and tumultuous violence, but of the "author of authors," Time, with enough military vigour for war, with enough civil influence to make military power in time of peace

impracticable, with the chocks apparently so hostile, in reality so much in unison, as to make it the most perfect moral machine that ever was contrived to perpetuate freedom among a people--would be violated and destroyed by any such organic innovation.

What promises can exceed its performance? And it is this which, for the sake of putting a special pleader among the Law Lords, or of satisfying the vulgar ambition of a few discontented men, ignorant of their proper sphere, we are about to put in jeopardy. Does any man think that the power of the Crown is too little in the House of Lords? Is not the reverse notoriously the truth? Is not the influence of the Crown over the Bishops, who are not Peers but Lords of Parliament, matter of just complaint? Would not the power of the Crown be increased by creating Peers for life? Would it not, especially in a country where a vulgar appetite for technical rank is but too conspicuous, increase the number of those who would gain by subserviency to the Crown in that assembly? If you suddenly shift the ballast, your vessel will soon be under water—

*"Quamvis pontica pinus
Sylvæ, filia nobilis
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile."*

On the other hand, if the creation of life-peers would give too much influence to the Crown, beyond all doubt it would give a most invidious distinction to those already ennobled families, among whom the son of the mechanic may now hope to take his place. It would tend to make them a separate caste, cut off (we speak of what must happen in less than a century) from the sympathies of their fellow-citizens. Such a state of things could not long continue.

It is but too deeply rooted in the nature of man to press social distinctions too far, and insist on them too much. And could anything be devised to swell the pride of a hereditary Peer more effectually than the sight of upstart counterfeits, bearing the same title with himself, but dis-

tinguished, nevertheless, by an everlasting badge of inferiority? The classes and professions from which such peers were taken would share in their degradation, and in the hostility which it would inspire—

*"Touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. . . .
Raise me this beggar, and don't that
lord—
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary."*

Much, no doubt, may be said about the dangers and evils of unworthy successors to great names. Taken separately, such arguments are powerful; taken with reference to a collective body, they are weak. The question is--on which side does the balance of good preponderate? Along with many evils, and great tendencies to abuse, there are many advantages in hereditary honour. A true natural aristocracy is an essential part of any large body rightly constituted. "It is formed out of a class of legitimate presumptions, which, taken as generalities, must be admitted for actual truths. To be bred in a place of estimation; to see nothing low or sordid from one's infancy; to be taught to respect one's self; to be habituated to the censorial inspection of the public eye; to look early to public opinion; to stand upon such elevated ground as to be enabled to take a large view of the widespread and infinitely diversified combinations of men and affairs in a large society; to have leisure to read, to reflect, to converse; to be enabled to draw the court and attention of the wise and learned wherever they are to be found; to be habituated in amies to command and obey; to be taught to despise danger in pursuit of honour and of duty; to be formed to the greater degree of vigilance, foresight, and circumspection in a state of things where no fault is committed with impunity, and the slightest mistakes draw on the most ruinous consequences; to be led to a guarded and regulated conduct from a sense that you are considered an instructor of your fellow-citizens in their highest concerns; to be employed as an administrator of law

and justice, and to be thereby among the first benefactors, to mankind ;"—such is Mr Burke's argument in favour of a hereditary aristocracy. As a sole or even a predominating element, it degenerates into an insolent domination ; as an ingredient, tempered, controlled, and subdued by others, it has, in our opinion, a dignified and refining influence. And here we may remark, that almost the sole barrier to despotic power in France for many years was the firmness and integrity of its parliaments, which were in fact, though not in name, an hereditary aristocracy. Let any one compare the proceedings of that body with those of Louis Philippe's peers, and then say on which side the balance of good predominates. The cautious and traditional wisdom of those great bodies interposed often between the people and their oppressors. Machiavelli speaks of them with admiration and respect ; and their functions were well expressed by a First President of the parliament of Provence, when he said to the king, whom he resisted "Souffrez, sire, qu'avec peine, haine, et envie nous défendions votre autorité." One of the worst acts of a bad reign was to substitute for this great aristocracy, which, with all its faults, had done great services to its country—holding the mean "*inter abruptam contumaciam et deformem obsequium*" with singular judgment—a set of political adventurers, called the Parliament Maupeou, many of them the mere creatures of the court and Madame Dubarri, and nevertheless welcomed to their new office by the approbation of the shallow conceited writers of the day. The pretext was a better administration of justice—"Le préambule s'exprimait dans un langage que n'eussent pas désavoué les philosophes sur la nécessité de réformer les abus dans l'administration de la justice." "*Absit omen !*" Then purity of justice was the pretext of a tyrant ;—now it is that of a few sottish and purblind democrats. The result in France is known to every one who has read Beaumarchais, who in his celebrated *Mémoires* branded the turpitude and gross corruption of this newly constituted body with inefface-

able infamy. Then France began to see the difference between the minions of a court and a hereditary assembly, between the d'Agnesscaus, and the Goetzmans, who were in their place ; and in spite of Voltaire, they agreed with Mahli, that the old parliament was better than the "Parlement Postiche." To this fact we will add the prophetic remark of Montesquieu, "*Le pouvoir intermédiaire subordonné le plus naturel est celui de la noblesse ; elle entre en quelque façon dans l'essence de la monarchie, dont la maxime fondamentale est, Point de monarque, point de noblesse—point de noblesse, point de monarque—mais on a un despote !*" Is there no danger that, if the House of Lords is lowered, the House of Commons may ruin itself by its own excessive power ?

The question, however, now is, not whether you will establish a hereditary peerage, but whether you will take away from it its stability ?—it is not, whether you will abolish the House of Lords, but whether you will run the risk of polluting it by time-servers ? Have there been no times in our history when the exercise of such a prerogative as is now claimed for the Crown would have been most dangerous ? If James II. had imagined that such authority belonged to him, can any man doubt that he would have filled the House of Lords, as he did the bench of justice, with his Roman Catholic dependants ? Is there not reason to believe that, as each party predominates, it will flood the House of Lords with these creatures of a day, to confirm its own ascendancy ? Would the minister who craved at once twelve peers to ratify the Peace of Utrecht have been satisfied with so limited a number, if so convenient a method as has now been discovered had presented itself to him ? If peerage for life had been created, or even if the Lords had been menaced with such a measure, the motion for taking the Address into consideration, on the 23d Nov. 1685, would never have been carried without a division ; nor would the dignified and manly language held in that House have offered so striking a contrast to the pitiful and abject tone and demean-

our of the subservient House of Commons. As it was, Lord Sunderland is reported to have said that, to carry the measures of the Court, he would make Lord Churchill's troop of guards peers. But he recoiled, base as he was, from such an attempt; and are we to legislate on the conviction that we shall never again have a bad king and an unscrupulous ministry, and that the firmness and independence of the House of Lords can never again be of any service to the constitution? Can we foretell that there may not be other battles to be fought, and other victories to be won? The attempt to make the hereditary peers a caste by another Lord Sunderland, was baffled in the reign of George the First; we trust that an attempt, which must have the same effect if it succeeds, and which must, moreover, strengthen the influence of the Crown, among a body where it needs no strengthening, will not prosper in the reign of Queen Victoria. To change the relations of the several parts of the constitution to each other, is to make the lessons of history, purchased as they have been with the best blood of our fathers, unavailing. The character of the House of Lords is, that the honours of those who sit and vote in it are hereditary. It is so described by Whigs and Tories, by lawyers and historians. It is in consequence of that character that it has filled a wide space in history, and that it is

supported by a thousand time-hallowed associations. Fill it with the nominees of a minister, it will no longer serve to interpose any obstacle to the inconsiderate legislation which an impetuous democracy is sometimes rash enough to insist upon. It may serve to gratify the vanity of women, or of men as little fitted as women to control the destinies of nations; it may provoke hostility by distinctions, invidious when they are manifestly useless; it may even register the edicts which it will be unable to dispute: but its genuine functions will be gone for ever; and if ever the time should come when its energies are required to serve either Crown or people, they will be of as little account as those of the French Chamber of Peers in the hour of trial, and of as little benefit to themselves and to their country.

Why, then, should we unhinge the state, ruin the House of Lords, and pursue confusion, to guard against an evil which, if it exists at all, may be encountered by a far more specific and appropriate remedy? Wise, indeed, should he be who should endeavour to recast a constitution which has defended us alike from the unjust aggression of power, and the cupidulous tyranny of the multitude. But if our rulers are weak, and our councils infatuated, in the words of an old writer, we can only pray that the Lord will enable us to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent.

THE WENSLEYDALE CREATION.

At a time when the attention of the nation is almost exclusively directed to the colossal struggle in which Great Britain has taken so conspicuous a part—when the deepest anxiety is felt regarding the issue of the conferences at Paris, which must have the effect either of restoring peace to Europe, or of rendering the contest more desperate in its character than before—we were surely entitled to expect that no attempts would be made, at least by Her Majesty's advisers, to alter or innovate any acknowledged part of the

fundamental constitution of the realm. It is with great pain that we feel ourselves called upon to denounce such an attempt, which appears to us not the less dangerous because furfively made, and seemingly insignificant of its kind. All permanent innovations, all great changes and revolutions, may be traced to a very trifling source. The whole constitution of a country may be overthrown in consequence of some narrow departure from its fundamental rules—a departure which possibly may appear at the time too trivial to

demand remonstrance, but which, being drawn into a precedent, may, in the course of years, be the means of producing the most serious and disastrous effects. The tree that could have withstood the blast of the wildest hurricane, will become rotten at the core, if the ruin can penetrate to its bole, even through a miserable crevice. The dykes of Holland, which defy the winter storms, have, ere now, yielded to the mining of that stealthy engineer, the rat, and provinces have been inundated in consequence. And, therefore, it well becomes us to be jealous of any attempt, however trivial, or however specious—for plausible reasons can always be adduced on behalf of any kind of innovation—to alter the recognised principles of our constitution, or to introduce a totally new element into its framework.

We allude, of course, to the attempt which Her Majesty's advisers have thought proper to make, at altering the hereditary constitution of the House of Lords, by the introduction of Life Peers into that body. The question is now being tried in the case of Mr Baron Parke, who has been created Baron Wensleydale, without remainder to heirs; and it is impossible, looking to the attendant circumstances, to avoid the conclusion that this creation has been deliberately made, for the purpose of establishing a precedent for opening the doors of the highest deliberative assembly to a new order of nobles, who are not to have the privilege of transmitting their rank and titles to posterity. For, if the only object had been, as is alleged, to recruit the numbers of life Lords upon whom the task of hearing and deciding appeals from the inferior courts of the country must devolve, there was obviously no necessity, nor even reason in this instance, for departing from the usual conditions of the peerage. Lord Wensleydale (for so we are bound to call him, in virtue of his patent of nobility from the Queen) is a man of advanced years, and has no son. In all human probability, therefore, the title, even though it had been destined to heirs-male, as is the common form, would become extinct at his death. Want of fortune,

as the means of sustaining, in the future time, the social position which a peer ought to occupy, has often been alleged, and with reason, as a sufficient obstacle in the way of the elevation of commoners, distinguished for their acquirements and genius, to the Peerage. It has been said, and with great truth, that the present and fleeting gain is more than counterbalanced by the future and permanent disadvantage. For the acquirements and genius of the man so elevated are but personal, and perish with him—the heirs remain as pauper peers, no ornament to their order, and may, for a seemingly inadequate consideration, be willing to surrender their independence, and use their legislative powers at the bidding of an unscrupulous minister. But, in the present case, where the chance of succession was so small, there could be little room for such an objection; perhaps there was none, for the fortune of Lord Wensleydale may be, for anything we know to the contrary, quite adequate to the maintenance of a peerage; therefore we must hold that this case was selected purposely to try the question. Indeed, supposing that Her Majesty's advisers were justified in making the attempt to alter the constitution of the House of Lords by the introduction of Peers for life, they could hardly have selected a better instance. For, if it should be decided or declared that there is a limit to the prerogative of the Crown, and that the creation of a peer for life, like Lord Wensleydale, is simply a personal honour, but does not carry along with it the privilege of a seat in the House of Lords, all unseemly questions of precedence will be avoided. In that case it is not likely that the experiment will be renewed; for we may safely conclude that the object of Her Majesty's advisers in issuing this singular patent was not to gratify Lord Wensleydale by the gift of a barren honour, but to make him a member of the House of Peers, entitled to speak and to vote; and thereby to establish a precedent for the future creation of a non-hereditary peerage.

Before entering into the questions of privilege and prerogative, it may be as well to consider the reasons

founded on expediency which have been advanced in behalf of the creation of peerages for life. Such of her Majesty's ministers as have spoken upon the subject have been exceedingly cautious and guarded in their language. None of them have ventured to assert an opinion that, for the future, it would be advisable to multiply this kind of peerages. Their arguments go little beyond this—that whereas the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Peers renders it necessary that at all times there should be among that body persons intimately acquainted with the law, and qualified to act as judges, it is for the advantage of the country that such creations should be not permanent but temporary, not hereditary but personal. In this there is not only some, but much plausibility. It is of the utmost importance to the country that the highest legal talent should be engaged for the last Court of Appeal; and we are not of the number of those who consider that a court of appeal might be dispensed with. We believe that the consciousness that there exists a tribunal which has the power of reversing or altering their judgments, has conducted more than anything else to stimulate the zeal, activity, and attention of the judges in the ordinary courts of law; and it would be a very hazardous experiment to give an irresponsible character to their decisions. We think also, and we make this admission freely, that some decided steps should be taken for the better regulation of the ultimate Court of Appeal. The House of Peers, as a body, has long since abdicated its right of sitting in judgment, except in some cases peculiar to the peerage. The judicial duties are now invariably devolved upon judicial Peers, that is to say, upon those who have either occupied or occupy the highest judicial offices; and although the form of putting the question to the House, after the opinion of the legal Peers has been delivered, is still observed, no instance of any attempt on the part of other peers to vote, has taken place for a long series of years. Thus the appellate jurisdiction of the House has been confided to a small and fluctuating committee, on whom attend-

ance at the hearing of causes is not compulsory; and although hitherto, as we verily believe to be the case, the judgments have been such as to give general satisfaction, there is no security for the continuance of a sufficiently qualified number of adequate Judges. We think that some other arrangement for establishing and securing a permanent tribunal of appeals should be adopted; but we demur greatly to the plan now proposed of creating life peerages for the purpose of keeping the jurisdiction within the House of Lords. Very wisely, we think, has it been provided that Judges shall not be eligible to sit in the House of Commons. Their functions being of the utmost importance to the wellbeing and safety of the community, it is above all things desirable that they should not be allowed to mingle actively in that strife of parties, which must, to a certain extent, in very many cases, warp the judgment, or at least give a strong political bias. The judicial atmosphere ought to be not only pure but calm, for so constituted are the human frame and mind, that excitement of any kind is apt to disturb the equilibrium of the judgment, and often suggests hasty views, which will not bear the test of severe and dispassionate investigation. Neither should the attention of a Judge be too much directed to objects alien to his function. Undoubtedly there are minds so active and capacious that they rebel against any restriction of their powers, and go beyond their proper sphere, led away by a craving for intellectual exercise, or under the influence of overpowering ambition. But these constitute the exception, not the rule; and we humbly venture to think that the best judges are to be found among the men who deviate least from the tenor of their way, and who do not devote themselves ardently to other occupations or pursuits. Therefore we have great doubts as to the propriety of the system which would necessarily, to some extent, expose the judge to the influences of the politician, or, at any rate, distract his attention from what is or ought to be the main object and purpose of his life. Besides this, it is not convenient or decorous that

there should be anywhere an unpaid tribunal upon which such serious responsibilities devolve. Judges receive salaries in order that they may be compelled to do their work, and overcome that tendency towards indolence from which very few of the human race are altogether free. The salaried Judge must act : he must attend to every case which is brought before him, unless he can allege occasional failure of health, or unless he declines on account of interest or affinity. But a voluntary and unpaid Judge may absent himself at pleasure, and without responsibility—a very serious matter to suitors, and, as we think, inconsistent with the proper administration of justice. For many reasons, therefore, it appears to us that the time has arrived when the supreme appeal court of the realm should be placed upon a footing different from that which has hitherto existed, and that it should be so remodelled as to give it a permanent and responsible character. We have already observed that, as regards the great body of the Peers, their appellate jurisdiction and power is merely a name ; and surely it is not worth retaining the shadow when the substance has passed away. There are evidently many deficiencies in the present system. The bulk of appeals are from the Scottish courts ; and as the Scotch law differs materially from that of England, being based altogether upon a separate foundation, it is important that at least one Judge, intimately acquainted with the system, and trained to its technicalities, should be a member of the court of last resort. Looking to the present state of the Scottish bar and bench, we must confess that we entertain grave doubts whether any competent lawyer could be found to undertake such a duty for the unsubstantial reward of a life peerage ; and we apprehend that no satisfactory or thoroughly efficient arrangement for the determination of appeals from the courts of England, Scotland, and Ireland can be effected, unless based upon the principle of delegating the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Peers to a court, holding its sittings in London, comprising the highest legal talent which can be drawn

from the three kingdoms, but not necessarily, in so far as its members are concerned, directly connected with the peerage. Of course, the Judges in such a court of appeal should be, like all other Judges, the paid servants of the State ; and we are confident that such a measure, the details of which would be matter of grave consideration, could not fail to be acceptable, and must prove highly beneficial to the country at large. Indeed, it is manifest that some such alteration of the law is now peremptorily required ; as it is upon the inconvenience and insecurity of the working of the present system of appellate jurisdiction, as vested nominally in the whole body of the House of Peers, that the main arguments in favour of what we must consider as a dangerous attempt to destroy the hereditary constitution of the Upper House have been founded.

These observations of ours have not been made at random. We know that many of the highest and best legal authorities of our time have regarded the uncertain state of the constitution of the last court of appeal with considerable misgivings as to the future, and that they have entertained a deep anxiety as to the possible result, if no definite arrangement should be made. The establishment of a responsible tribunal, such as we have hinted at, would, in any case, have deprived the inventors and advocates of the creation of life-peerages of their only plausible plea ; because, as we have already remarked, none of them have ventured to express their unqualified approval of the institution of life-peers, as giving new blood to the Legislature—they merely take their stand upon the judicial advantages which might result from the new method of creation. But if the same advantages, or, as it appears to us, advantages much more important and even precious to the public interest, could be derived from the institution of a new court, framed in accordance and consonance with the legal practice of the realm, and calculated to give universal satisfaction and security, we apprehend that the House of Lords would lose nothing if it renounced

what, to the great bulk of its members, is a pure fiction of authority. The pretext—for it is nothing more—for the introduction of life-peerages, has been rested upon a very narrow ground; namely, the necessity of providing for the adequate discharge of the appellate jurisdiction of the House. By consent of Queen, Lords, and Commons, to the erection of an independent and responsible tribunal of appeal, of which the Law Lords of Parliament might be members, the difficulty could be obviated at once; and then—if it should still be proposed to make a radical change in the constitution of the Upper House—the question may be argued upon broad and general grounds. If in any quarter—we care not how high it be—it is deemed advisable, or expedient, or creditable, or conducive to the maintenance of the present constitution of the realm, that life-peerages should hereafter be copiously introduced, let the subject be ventilated and discussed with all imaginable freedom and latitude. But this back-blow—this poor attempt, as we must needs think it to be, of endeavouring to gain a precedent and an example by insidious means, without the co-operation of Parliament—strikes us as peculiarly shabby; and is anything but wise, inasmuch as it indicates a desire to push the prerogative of the Crown beyond the point which has been held as constitutional since the union of the three kingdoms. In a matter such as this is, we need hardly repeat the words of Lord Lyndhurst, that we do not speak of the Sovereign personally, but of the advisers of the Sovereign.

All that we have hitherto said relates to the *expediency* of creating life-peerages for the purpose of supplying possible deficiencies in the number of Law Lords who now exercise the whole appellate jurisdiction of the House of Peers. But the greater question is behind; and although we approach the subject with considerable diffidence, we are constrained to express our opinion that, in the case of Lord Wensleydale, the prerogative of the Crown has been stretched beyond its proper limit. We do not mean as to the title. The Crown is the fountain of honour; and there seems

to be little doubt that the Crown may create titles at pleasure, without any violation of the constitution. The old orders of Thanes and Vavasors may be resuscitated, or new orders of knighthood, with extraordinary rank of precedence, may be formed. All that, and even more than that, lies within the power of the Sovereign. But the institution of a new estate, or a new order, or a new tenure of nobility, which shall have the effect of augmenting or decreasing the power of either of the two other recognised and established estates of the realm, the Lords or the Commons, is an assumption or exercise of power beyond the prerogative of the Crown; and we, who certainly do not lean to the side of democracy, must oppose any such innovation, as strongly and strenuously as we would do were the true privileges of the Crown assailed. We deny not the right of the Queen to bestow honours and titles, and to give rank and precedence; but the case is very different when we find the Queen—or, to speak more accurately and properly, the Queen's advisers—attempting to alter the recognised hereditary character of one of the legislative chambers.

Let us then consider what is the constitution of the House of Lords. Diligent search has been made for precedents to show that, at an early period of English history, the Crown was in the use of granting peerages for life only; and we are bound to allow that sufficient evidence has been brought to establish the fact that, in the reign of Richard II., at least one peerage of that nature was created. But those who will take the trouble to peruse the elaborate reports upon the dignity of the Peerage, issued in 1820, 1822, and 1825, will find that in those early times the Crown assumed and exercised most arbitrary powers. Peers were summoned or not summoned to Parliament according to the will of the sovereign, and the right to exclude from Parliament a peer who had once taken his seat, was exercised by the Crown in repeated instances. If precedents drawn from the early history of England are to be accepted as rules for interpreting the existing measure of the prerogative of the

Crown, we must necessarily conclude that the Crown has the power, without trial or forfeiture, to suspend or take away the privileges of any peer, and that this can be done simply by withholding a writ at the time when Parliament is summoned. We doubt greatly whether even the strongest stickler for prerogative would maintain that such a course would be justifiable at the present day. But in truth we set very little value upon such precedents, beyond what attaches to them as mere antiquarian inquiries; and for this reason, that the ancient usage of England in regard to peerages is of no value in determining the rights, privileges, or position of members of the present House of Lords. It seems to be forgotten that there is now no English House, nor are there any Peers of England. The unions with Scotland and Ireland entirely altered the character of the existing Peerage. To borrow the language of the Third Report upon the Dignity;—

“When the union of England and Scotland was accomplished in the reign of Queen Anne, all the adult peers of the realm of England were entitled to writs of summons in the characters of temporal Lords of the Parliament of England, as that Parliament was then constituted; *but there are now no longer any peers of the realm of England.* By the union with Scotland, England as well as Scotland ceased to be distinct realms; and all the peers of the realm of England, and all the peers of the realm of Scotland, became, by the terms of the Treaty of Union, *peers of the new kingdom of Great Britain.*”

In like manner the union of Great Britain and Ireland produced a change in the character of the Peerage:—

“All the peers of Ireland, and all the Peers of Great Britain, and all the peers of the United Kingdom since created, form, in some degree, the second estate of the realm of the United Kingdom, qualified by the power given to the peers of Ireland to divest themselves of their privileges as such, under certain circumstances; but twenty-eight only of the peers of Ireland are Lords of Parliament, being elected to represent the rest of the peers of Ireland in Parliament, and their election being for life. A power is also reserved to the Crown to create new peers of Ireland, under

certain circumstances; and the peers so created become also part of the whole body of peers of the United Kingdom, though not by their creation Lords of Parliament, and though, by the terms of their creation, made peers of Ireland only.

“It seems manifest, therefore, that not only the peers of the realm of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at the present day, but all the members of the legislative assemblies of the United Kingdom, both as bodies, and as individual members of different bodies, and in their several different and respective rights and capacities, bear little resemblance to any of the members of the legislative assemblies of the realm of England from the Conquest, before and to the reign of John; and the peers of the realm of the United Kingdom, both as a body and individually, are very different from the peers of the realm of England, before the Union of England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, and especially as many of them are not Lords of Parliament; and such of them as are elected to represent the peers of Scotland, and such of them as are elected to represent the peers of Ireland, are Lords of Parliament by election, and not by virtue of their respective dignities, though the possession of those dignities is a necessary qualification to warrant their election.”—*Third Report on the Dignity of the Peerage*, pp. 34, 35.

It is manifest, therefore, that such a question as this, affecting the status and privileges of the Peerage of the United Kingdom, cannot be settled by reference to early English precedents. There is no longer an English peerage, neither is there an English Sovereign. The Acts of Union have quite altered the character of the Peerage, for they have established a clear and intelligible distinction between Peers of the United Kingdom and Lords of Parliament. The mere possession of the dignity by no means implies the right to sit in the House of Lords. With the exception of sixteen who are elected to serve in each Parliament, the whole body of what were the peers of Scotland, but who now are peers of the United Kingdom, are excluded from the House of Lords, unless qualified to sit in virtue of a new patent; and that portion of the Peerage of the United Kingdom whose ancestors

were peers of Ireland, are represented in Parliament by twenty-eight of their number. It is important that this distinction should be borne in mind; the more especially because, by a loose and inaccurate mode of expression, many people are led to think that the descendants of the old Scottish and Irish peers are not peers of the United Kingdom. Yet such unquestionably is their character; but though peers of the United Kingdom, they are not necessarily members of the House of Lords.

If, therefore, precedent is to be regarded as affording any rule for ascertaining the extent of the Sovereign's prerogative, it humbly appears to us that no instance from the history of England previous to the unions with Scotland and Ireland, can be accepted as satisfactory. The laws of England, as a province or component part of the realm, may have remained intact: but the character of the Peerage was entirely altered. The question is not now, What were the powers or extent of the prerogative of the monarchs of England? It is simply this, What are the powers, and what is the prerogative of the Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? For otherwise, be it observed, the search for precedents must be extended both to Scotland and Ireland, and we apprehend that investigation so directed might lead to some curious results. We know that King James, who succeeded to the throne of England, had such an exalted notion of his prerogative, that in his progress southward he actually tried in person, and condemned to death, an unfortunate footpad, who in all probability would have received a milder sentence from a less august tribunal. As to creations of the peerage in Scotland, take the case of the Barony of Rutherford. That peerage was created by Charles II., in 1661; a much more recent authority than Richard II.; and the destination was to Andrew Rutherford, and the heirs male of his body, "quibus deficientibus, quaecumque aliam personam seu personas quas sibi quoad vixerit, quinetiam in articulo mortis, ad ei succedendum, ac fore ejus hæredes talliæ et provisionis

in eadem dignitate, nominare et designare placuerit, secundum nominationem et designationem manu ejus subscribendam, subque provisionibus restrictionibus et conditionibus a dicto Andrea, pro ejus arbitrio, in dicta designatione experimendis." In short, if the first Lord Rutherford had no heirs male, he was entitled by this patent to assign the dignity, even on death-bed, to any person whom he might choose to name; and there was nothing to prevent him, if so disposed, from having nominated his footman to succeed him in the peerage! Here is a precedent to which we respectfully request the attention of those who are bent upon asserting the unlimited nature of the royal prerogative; and we should like to know whether they are prepared to maintain that such a patent, if granted now, would be regarded as constitutional, and would be held sufficient to entitle *the assignee*, not the heir, of the originally created peer to sit in the House of Lords? Certainly we are entitled to demand, if this case of Lord Wensleydale is to be decided upon precedents, a distinct answer to the foregoing question. For, as we have already shown we trust distinctly, and we know incontrovertibly—the interest now at stake concerns not the Peerage of England, which has long since ceased to exist, but the interest of the Peerage of the United Kingdom; and therefore precedents drawn from the history of England can have no more weight than precedents drawn from the histories or records of Scotland or of Ireland.

We think that no weight whatever is to be given to such precedents. No sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has, till now, attempted to alter the hereditary character of the Peerage. This is the very first instance of a peerage for life granted in the monarchy under which we live, and it cannot be considered otherwise than as an innovation. We use that term in its most innocuous sense; not meaning thereby to challenge the right of the Crown to confer a new description of dignity, but simply marking the fact that the dignity, as granted, is new. But the creation of such a dignity by no means

carries with it the right to a seat in the House of Lords. As we have already shown, many of the Peers of the United Kingdom, all of whom are hereditary, are expressly excluded from that House, not by will of the Sovereign alone, but by express statute, bearing the authority of the Three Estates of the realm. If there be any meaning whatever in the phrase that this is a "limited monarchy," it must be held to signify that the Crown cannot, *ex proprio motu*, interfere with the constitution of the other two Estates. It cannot, we know well, interfere arbitrarily with the constitution of the House of Commons; but is it not an interference with the constitution of the House of Lords, when we find a new kind of peerage created, for the purpose of giving the party so created a voice in the Legislature? Is that not directly contrary to constitutional usage to the "*lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*," which has been justly held as the great bulwark of our national freedom? On this point we invite consideration; and the more deeply it is considered, the stronger, we are assured, will be the conviction that the present attempt, if successful, would be highly dangerous to the liberties of the country.

All must agree with us that it is of the most vital importance that the independence of the two national chambers should be maintained. The House of Commons cannot be otherwise than independent, because it is strictly electoral. All proposals which have hitherto been made to place a certain number of seats at the disposal of ministers, or rather to allow ministers to sit and vote without representing a constituency, have been scouted; and although very plausible arguments have from time to time been advanced to prove the expediency of such an arrangement, these have failed to convince the people of this country that it would be safe to depart, in any case, from the electoral system of return. The House of Peers hitherto has been independent, because, though the Crown has the right of creating new peers, that right has only been exercised according to the existing and understood conditions;

and the hereditary constitution of the House renders it impossible to suppose that any undue or exorbitant exercise of the power of the Crown, in creating new peers, can permanently affect its independence. It by no means follows that the successor of the original peer is to be swayed by the same motives which affected his father, or that he will tread implicitly in his footsteps; and therefore, even in times of great excitement, the power of creation has been exercised within limits by the advisers of the Crown. Lord Brougham, who, in the days of the Reform Bill, was not very scrupulous, intended, as he tells us himself, to advise his sovereign, William IV., to exercise his prerogative to an extent which never had been attempted before, and which, we devoutly trust, will never be attempted again. He says, "When I went to Windsor with Lord Grey, I had a list of eighty creations, framed upon the principle of making the least possible permanent addition to our House, and to the aristocracy, by calling up peers' eldest sons—by choosing men without families—by taking Scotch and Irish peers." It is of no avail now to revert to the past, or to enter into any discussion whether or not the proposed measure was justifiable; more especially as Lord Brougham adds, "But such was my deep sense of the dreadful consequences of the act, that I much question whether I should not have preferred running the risk of confusion that attended the loss of the bill as it then stood." Under the present hereditary system, there is little danger that the House of Peers will lose its independent character; nor could it be so affected, even for a short period, save by some such exorbitant exercise of the power of the Crown, by creating simultaneously an undue and unconstitutional number of peers. But the case would be widely different if life-peerages were to be allowed, and recognised as conferring a right to sit in the House of Lords. Peerages in the ordinary course of succession become rapidly extinct. In 1707, when the Union Roll of Scotland was made up, the number of the Peerage amounted to 154; and since then six,

having proved their claims, have been added, thus swelling the number to 160. At present there are only 82 members of that Peerage; showing a diminution of nearly *one-half* in the course of 150 years. If, then, the lapse of hereditary peerages is to be supplied—as no doubt it will be supplied, should the claim of Lord Wensleydale to take his seat in the House of Peers be allowed—by peers created for life only, who can fail to see that, in the course of time, the independence of the Upper House must be entirely extinguished? In the natural course of events, that Chamber must become an appanage of the Crown, very much indeed in the condition of the old English Chamber of Peers, when the Crown exercised its discretion in issuing or withholding writs of summons to Parliament. Therein, we conclude, lies the real danger. We speak of “the constitution of the country,” and men regard the term as vague because so much is implied. But it is different when we consider separately the constitution of each branch of the Legislature. Then we are dealing, not with generalities, but with facts; and we appeal, not only to the antiquarian and the genealogist, but to the understanding of all educated men, whether, until now, they ever conceived the possibility of a non-hereditary House of Lords? Surely, in 1832, when a design for swamping that House was seriously entertained, the legality of creating peerages for life must have occurred to some of the men of acute and daring intellect who were willing to peril so much for the success of their favourite measure, and yet no proposal of the kind was put forward. It is in the “ennoblement of the blood” which, once bestowed, the sovereign cannot recall, that the essential privilege and pre-eminence of the Peerage lies. Take that away, and the whole character of the dignity is altered.

Some kind of argument has been attempted to be drawn in favour of life-peerages, from the patent fact that bishops have seats in the House of Lords. To that we answer that the “Spiritual Lords,” as they are termed, sit there partly by consuetude, and partly by statute; and Blackstone thus explains the reason of their sit-

ting: “These (*i.e.* the Spiritual Lords) “hold, or are supposed to hold, certain ancient baronies under the Queen: for William the Conqueror thought proper to change the spiritual tenure of frankalmoign, or free alms, under which the bishops held their lands during the Saxon government, into the feudal or Norman tenure by barony, which subjected their estates to all civil charges and assessments, from which they were before exempt; and in right of succession to those baronies which were unalienable from their respective dignities, the bishops and abbots were allowed their seats in the House of Lords.” And let it be specially remarked, that the Crown has no power to call a newly-created bishop, in virtue of his bishopric, to sit in the House of Lords. This is distinctly asserted by the statute 10 and 11 Vict. cap. 108, which provides that the number of English Lords Spiritual shall not be increased by the creation of any new bishopric. So here is a precedent, if precedents are to be sought for, limiting the power of the Crown as to new dignities, and debarring it from interfering with the constituted rights of another estate of the realm.

In the course of this discussion upon a subject not only interesting, but of the highest importance, we have studiously avoided mixing up the question of the right of the Crown to confer titles of honour at pleasure, with that of the exercise of the prerogative to create, contrary to consuetude, a new kind of nobility to sit in the House of Lords. They are indeed totally separate questions, and must so be considered in order to arrive at a proper understanding of the point at issue. We submit that this much is clear and evident:—1st, That the right of sitting in the House of Lords is not the necessary consequence of the possession of a British peerage; 2d, That, with the exception of the Bishops or Lords Spiritual, who sit in the character of holders of ancient baronies under the Queen, all the members of the House of Lords are hereditary peers; 3d, That since the union of England and Scotland, which merged the two ancient kingdoms into one monarchy under the name of Great Britain, and made all

the existing peers, without any exception, peers of Great Britain, there has been no instance of any attempt on the part of the Crown to create peerages without remainder; 4th, That the same observation applies to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which was established by the Act of Union with Ireland, and which made all existing peers, peers of the United Kingdom.

The present is the first instance in which a title of nobility, without remainder, has been conferred by patent, and the mere title, as a personal honour, may be unimpeachable. But it is a very different thing when it is attempted to give the holder of that title a seat in the House of Lords, which, we humbly venture to think, is beyond the power of the Crown, because it is contrary to the acknowledged constitution and hereditary character of the House of Lords. That there must be some limit to the exercise of the prerogative is certain; and we shall put a case for the solution of those who take the opposite view. It is this: Would the Crown be entitled to issue a writ of summons to any peer of the United Kingdom, who is such in virtue of his representing an old Scottish or Irish peerage; and would such peer be entitled, in respect of that writ, to take his seat in the House of Lords? We apprehend that there can be but one answer to that. Such an attempt would be directly contrary to and in violation of the terms of the Acts of Union. No man surely will maintain that Queen Anne could have evaded the express conditions of the Treaty of Union, by creating all the former peers of Scotland who became peers of Great Britain (with the exception of the sixteen representatives), peers for life, without remainder, and so have effected an absolute revolution in the character of the then existing

House of Lords. It was not until the year 1782, seventy years after the Union, that a writ of summons was allowed to be issued to Douglas Duke of Hamilton, in the character of Duke of Brandon, a dignity which had been given to his ancestor in 1711. Previous to that decision, it seems to have been maintained that no subsequent patent to a peer, who originally was a peer of Scotland, could entitle him to a writ of summons to sit in the House of Lords; and the point was twice adjudicated upon in the House of Lords: first in the case of the Duke of Hamilton, already mentioned; and, secondly, in that of the Duke of Queensberry, who, 1719, asserted his right to a writ of summons in his character of Duke of Dover. In both instances the decision was hostile to the claim; but the point was finally set at rest by the admission of the Duke of Hamilton to sit as Duke of Brandon under that patent.

If the Crown can now create a peer for life, so as to entitle him to a seat in Parliament, it must necessarily have possessed that power 150 years ago; and, if so, every one of the Scottish peers might have been called to the Upper House by the simple expedient of giving them new patents for life. Such an attempt would undoubtedly have been considered illegal, unconstitutional, and utterly subversive of the Union; and yet we cannot see wherein such an attempt would have differed in principle from that which is now made to introduce Lord Wensleydale to the House of Lords. It is only by the consent of Queen, Lords, and Commons, that the fundamental character of any of the three great Estates of the realm can be altered; and the attempt to destroy or impair the independence of one of them is ominous for the stability of the others.

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THE LAWS CONCERNING WOMEN.

THE injuries of women have long been a standing subject of complaint and animadversion. Woman's rights will never grow into a popular agitation, yet woman's wrongs are always picturesque and attractive. They are indeed so good to make novels and poems about, so telling as illustrations of patience and gentleness, that we fear any real redress of grievances would do more harm to the literary world than it would do good to the feminine. We speak with a very serious and well-meaning pamphlet* on the subject before us—no impassioned statement of personal wrongs, but a quiet summary of real laws and positive (apparent) injustices. We have no desire, for our own part, to throw ridicule upon any temperate and well-considered movement of real social amelioration; but words and terms are unchancy things to deal with, and half the quarrels in the world come from different interpretations put by different people on the same phraseology. These laws which concern women do not seem at the first glance either just or complimentary. At the first glance, it is reasonable to suppose that the masculine law-maker has made use of his advantages for the enslavement of

his feebler companion. Mrs Brown-
ing's

"Women sobbing out of sight,
Because men made the laws,"

appears, in fact, a real condition, when we glance at the surface and outside of the question; and we are disposed, in immediate indignation, to break a lance upon the grand abstract tyrant, Man, who keeps this princess in a perpetual dungeon. Yet let us pause a moment. The law may be unnecessarily particular; but are its opponents upon just ground?

We have small faith, for our own part, in what is called class legislation, and smallest faith of all in that species of class legislation which could make the man an intentional and voluntary oppressor of the woman. This idea, that the two portions of humankind are natural antagonists to each other, is, to our thinking, at the very outset, a monstrous and unnatural idea. The very man who made the laws which send "women sobbing out of sight," had not only a wife, whom we may charitably suppose he was glad of a legal argument for tyrannising over, but doubtless such things as sisters and daughters, whom he could have no desire to subject to the tyranny

* *A Brief Summary, in Plain Language, of the most Important Laws concerning Women, together with a Few Observations thereon.* Chapman, London.

of other men. There is no man in existence so utterly separated from one-half of his fellow-creatures as to be able to legislate against them in the interests of his own sex. No official character whatever can make so absurd and artificial a distinction. Let us vindicate, in the first instance, the law and the law-maker. It is possible that the poor may legislate against the rich, or the rich against the poor, but to make such an antagonism between men and women is against all reason and all nature.

This is the first grand mistake of a movement which certainly has the appearance of justice on its side. The laws which govern human intercourse are for the most part only fixed and arbitrary demonstrations of natural rights and necessities; and it is taking altogether false ground to interpret them by motives of petty jealousy, such as a particular man might entertain towards his wife, but which men in general never have entertained, nor can entertain, towards the abstract Woman. This is the very vanity of reasoning—fallacious and untrustworthy in its first beginning.

If this antagonism is not true of man and woman in the abstract, how much less true is it of the particular relationship of man and wife. It is no fallacy of the law to say that these two are one person; it is a mere truism of nature. Let us grant that in most cases they have their differences; that they do a little private fighting quietly under their own roof on various domestic occasions; that Elysian harmony and content is by no means a prevailing atmosphere even in the happiest households—yet our proposition remains unaltered. Marrying is like dying—as distinct, as irrevocable, as complete. In moments of excitement, in the flush of injury, real or supposed, or under the intolerable sting of injustice, we may chafe and strain at the chain that binds us; but sober thought and cooler temper say what the law says, with a deep and silent emphasis stronger than the law. The “marriage of true minds” may be as rare as it is lofty and fortunate. The marriage of interests, hopes, and

purposes is universal. The more independent husband and wife are of each other, the less sure is the basis of society. We desire no injustice to women; we are reluctant even to shut out from hope of redress those desperate exceptional cases which occur now and then to prove barbarism and injustice in every law; but no considerate and unbiassed mind can omit to perceive that legislation for the exceptional cases, if it were possible, would be at once foolish and wrong. It is true that most of us have outgrown the utilitarian principle which held “the greatest happiness of the greatest number” for the chief article of its system; but it is impossible to outgrow those general principles of nature of which the law is but a distinct and authoritative exposition. Nor can we accept individual hardship in a dozen or in a hundred cases as sufficient motive for the alteration of a rule which regulates the fate of millions, which is no invented tyranny, but which, to a plain and visible arrangement of nature, pronounces its emphatic Amen!

For all the laws complained of as affecting women concern themselves with women *married*; women unmarried are under no humiliations of legal bondage. It is the *wife*, and not the *woman*, whose separate existence the law denies. This is a fiction in one sense, but not in another; in one point of view, a visible piece of nonsense; in another, an infallible truth. It is hard to enter upon this subject without falling into the authoritative hardness of legal phraseology, or the sweet jargon of poetic nonsense, on one side or the other. “The wife loses her rights as a single woman, and her existence is entirely absorbed in that of her husband,” says this *Brief Summary in Plain Language* of the formal law. “His house she enters,” says the poet,

“A guardian angel o’er his life presiding,

Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.”

The one utterance is somewhat humiliating, the other unquestionably pretty; and both fail of the truth. Lawyer and Poet alike survey the surface and external aspect of the

question—common experience pronounces a fuller verdict. This question, of all others, is a question which cannot be decided by individual cases—and we are all perfectly aware that, as a general principle, the wife is the husband quite as much as the husband is the wife. In truth and in nature—with the reality of sober fact and without romancing—these two people set their hands to it, that they are no longer two people, but one person. And let us not suppose that, in considering any social question, we have to consider principally a succession of sensitive and high-spirited individual temperaments or states of exalted feeling. No law can suffice to baulk of their natural portion of misery those susceptible personages who are alive to every touch of possible offence. The broad general principle crushes over them, regardless of their outliers. Common law and rule take no cognisance of feelings excited and heretical. We grant it is sometimes unjust to judge the chance Edwin and Angelina, as it is right to judge the Johns and the Marys of ordinary existence; but how much more unjust to fit our regulations to the chance case instead of to the ordinary! We can come to no true and safe conclusion upon a matter so delicate and personal as this, without carefully discriminating between the common and the uncommon. No law of human origin can reach every possible development of human temper and organisation; injured wives and unhappy husbands are accidents incurable by law; and it would be almost as wise to legislate for the race, on the supposition that every member of it had a broken leg, as on the more injurious hypothesis that tyranny, oppression, and injustice, rankled within the heart of every home.

Let us not enter upon the tender question of mental inferiority. Every individual woman, we presume, is perfectly easy on her own account that she at least is not remarkably behind her masculine companions, and so long as this is the case, we need fear no grand duel between the two halves of creation. But every man and every woman knows, with

the most absolute certainty, that a household divided against itself cannot stand. It is the very first principle of domestic existence. In all this great world, with all its myriads of creatures, it is vain to think of forming a single home unless it is built upon this foundation. One interest and one fortune is an indispensable necessity. The constitution of the household is more entirely representative than even that glorious constitution of which we all have heard so much, and which keeps our ship of state afloat. The man is the natural representative of his wife in one set of duties—the wife is the natural representative of the husband in another; and if any one will tell us that the nursery is less important than the Exchange, or that it is a more dignified business to vote for a county member than to regulate a Christian household, we will grant that the woman has an inferior range of duty. Otherwise, there is a perfect balance between the two members of this one person. In this view—and we defy the most visionary champion of abstract female rights to disprove that this is the ordinary rule of common society—it is a mere trick of words to say that the woman loses her existence, and is absorbed in her husband. Were it so in reality—and were it indeed true “that the poor rivulet loseth her name, is carried and recarried with her new associate, beareth no sway, possesseth nothing”—then would the question of female inferiority be fairly proved and settled once for all. Mighty indeed must be the Titanic current of that soul which could receive one whole human being, full of thoughts, affections, and emotions, into its tide, and yet remain uncoloured and unchanged. There is no such monster of a man, and no such nonentity of a woman, in ordinary life. Which of us does not carry our wife's thoughts in our brain, and our wife's likings in our heart, with the most innocent unconsciousness that they are not our own original property? And how vain is the reasoning which goes upon any other premises. In fact, this agitation is only defensible when it deals with matter of practice; it has no principle to carry in

its front—for the only true rule of Marriage remains unimpugnable; and if it is either a legal or a poetic fiction to call man and wife one person, then all sacredness, purity, and noble sentiment, departs from the bond between them.

It may be said that this sacred and entire union is not to be made by law: True; yet undoubtedly these very restrictions, harsh and arbitrary, which "absorb the existence" of the wife in that of the husband, help towards this consummation. Let us not mistake. The law has nothing to do with that union of souls and sympathies of which lovers dream; but it has to do with the common security, the peace of families, the safe foundation of the social world. Rash enough at all times are the young entrants into this irrevocable bond; painful enough often is the breaking-in of two impetuous and impatient spirits to the common yoke of life; and love itself is irritable and headstrong—the greatest mischief-maker in the world. Before the threshold of this uncertain house stands the law, barring all exit. For the interests of society, and for the comfort of the commonwealth, this authoritative voice says it is impossible. The nomadic principle has already too much sway over our social arrangements: here it cannot enter. The business of a righteous and rational law is not to provide facilities for escaping, but to rivet and enforce the claims of that relationship upon which all society is founded. It is not possible to permit those who have once been man and wife to go forth to the world separate units, uninjured by the failure of so vital an experiment. All purity, all certainty, all the sober and steadfast continuance which is the heart and strength of a nation, are perilled by such a possibility. The law compels no one, either man or woman, to enter into this perilous estate of marriage; but, being once within it, it is the law's first duty to hedge this important territory round with its strongest and highest barriers. The justice which means an equal division of rights has no place between those two persons whom natural policy as well as Divine institution teach us to consider as one. It seems

a harsh saying, but it is a true one—Justice cannot be done between them; their rights are not to be divided; they are beyond the reach of all ordinary principles of equity. In the event of a disjunction between the father and the mother, the wife and the husband, you must choose which of them you shall be just to; for it is impossible to do justice to both.

For it is not the question of the wife's earnings or the wife's property which lies nearest the heart of this controversy; there are the children living witnesses of the undividedness of the parents. You give their custody to the husband. It is a grievous and sore injustice to the mother who bore them. But let us alter the case. Let the wife have the little ones, and how does the question stand? The ground is changed, but the principle is the same. Still injustice, hard, unnatural, and pitiless; still wrong, grievous and inexcusable. The native right of father and of mother is as equal as it is inseparable, and we see no mode of deciding between them, save that expedient of King Solomon's, which it would be hard to put in practice. The law is unjust in this particular. What else can the law be? True, it might choose the wife, the weaker of the two, as the object of its favour, but that would not be less unjust; and while we are totally at a loss to comprehend how a husband could separate his children from their mother, it is quite as difficult, by all the principles of natural justice, to understand how these same children could be taken from their father by means of the wife. Where is the justice—which is the arrangement of equity? If we admit the principle of selecting one of the parties for special consideration, there is no more to be said upon the subject, for the husband's rights are quite as valid as those of the wife; but abstract justice in this matter, which is the most important of all, is a clear impossibility.

And this consideration seems to us potent enough to swallow up a thousand lesser grievances. Of what importance are the inferior laws which straiten the hands of a married woman, and restrain her from independent action, when this one

unalterable law of nature stands at the root of all? The law can give back to the disappointed wife her *châtels real*, because the law took them from her. The law can secure to the separated woman an unquestionable right to her own earnings; but the law cannot secure to her her children. Nature has not made her their sole possessor. God has not given to the mother a special and peculiar claim. It is hard, but it is true. The law might confer upon her the right to bereave her husband of this dearest possession, as it now gives him the right to bereave her; but the law can only, by so doing, favour one unfair claim to the disadvantage of another; for in this matter right and justice are impossible.

Women, as popular opinion goes, are more patient by nature, more capable of quiet endurance and passive fortitude, than men. It may be so; but women are not patient of injustice. This is, indeed, of all trials the most intolerable to a nature sensitive and delicate; and we are glad to suppose that it is the fancied sting of wrong rather than any inherent weakness which makes the number of complaining wives so much larger than that of complaining husbands; for the general mass of women are, we are sorry to say, as actual demonstration proves, no more angelical than their ruder companions; and bad wives are probably very near as common as bad husbands, though the man makes so much less noise about it. This being the case, it seems to us the best policy of all to show the inadequacy of that merely human and limited instrument, the law, to settle those delicate questions which most particularly concern women. For our own part, the idea of a woman marrying, as we are told "she may, if she please, marry," in France, "*under the régime de séparation de corps et de biens*," seems the most miserable and revolting of bargains—a hundred times more humiliating to woman-kind than such "loss of personal existence" as is undergone by a common English wife; and we do not suppose the women of this empire are at all disposed to embrace such an expedient for their own enfranchisement. What can the law do? It can give a woman a right to her own

property. So far well. It cannot give a woman a right to her own children, by far her dearest and most precious possession; for the laws of natural justice are a thousand times more absolute than the laws of man. What is to be done under these circumstances? Are we to claim from our legislators that they should take an unjust power from the husband to give it to the wife; or must we come to the conclusion, that God, who thus makes it impossible to do justice to both, settles thereby, with an absolute certainty far more emphatic than any human legislation, the undividable interests of these two whom man cannot put asunder? This seems to us the true turning-point of the whole question; and it is one which cannot be settled by any compromise. These children—this child—which is the father's share, and which the mother's? Who can divide them? For our own part, we can perceive no equitable arrangement, no possibility of justice; and until this delicate point is settled, there is little effectual ground for legislation, so far as we can perceive, in the laws which concern women. If a woman *must*, by all the inevitable rules of nature, marry, when she marries, for life and death, then the defences of the law are of little use and small importance, since it is alike her duty and her advantage to identify herself entirely with her husband. If this is not an absolute necessity—if the will or wish of either party can put these two asunder—then any legislation on the subject must be sharp and trenchant, dividing all those subtle bonds with one keen unwavering blow. And in that case, the children—poor little hapless waifs, astray and shelterless!—should be the children of the State. It is unjust that the husband should take them from the wife; unjust that the wife should secure them from the husband. This great cold law, if it does anything in the matter, must step in arbitrarily with its impartial and even-handed supremacy: either both must retain or both must relinquish the rights of nature. We see no other expedient in the case. Hitherto it has been the policy of the law to make the separation of married persons as near

an impossibility as law could make it. If it is necessary to change these principles of action—if progress and civilisation, the power of women to labour for themselves, and the safety and certain protection which an improved state of society confers upon them, make it needful to loose the absolute fixedness of this one special bond, let it be done as absolutely. For the law has no howels of compassion, and no capacity for considering the heartbreak of individual agony. Let the man and the woman part as they met, solitary and single persons; let the unhappy children, fatherless and motherless, become the children of the State. This is *justice*. Let whoso will, seek for this barren and miserable conclusion; but let no impassioned woman, no man indignant and chivalric, fall ignorantly, in a blind and generous fervour, upon this stern alternative. Look at it—this is *justice*; otherwise, on either side there can be nothing but wrong.

It may be asked, with reason enough, however, why these restrictions are so entirely laid upon woman—why, in every branch of the subject, it is the woman who goes to the wall—and why the harsh regulations of the law are always against her, and never in her favour? Perhaps this very fact is the best demonstration possible of the entire and conscious inadequacy of the law to deal with this matter. The man and the woman alike give up their natural rights and independence when they marry, and the law can only recognise the public representative, the acknowledged head of the house. Everything is his—his own earnings—*her* earnings—the property of both. Happy husband! unfortunate wife! Yet, in spite of this extraordinary platform of superiority, let us ask how the actual matter stands. Can the law protect the honest husband's income from the extravagances of the wasteful wife? Can the man, into whose existence his wife is absorbed, prevent that wife, if she be so minded, from bringing him to ruin? No. The laws are all in his favour—he is intrenched and built about with legislation, yet is as completely at the mercy of a bad wife as a woman is at that of a bad hus-

band. Bad husbands and bad wives will be in this world, we are afraid, so long as evil people are in the human race; but the remedies do not lie in the hands of the legislature. The fate of those ill-advised friends who mediate between married people is proverbial; and the law, when it takes up the same rôle, will meet no better fate. For this reserved and separated territory is beyond the reach of law-making; and the only true business of legislation in reality seems to be, either to prevent any one overleaping the barriers, or to make one distinct, bold, terrible road, by which those who cannot endure may, at peril of their lives, escape.

And this can only be done, so far as our judgment goes, by holding these two individuals strictly and solely as two, and putting out of question altogether the children, who cannot be divided. Let the State, a cold but not forsaking parent, take up into its own sole keeping the innocent third party in the domestic quarrel, and then let the husband and wife, unmarried and separate, go upon their desolate and solitary way. Few would choose this desperate remedy: so much the better; for even did we legislate, with the most merciful unfairness, for the benefit of the injured wife, we could not desire that many injured wives should take advantage of our legislation. There are cases desperate enough to choose even such an outlet as this; and we would gladly find some smoother way for the poor souls who have made disastrous shipwreck of all their hope and all their fortune. But the law is limited, human, and fallible, knowing no method of unweaving motives or searching hearts. We can conceive of nothing tall enough and varied enough to reach every case of hardship. Indeed, we find it hard to see how the law can at all deal with the exceptional instances, for which it would be right to break the common rule; but we protest against the foolish and mischievous fallacy of placing the exceptional in the place of the common. The great majority of Englishwomen know nothing of these laws, and are entirely unmoved by their action; and of those who are aware of them, a still greater

majority resent the language of the law more than they feel its injuries. Now and then a case occurs of such urgent and unmistakable hardship, that reasonable people are moved by their indignation beyond the reach of reason. But when we come back to the practical question, "What can we do?" we wait in vain for an answer. There have been wives oppressed beyond all powers of endurance—insulted, wronged, tortured with ingenious villany. What are we to do? Authorise a committee of good husbands to shoot the scoundrel? Leave him to the tender mercies of a jury of good wives? These are methods of cure, simple and feasible; but to enact a sweeping and universal law, charging all these honest men, who are innocent even of domestic insubordination, with the oppression of their wives, and the enslaving of women, is a different matter; for society, indeed, must take a very long step in advance, before the general British mind can be impressed with the idea that there is any injustice to women in the fact, that the husband is the sole legal and public representative of all the interests of the wife. All the present law goes upon this idea, that the two are one—that each represents the other, the man bearing the ruder brunt of external life in lawful and equal balance of the woman's peculiar risks and dangers. With this explanation, the most high-spirited woman may be content to bow her neck to the apparent bondage. We do not remember to have heard any complaint on the part of a husband that his wife considered as her own all *his* property; and public opinion would very speedily decide upon the character of the man who was capable of such an outcry. Why, then, is it more bearable when the complaint is made by the wife?

As for protection in matters of money, this is as easy a question to settle in words, and as difficult in practice, as one could desire. The husband's property is protected, and what the better is he? Let everything possible be done to protect the property of the wife. Let the law ordain her fortune and her earnings as exclusively her own as if she were unmarried. What then? "Sup-

posin' she was tender-hearted?" says the jailor of the Marshalsea, in Mr Dickens' new book—and the honest doubter can find no law to fortify him against that most intimate of perils. Why, what is marriage? In all ordinary cases, as everybody knows, it is an alliance offensive and defensive against all the world. These two unfortunate people are delivered over and given up to each other's influence—left to each other's mercy. If the man is a brute, he may *take* his wife's money, rudely, by force of cruelty, physical or mental, and he might just as well take his wife's life, and get himself hanged once for all so far as public opinion goes. But in reality it is quite foolish, and a waste of strength, to be a brute for such a purpose. If he does it lovingly, all the laws in the world, all the friends in the world, all the panoply of right and personal possession, will not save the woman's fortune. Why, men of all complexions, as everybody knows—men in their own persons prudent, self-denying and temperate, and with, so far as the law could give it, entire control over their own possessions, have become poor men at the pleasure of a young wife's caprices. Are women more able to resist persuasion? less likely to be "tender-hearted?" or is there nothing required but this law to make a Spartan heroine of every wife? Alas, good dreamer! this reasoning will not stand the shock of a single working-day. We acknowledge that, in honour and openness, the enactment is null. Let it be erased, by all means, from the statute-book, and if any woman is a whit the better, or any man a morsel the worse, we will consent to be written down with Dogberry. Bootless and vain are these precautions. If it would so-lace any wound of feminine pride to withdraw the verbal humiliation from the laws of the realm, it is a very easy and unimportant concession; but every one must see at a glance how superficial this manner of reformation is, and of how little use to the complainants. This one great thing the law cannot do—it cannot defend married people from each other. It may make certain arbitrary regulations to secure a possible disjunction for them in case they will

not bear with each other. It cannot interpose a shield between the two, nor determine boundaries of right and separate possession. It could, indeed, in defiance of all the rules of nature, elect the woman as the representative of the family instead of the man; but it has no standing-ground for both. In every scheme of social polity, great or small, a house counts for one. This is the true original of all government. We give a married man a more important standing than an unmarried, simply because he is a representative, and holds in his hands more interests and influences than those which belong exclusively to himself. Nature confers this official character upon the head of a household, the law has no choice but to confirm it, and all honest expediency and suitability justifies this ordination of God and of man. We *might* certainly, in one of our perverse human vagaries, change the person while we keep the office, and make the wife the legal family representative; but really, under present circumstances, and while women retain so much untransferable business for their share of the world's labours, we do not see how this would mend the question; and one head, voice, and representative in the public eye the household must have. But the law cannot come into the heart of the house. Like an evil spirit, it must be dragged across the threshold, to make injuries bitterer and fruds less appeasable. It can smite with fiercer swords into the hearts of the combatants. It cannot end their quarrels, or defend them from each other. So long as it makes its boundaries outside, and far away, it is in its legitimate position; but if any one attempts to bring it in to hedge off half the rights, half the possessions, half the comforts of a house, it is a mockery and a delusion. Let no one be deceived. By the help of the law we can command (sometimes) the restoration of stolen goods and borrowed money—but we cannot command the return of happiness, love, or a pure heart. Marrying, however the young ladies and the young gentlemen may look upon it—and we can hear the laugh of that saucy happy confidence, to which heaven send no doubting!—is a solemn

and perilous experiment. Bridegroom and bride alike enter defenceless into their life; no one can come between them to help the weakest. The law will not let them kill each other, and public opinion will not permit any very serious mutual wrong; but beyond this it is a fair field and no favour. Being ordinary human people, with a moderate amount of regard for each other, the chances are that they speedily amalgamate into one, and are as indifferent about the law as people unconcerned with its restrictions can be. But one of them might be worthless and dishonourable—or one of them might be a fool—or one of them might be a very demon—such things have been, and will be: then there follows misery, supreme and hopeless. What shall we do? Cry out to heaven and earth against the injustice which makes this bond irrevocable? No! There have been bad fathers, bad mothers, children heartless and accursed; yet none would break the general bonds of nature for sake of these examples. Not even to redress such clamorous wrongs can we put the general peace in jeopardy. If there is enough elasticity in the law to deal at first hand with these particular cases, each on its own merits, honour to the law, and good speed; but if we cannot reach them without infringing upon the general rule, then—harsh verdict!—we must leave the victims to their fate.

After all, let us beg everybody to observe that there is no injustice—except, perhaps, as involved in the law of entail, which touches more than feminine rights—real or apparent, in the laws which concern *women*. It is only *wives* who are subject to these humiliations—*women* who have accepted representatives, and consequently cannot expect any longer to represent themselves. This is an important distinction. “A single woman,” says the pamphlet before us, “has the same rights to property and to protection from the law as a man.” All the coercion exercised on her must be that of influence. She cannot be compelled to marry any but her own choice; nay, she has the alternative of not marrying at all, and so, without the least trouble, delivering herself from all the threatening perils of legis-

lation. We are obliged to say that this makes a great difference in the matter, for a wife is not simply a *woman*, but an official person, as much as her husband—one who has voluntarily accepted certain duties and a positive position—and the question is put unfairly when this is not recognised. The whole argument of this *brochure*, however, is one-sided and unequal, as every argument must be which discusses words without first admitting the spirit and inspiration of the same. "It is cruel," we quote the *Observations*, "when the support of the family depends on the joint earnings of husband and wife, that the earnings of both should be in the hands of one, and not even in the hands of that one who has naturally the strongest desire to promote the welfare of the children. All who are familiar with the working classes know how much suffering and privation is caused by the exercise of this *right* by drunken and bad men." Are we deceived, or is this the mercifully we suppose it to be? What is the *right* which brings the earnings of the wife into the hands of "a drunken and bad man?" Is it the law, or is it the strong hand?—legal authority, or persuasion by force or kindness? Do we need to give a serious answer to such a question? Labouring people are not so learned in the law; and certain are we that no charwoman of our acquaintance, however induced to give her hard-won shillings to her drunken husband, has the remotest idea that he has any *right* to them. She gives them because he would take them—or she gives them for peace—or with the forlorn hope of redeeming him by kindness; but did she suspect for a moment that he had a *right* to these small monies, we have too much confidence in her native feminine spirit and pugnacity, to suppose that one single coin would be, without a battle, surrendered to his hands. No. The rascal may punch his wife's head, or carry off her small incomings, but he does not believe the one to be a whit more lawful than the other. A drunken and bad man will swallow up anybody's or everybody's earnings, if he can get them; but our experience of the respectable working-classes, and of all the grades above the lower

strata of the middle class, establishes quite a different principle. It is the wife there who is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The husband, honest man, has his little sum of pocket-money; the income comes direct and undivided into the careful keeping of the household manager. This state of things is universal, and "all who are familiar with the working classes" must acknowledge that it is so. To speak of "compensating women for the loss of their moral right to their own property and earnings, and for the loss of the mental development and independence of character gained by the possession and thoughtful appropriation of money," is the merest nonsense which ever looked like reason. To whom belongs the "thoughtful appropriation" of the decent working man's weekly wages?—who is it that, with care and forethought, finds ever so many frocks and pairs of shoes, in the narrow yearly revenue of those social grades which are next above the working man? Every one knows it is the wife, unless the wife is proved incapable. Every one is aware how entirely the expenditure and economy of the house lies in her hands. This is no theory of what should be, but the absolute matter of fact which is—known to every mind which takes the trouble to note the common things that lie around.

And, indeed, to tell the truth, women are the only born legislators, let them complain of their position as they will. Only a few hundred of us at the best, can have a hand, though of the smallest, in affairs of State; but to every woman of them all, Paul himself, though not much given to compliment, gives the right and the injunction—Rule the house. Yes; the merest girl, eighteen years old, who, half in love and half in fun, dares to don the fatal orange-blossom—there she is, a child half-an-hour ago, now a lawmaker, supreme and absolute; and yet, most despotic and unconstitutional of monarchs, you hear them weeping over infringed rights and powers denied. Oh, inconsistent humanity!—as if those powers and rights were not seated, innate and indestructible, far away out of the reach of any secondary law!

WAR AND WOODCRAFT.

LETTER TO IRENEUS.

"Now, those who set their hearts upon this science (the chase) shall reap many advantages; for they shall both gain for their bodies a healthy habit, and improve their seeing and their hearing, and delay the coming on of old age; and it is an excellent education for all that relates to war."—*Xenophon on Hunting.*

MY DEAR IRENEUS—

So the Emperor of Russia professes to have accepted, purely and simply, the Austrian propositions of peace, which are now endorsed by the Governments of France and England. "What next?" as Mr Cobden says in his pamphlet, "and what next?" Russia's purity and simplicity, if we may judge of her present principles by her past practice, reminds me of the case of a man who turned Methodist parson to avoid fighting a duel. However, we must leave even her room for repentance, and she may possibly be sincere in her professed intentions of no more disturbing the world's peace. All the other powers seem to wish to finish the war, and we alone exercise our national privilege of grumbling in the matter. The simple reason of this is, that we have been so long getting up the steam, that our rivals, with far less power, have come to their journey's end, and wish to go no further. It is wounding to our vanity not to be allowed to show what we can do, and to be obliged to turn into pruning-hooks our swords, many of them still unflashed. It is computed that it might cost us less to go on with another year of the war than to make peace now; and even on the economical argument the fighters may appear to have the best of it, for they ask, "Will it not cost immense sums to bring the whole apparatus back again; and if we fail in using our instruments, we shall fail in extracting the cash which is to pay for their making? Are all the gun-boats and mortar-boats, and rocket-boats and floating batteries, and shells worth £25 a-piece (as much as your lady gave for her favourite pony), to go for nothing?" We cannot help ourselves; if a man lies down of himself, how is he to be knocked down? And if we cannot help ourselves, it

serves us just right. To take a national illustration of our position:—a man strikes another in the face—even makes his nose bleed; the other man is slow to anger, but of high mettle; he imagines that he cannot fight without taking his coat off; so, having received the insult, he deliberately proceeds to draw his arms from his coat-sleeves; but the sleeves are tight, and before his arms are fairly out, the adversary is on his knees, protesting it was all a joke, and done to relieve his friend's head, at the same time begging pardon, in consideration of the purity of his intentions.

If we had been able to get our arms out of our sleeves, what a trouncing we would have given Russia in the next campaign! In the mean time the men of peace, Ireneus, are too strong for us; they get a policeman, and they bind us over before the magistrate in heavy recognisances; and here we are standing in the cold in our shirt-sleeves, and the best thing we can do, say the bystanders, is to put our coat on again. Is this conduct sincere in Russia, or is it a masterly move of diplomatic duplicity? I do not pretend to judge Russia's heart. And what will be our note now if the peace is patched up, however fallaciously? probably that of Troilus, when bamboozled by his love for Cressida—

"Call Love my varlet; I'll unarm again."

If we are tempted to do this—not, like Troilus, by the love of a beautiful maiden, but simply by the love of filthy lucre—all the lessons of this most expensive war will have been thrown away upon us. These lessons form a sermon, of which "Penny wise, pound foolish," is the text. Were we always prepared for war, we are so strong, that, if we do right to other men, we have no need to go

to war at all. It is not with us as with the little republics of Andorre in the Pyrenees, or San Marino in Italy, whose independence is guaranteed by their insignificance. All the neighbours of a great nation are Samaritans; and if we would preserve our independence, and hold up our head amongst them, we must keep our national prosperity in repair with the trowel in one hand, but the sword for ever at our side, like the soldier-masons of Nehemiah. If we do profit from the great lesson of the war, it matters little to us whether we make peace with Russia or not, since, if we conduct ourselves properly, we shall be instantly prepared for the next breach of the peace. But if we disarm again for the sake of a most expensive economy—an economy which has already cost us, I fear to say how many millions—we shall probably have this one to fight over again to our disadvantage and disaster, with France disgusted into neutrality, and Germany and America against us. As it is, we have let our Allies get the start of us in the glory, although more in appearance than in reality; for it is the knowledge of our strength that has enabled us to gain a bloodless victory in the Baltic waters, while the Russians have shown fight only by land, where the French, from their numbers, have been most conspicuous. But our bloodless naval victory is not in proportion to the strength we could develop, and mean to develop in case the peace negotiations should come to nothing. Shortcomings are as bad as failures in the opinion of the uncharitable, and our popularity is not on that footing in Europe that we can rely upon the best constructions being placed upon our actions. In fact, if peace be made now, we shall lose in national prestige rather than otherwise; and woe be to us if we do not, by a state of constant preparedness for war in time of peace, set at defiance that loss of prestige.

It was well remarked, in a leading article of the *Times* of the 29th of January, that if there is one lesson above all others that this war ought to teach us, it is that of constant preparedness. To disband our standing army and standing navy is un-

der all circumstances a most ruinous economy. Russia is not the only country we have to fear. Should we disarm, every second-rate state is able to constitute itself a Russia to us at any time. Our American cousins have been pleased to bite their thumbs at us, merely, to all appearance, in the way of electioneering swagger. Is this conduct to be attributed to anything but the knowledge that our hands are full with Russia? Should peace be made, they would instantly, no doubt, change their note—but why? Simply because they know that we are now for once armed to the teeth. But if we disarm, we shall be quite as helpless as if we had our hands full; unless, indeed, like champions of the ring, we mean to rely upon the weapons that nature gave us, in conflict with cold steel and hot shot.

We then suppose that this subject may be dismissed, but we have to watch over the working out of this axiom. The people and press of England must keep an eye on their Government (which indeed is the best use of a people and a press), and take heed that the interests of the nation are not betrayed to a device to insure a short-lived popularity by the apparent diminution of fiscal burdens. We may now rest on our oars for a minute. There is a check in the tide of war. If we just look around us, the stream will not bear us back to a place, whence to return again we shall have double trouble. Let us amuse ourselves, if amusement it be, by considering whence comes this most powerful propensity in the composite people of these realms to lapse into a state of unmilitary obesity. It is the nature, say some, of the Anglo-Saxon, to be rather devoted to industrial pursuits than to those which conduce to keeping up the character of a military nation. A small fraction of our population think and do otherwise. Those are more commonly referred by popular writers to the Norman or Danish stem. But this fraction it is who, when war is imminent or present, show that spirit themselves, and arouse it in others, which enables us to pursue a manly policy, and in the end rise superior to the most formidable of our enemies. But it requires time to bring them into

play. In times of peace, this part of our people are looked upon as useless idlers, the drones of the industrial hive; and the apostles of commerce do their best to disgust them with the country that bore them, and to drive them from her shores, to seek elsewhere a more congenial life. What anathemas has not Mr Carlyle launched against the landed, the preservers of game; and with what bitter sarcasm does he not bid them to become the founders of colonies at the antipodes? I am ready to maintain, Irenæus, that something is to be said for these preservers of game, and the kind of lives they lead; and for this especial reason, that I think the spirit they keep up amongst us, in spite of misconstruction and persecution, has saved the existence of the country ere now—has saved our national honour on many occasions. And happily for us, this class of men, amongst whom, almost exclusively, resides the martial spirit of this country—I mean the class of sportsmen—are so peculiarly national, that, as far as I know, no name has been found to designate them in any Continental Country. They do flourish amongst us, in spite of the persecutions they endure—even perhaps because of them, as the Jews have been said to have obtained the firmest footing in those countries where they were most burdened with disabilities. Thus, if part of us justify the reproach that we are a nation of shopkeepers, another part of us give security that, in case of war, some warriors shall be found among us; for, as I observed to you in a conversation I had with you some time ago, a sportsman is nothing more than a warrior out of work.

Thus, if we have a poison rife among us, we have its antidote also. If we were all industrialists, we should probably ere now be a province of our nearest neighbour; for when Croesus, in Herodotus, suggested to Cyrus the means of making his Lydian subjects harmless for warlike purposes, he advised him to teach them to sing, and to dance, and to open retail shops, as the surest of all methods for destroying their pristine manliness. It is one of the worst symptoms of the tyranny

exerted by the towns over the country, that it has become the fashion with many classes to decry and disparage this most essential and useful limb of our body politic—the sportsmen—as a kind of chartered idlers, who consume the fruits of the earth to little purpose, and spend their lives not in the harmless idleness of the gardener, but in torturing innocent animals for their own selfish pleasure. That they have been often and successfully defended, I do not mean to deny; but I do not recollect to have seen or heard them defended on this especial ground, that, in a country which has a repugnance, on economical grounds, to a regular standing army, they keep up at their own expense—I will not say from pure patriotism, but from feelings much akin to it—an irregular standing army of the most efficient kind, and which, under the circumstances, is quite indispensable. I maintain that there are few men in private life who benefit their country to the same extent as those who keep packs of hounds at their own charges; and next to these I reckon those who take upon themselves the trouble of hunting them where they are kept by subscription; and, in a lesser degree, do I count all game-preservers and gamekeepers—ay, and poachers—benefactors of their country; for poachers benefit the sporting interest much as dissenters benefit religion, by keeping the regular staff up to the mark by rivalry, and honouring by their enthusiasm the common end of all.

By these last I do not mean the pot-poachers, who murder game for base gains, to sell it in the London market, but men who do the thing for the love of it, and in the poetical spirit in which Shakespeare submitted to be called a deer-stealer. You might as well class Dugald Dalgetty and Sir William of Deloraine with a ticket-of-leave footpad, or the contrabandista of the Pyrenees with a cockney pickpocket, as the sportsman of the bar sinister—the poacher that loves the thing itself—with the skulking wretch who assassinates partridges at so much a hamper. I cannot help thinking that the poacher, although doubtless an offender against the law,

may throw the blame in some measure on the existing state of our game-laws, which perhaps puts additional temptation in his way. With all but a very select few, there is no vent to the sporting instinct, which is as natural as any other healthy instinct to man. Puritanism has left the poor scarcely any harmless amusement. A lad of spirit born in the labouring classes craves amusement as much as a lad of spirit born in any other class. He has a soul above the beer-shop and the skittle-alley. A penny newspaper will not satisfy his intellectual cravings. He loves the air, and the weather, and the open fields, and the freshness of morning, and the dewiness of the evening, as much as his betters; but his love for them is not of the Platonic nature of that of a sentimental school-girl, for whom a walk in the fields with a novel in hand may suffice. He is a practical naturalist, and loves to study the habits of nature's wild animals, and knows that in no manner can he so pleasantly study it as in the emulation between his reason and their instincts. His tastes lead him to buy an old fowling-piece, or one of those Brown Besses which soldiers have discarded for Minié's rifle. He gets it very cheap. He buys powder and shot. He goes out on a frosty morning to shoot blackbirds and thrushes. He is soon sated with this small fry. A hare gets up before him like a little incarnate temptation on four legs, and runs away at convenient distance. His conscience tells him that this hare is just as wild as the blackbirds and thrushes he has been shooting, and who have been sitting in the trees to be shot as easily as barn-door fowls. This hare is fenced round with invisible pains and penalties. The danger gives zest, for there is nothing to arouse conscience but simple illegality. The hare rolls over. Over the hedge comes the gamekeeper, and takes him to the nearest magistrate. Of course he cannot pay, so he goes to gaol. There he associates with felons, and comes out, not only a determined poacher, not now from taste, but from vindictiveness, but probably a housebreaker; for, the law having confounded his misdemeanour with

crime, he loses his respect for the law altogether. This state of things surely might be amended. The mischief is brought about partly by the destruction of all the old pastimes, and partly by allowing the uncovenanted sportsman to carry a gun at all. Shooting being a pastime, it is quite fair that a tax should be laid on it by Government; and if this tax were to take the form of a permission to carry a gun instead of to shoot certain specified wild animals, the trespass-laws being enforced quite as strictly as now, I cannot help thinking that a better preservation of game would be the result; there would be fewer convictions for poaching, and the revenue would gain by granting a great number of licenses instead of a very few. The high price of the game license is at present a great encouragement to poaching. Let a spot be somewhat sequestered, with abundance of cover, but no regular preserves in it, still sufficiently stocked with game to entice the active and intelligent sportsman. Let the inhabitants be all on friendly and neighbourly terms with one another, and something like the following state of things will be the result. One of two of the principal inhabitants—say the clergyman and the churchwardens, for I suppose no squire, will take out licenses, partly for the look of the thing, partly for conscience's sake. They will shoot in moderation, but guns will be heard on the 1st of September in all directions. How so? The neighbours are all shooting under cover of the one or two licenses. The covenanted do not like it at all; they are not quite so unselfish; but they are far too neighbourly to inform, and so the revenue loses to a considerable extent, and the place becomes a hotbed of illicit sport. It was under these circumstances that I heard a clergyman of my acquaintance say, that although his people were no better than they ought to be, and sad poachers, yet that his was by no means a *licentious* parish.

Far be it from me to object to the game-laws *in toto* as a remnant of feudalism. I wish we had a few more remnants of that ilk among us. I have no sympathy with those who think all wild animals ought to be

the property of the public, liable to be knocked over, or trapped, or lamed, or netted, as the first comer pleases. It is no hardship for the poor to be debarred from those animals as food, who, were the many-headed beast unchained upon them, would in a hundred years be extinct species in our island. Game must be preserved, not for the sake of the landed, and their pastime, but for the sake of sportsmen; and sportsmen must be preserved, because, in lieu of a large standing army, they furnish a nucleus of manliness, and all military qualities, by which the safety of their country is in a measure guaranteed. I object to the present working of the game-laws, but not to the principle of them. I think them clumsy and inefficient; and because they are so, public opinion gives them at best but a weak support. It is absolutely necessary that all enactments, to be efficacious, should be backed by public opinion. I recollect reading of a case in point which once happened in Oxford. The authorities might with reason have forbidden the students to hunt at all, as interfering with their studies. Some would have thought it hard, but all would have seen a reason in it. An edict came out that the men of a certain college, though not forbidden to hunt, were forbidden to hunt *in pink*. The consequence was almost a rebellion; and one of the symptoms of the disorder was, that one fine morning the doors of all the principal big-wigs in the principal quadrangle blushed in coats of red paint.

As far as my knowledge goes, the game is preserved quite as efficiently in other countries, and there is far less unpleasantness about poaching than with us, where the license to carry fire-arms supports the law of trespass in the preservation of game, without any particular animals being set aside as the reverse of common and unclean. In other countries, where animals are placed under taboo, a black or a white mark is set against them, for some supposed harm they are able to do, or some good they do. The stork in Holland is a sacred bird, the albatross on the ocean, and in Finnmark that peculiar one who is

supposed to be the ghost of a man that has moved his neighbour's land-mark. Caprice alone seems to throw a halo round the heads of partridges, hares, &c.; and what is more absurd, some animals, as rabbits, are stuck in a kind of limbo, being accounted by the law neither sacred nor profane. You must not suppose that I am saying all this to excuse an illegal practice, which is but too apt to degenerate into a crime. I am only calling your attention to circumstances which tend to palliate the offence of poaching in our country, and to show that the law is to blame if, with us, poachers may be divided into two classes, one of which we may call, not absolutely, but relatively, respectable. At this class let no one amongst us who has ever, on the spur of the moment, or with malice prepense, shot a clandestine partridge, or shot at all without a license, dare to cast a stone. Do not some of our keenest game-preservers even now boast of their poaching exploits as schoolboys; and would this be the case if poaching always wore the aspect of crime? Indeed, I have heard a man of mature years, whom the sporting *ostrus* drove to the wilds of Africa, acknowledge before the public, with some moral courage, his aberration from the path of legality before he left his own country. Now, let me, in pursuit of this subject, examine the outcry which has been raised against field-sports and sportsmen. From whom does it emanate? Firstly, from that class of men whom nations delight to honour—the poets and poetasters. Amongst these I must allow there are some high authorities among the sentimental poets, but the very sentiment that made them affect to be shocked with sporting took delight in the fact of their being truly or falsely inveterate lady-killers, and their vanity delighted in being decorated with bleeding hearts as much as that of an Iroquois in decorating his trousers with pendant scalp. If experiments of this sort are to be made, in the name of all that is just, “*fiat experimentum in corpore vili*.” I will take it for granted, for the sake of argument, that sportsmen are cruel—a charge which I will come to by-and-by. If

Jean Jacques Rousseau objected to sporting, and, in fact, to the killing of animals for food at all, it was that he was a man who passed through life without a skin, and could not bear the touch of any external object without wincing. As for Shelley, he was an Atheist, or rather "antitheist," and blasphemously averred that man was, or might be, kinder than his Maker; so that his opinion was not good for much. Cowper, again, though a good-principled and worthy man, was afflicted with mental disease, which rendered him incapable of sympathising with any manly pursuits. Equally with him a sportsman would have enjoyed the frolics of tame hares; for it is the wildness, and not the tameness, of the hare that makes her fair game. Do not hounds respect the tame fox in the yard? No sportsman would ever kill any tame animal if he could help it, and it is this natural tameness that is the greatest safeguard to the robin among sportsmanlike schoolboys. When New Zealand was first discovered, the sportsmen felt much embarrassed by the tameness of the birds, observing that they had not the heart to shoot them when they perched upon the muzzles of their guns. So much for the opinions of the class of morbid poets (for all healthy poets like Shakespeare are with us)—I do not include Burns with the morbid poets—though he did sympathise with wounded hares—except when he was out of temper, for which, poor fellow, "between poortith cauld and restless love," he had abundant cause. I approach another class of objectors with my hat in hand. I have the greatest respect for their opinion; but with all due deference, I must urge that they are seldom qualified to judge. I mean the ladies. Their gentle hearts revolt from a pursuit which undeniably inflicts pain. I do not wish to be personal; but do they never inflict pain? If they do, I forgive them with all my heart, provided they are willing to heal the pains they inflict; but certainly this propensity existent in themselves ought to teach them charity to that which allows itself to be the harder and sterner sex. We cannot help thinking that there is some analogy between the double-

barrelled Manton of the sportsman and the double-barrelled glance of a sportswoman, bringing down birds, right and left, to their knees. But re- crimination is not excuse. Our ladies are sometimes jealous of our field-sports, and think they take up too much of our time, which might be better employed in their company. No doubt it might; but human nature is weak, and requires change—change even where it is happiest. Happiness is enhanced by occasional absence, although such a sentiment might be considered to smack of heresy. I heard once of a very sensible woman indeed, who had a sportsman for a husband. He had sustained pecuniary losses, and was afraid that, unless he accepted a subscription to a certain amount, he should have to give up his hounds. He was saved from troubling his friends on the subject by receiving at regular intervals a handsome sum from an anonymous friend, for the purpose of keeping up his hunting establishment. It was many years before he discovered that this sum was contributed from the pin-money of his wife. And she was never seen at the cover-side herself—thinking, probably, that her peculiar duties lay in another direction. No doubt the habits of a sportsman, when carried to excess, may tend to render a man undomestic. His after-dinner nap may be unusually prolonged after a long day's hunting or shooting, and we grant that, even like a dog, he may sometimes "hunt in dreams," like the gentleman in *Locksley Hall*. But his was an extreme case, and poets will not listen to reason. I very much question whether ten women out of every dozen would not be much happier as wives of sportsmen than of poets. One of Lord Byron's early flames—that one to whom he always averred he felt his one true attachment, and whom he blamed for all the excesses of his after life, with about as much reason as village beaux blame village belles when they take to drinking or "go for soldiers"—scorned the addresses of the noble poet, and married an honest fox-hunting squire. Is it to be supposed that she would have been happier as Lady Byron? I trow not. Lord

Byron did not hunt, or shoot, or fish, as far as I know, and was he any the better for it? He might have been a better man, and even a better poet, if he had. He was always complaining in his morbid way of the fulness of satiety. The very complaint proved that he was no sportsman. With most sportsmen the taste seems to increase with age. One of the first M. H.'s in England, a septuagenarian, if not an octogenarian, is said to be out six days a-week; and I have often seen myself men with hair like silver in the wind—their eyes flashing with light, and their cheeks ruddy with the zest of an Eton boy, when the hounds are running to their liking. Let our fair ladies well consider this. Let them compare their English husbands, brothers, sons, and sweet-hearts, with the corresponding class in those countries which are not given to sporting, and ask themselves if our nobility and gentry are not less liable to exception in all these relationships than those of almost every other civilised country. With nearly all British gentlemen the chase is a passion: with a few foreign gentlemen it is a fashion. There is the great difference. How incomprehensible is it to the Finnish peasant to see men coming to the North Pole to catch a few salmon with a fly, which they might catch wholesale with nets; and even nearer home—as near as the baths of Mont d'Or, in the country of Auvergne—I heard of the appearance of an English angler producing an extraordinary excitement among the natives. But this passion excludes other passions. It excludes avarice—it excludes intemperance of all kinds, of course in the degree to which it affects its subject. Although Horace seems to indicate that the sportsman is an indifferent husband in his first Ode, it is the indifference only of the moment—it is the mere refreshing slumber, not the paralysis or the death of affection. There is wisdom enough in the ladies of Britain to come to the conclusion, after pondering this subject well, and considering the weakness of human nature, that a great part of the domestic happiness they enjoy is due to the sporting propensities of the other sex. Else-

where Satan, and not Diana, "finds work for idle hands to do;" and it behoves them to recollect that Diana, though a heathen goddess, was most correct in her general demeanour. Having dismissed the poets with a bow, and begged the indulgence of the ladies, I think I may say that I care little for any other class of objectors. The Radical Reformer thinks that vigorous sportsmen ought to become captains of industry, and apply themselves to the one great duty of unbounded Production. To what end? The earth is overstocked with production. Production is a drug in the market; it encumbers the land; it is thrown about on the shore to putrefy, and fill the air with the miasma of its corruption. What is the use of producing more than the world wants? Is mankind never to enjoy? Enjoyment is in some sense the voice of gratitude to our Maker for the blessings wherewith He encompasses us. It is too much to say, with a German philosopher, that enjoyment is *worship*; but certainly enjoyment is a kind of mute thanksgiving. Some men are so used to Production—so absorbed by the spirit of trade—that they never can do anything else to the end of life: whatever fortune accrues to them, they are still oppressed by want of means. Is that the spirit of thankfulness? And on they go in pursuit of means, till a very different end comes on them from any they imagined. They run after the rainbow, as children are said to do, for the purse of gold at the end of it, and they trample on the flowers that enamel the ground they run over. I deign no reply to the objections of the utilitarian. I grant the uselessness of field-sports for filling a man's coffers; yet perhaps it may be conceded that they are useful in maintaining, at the expense of others, a standing army to protect them, for which the industrialists grudge to pay. This is indeed, in my view, the great use of field-sports, especially in this non-military country. If we cannot be a nation of soldiers at a moment's notice, we can become so after a given time, as long as we keep up field-sports as a nursery of warriors amongst our rural population, and as long as country life can make its

headway against the flood of urban degradation. There are those amongst us who would turn the whole surface of Great Britain into model farms, to be worked by machinery, compelling the wretched cattle to pass their lives in prison, under the pretext that it is more economical to give them what they call stall-feeding than to let them chew the cud in the meadows, looking so beautiful there; who would cut down every bush capable of covering a hare, and make all their fences impracticable for fox-hunters. Suppose these views carried out, What next? as Mr Cobden says in his pamphlet. Say that America chooses to quarrel with us for no cause at all but that she is, to use the Donnybrook phrase, "blue-moulded for want of a batin." Is steam-power, without man-power, to stop a privateer's crew from working their wicked will with those model farms? They have driven the sturdy peasants into the towns, to be reduced to a stature the mean of which is the bed of the manufacturing Procrustes. Better far to listen to the voice of a sportsman, a gentleman and philosopher of the olden time. Xenophon extols the noble science of hunting as the best of all schools for war. Akin to the utilitarians are the disciples of the goddess of reason, the march-of-intellect men. These maintain, with some plausibility, that a man of leisure might employ his time more profitably than with field-sports. He might be lecturing at mechanics' institutes, or investigating German philosophies. He might assuredly; but he would do even these things still better for being moderately addicted to healthful exercise, as he would do these things still better for eating a good dinner every day, and taking his glass of wine after it. A weak and morbid condition of body inevitably leads to a weak and morbid condition of mind. If what is called rude health is deleterious to any mental operation, depend upon it that that operation is of a morbid nature. Spasmodic poetry and transcendental philosophy may flourish better with a constitutional walk of an hour a day than with a hebdomadal canter with the hounds; but what are they

worth, after all? They are to the efforts of the healthy mind what the insane strength of the lunatic is to the prowess of a Samson or a Milo. I class this description of men with the teetotallers, vegetarians, and other physical heretics, and cannot help thinking that physical heresy involves other heresies still more portentous. I have no profound respect for hunting parsons, but who ever heard of a hunting parson propagating neology, or any of the multifarious "isms" or schisms that now distract the Church? His firm seat on the saddle keeps his orthodoxy in the right place, and the balance of his mind is intimately connected with that of his body. The object of this school, if unmasked, is to make out that man is too good for his place in nature, and that it is possible for him to ignore his eternal destiny in making a god of his little self upon earth. No man is more god-like than he who lives in the exact sphere assigned him by his Maker: if he spreads his wings to soar above it, there are ten chances to one that he will drop below it, even as Phaeton did with the chariot of the sun. I think it yet remains to be proved that the wisdom of the nineteenth century of grace greatly exceeds that of three or four centuries before Christ. I have a strong suspicion that all the mysteries of thought have been probed by the Greeks, and that, except in accumulation of facts, we can go no further in knowledge than they went before us. I have seen nothing in modern books approaching to the inspired wisdom of Solomon, or even to the uninspired wisdom of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. They may have been misinformed as to minutiae: for instance, we know that the elephant *has* joints, and that the she-bear does *not* lick her cubs into shape; but with a smaller induction, their results were even perhaps clearer and more definite. I have been reading again lately a little book written by Xenophon the Athenian on Hunting, who, it must be remembered, notwithstanding his respect for field-sports and all other gentlemanly accomplishments, was a favourite disciple of Socrates. We learn from this treatise of Xenophon the secret of his great

ability as a general; otherwise it would seem almost miraculous how his military talents should have so suddenly developed themselves with the emergency, when he undertook to lead, and led to a successful result, the ever-memorable retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from the heart of Babylonia to the shores of the Euxine. He was a sportsman as well as a soldier. He understood how to lead troops through passes and over mountains, because he had been accustomed to study country in hunting. He had the eye of a hawk for the trail of an enemy, because he had been used to mark the trail of game invisible to unpractised sight. He had a frame to bear up among the cutting blasts and snows of Armenia, and to keep his sleepy soldiers on the move, because he had roughed it in the Grecian winters before, and was fully aware of the insidious effects of cold. And, not least, he knew how to manage the commissariat, the most difficult thing of all in his expedition, because in hunting-expeditions he had managed the purveying department without a land-transport corps before. It seems remarkable that, with all our scholarlike acquaintance with the old Greeks, the fact has not been sufficiently dwelt on that their accomplished men resembled the British gentleman more than any other character of the modern world. For Epsom and Ascot they had the chariot, horse, and foot races of the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, Isthmian games. The Greeks, like Britons, knew how to use their fists in combat, and their princes and great men thought it not derogatory to their dignity to descend into the pugilistic ring, and put on the gloves (knobbed with lead) with all comers. Even so they loved field-sports with a British zest, although, like the Continentals of the present day, they comprehended them all under the head of Hunting, which was more excusable in them than in the modern "chasseur," or "jäger," because no such thing as shooting existed, and fishing was not dignified enough to rank beside it. It was an extremely difficult feat to shoot a bird on the wing with the bow, and the

practice could never have become general. Nor does the cross-bow, with which Ford went a-birding in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, appear to have been invented before the middle ages. In the view of the modern sportsman, though thoroughly imbued with the spirit of sport, the Greeks were all of necessity poachers. They netted all the inferior game, and as much of the superior as they could, attacking the lions and boars hand-to-hand with the spear, which was even more dangerous than the proceedings of Gordon Cumming. Respect for the fox they knew not; nor must they be on that account unduly blamed, as with their hunting appliances his invaluable qualities as a beast of chase had not become apparent. In the Grecian hunting-staff the two superior officers were the net-keeper and the huntsman, or leader of the hounds. They appear to have had three kinds of nets,—one a sort of large drag-net, into which all the game was driven, if possible, to be snared by the net-keeper; another, a small funnel-shaped net, to be placed in the recesses of enclosures; another, a small net, to be placed in the ascertained runs of the game, so as to catch stray customers. Xenophon describes minutely the dimensions and proportions of these nets, and the manner of setting them up. The rest of the furniture of the hunt were certain sacks made of calfskin, to contain dogs; so that they bagged their dogs, and not their foxes; and some bill-hooks to clear away the impediments of the forest. The dog-bags mentioned by Xenophon were probably composed, in great part of leathern network, and resembled those contrivances which travellers in Norway suspend to their carriages to carry sporting-dogs. For hunting small game it appears that two varieties of dog were put in requisition, to which the names were given respectively of Cæstorian, after Cæstor, the hero, who is said to have delighted in them; and Alopecides, a name derived from this variety being supposed to have resulted from the cross between the dog and fox. I will not venture a conjecture as to what these sorts of

dogs corresponded to in modern times. Probably, in attempting to be exact, I should only be wrong. In detailing the qualifications and disqualifications of dogs subsequently, the author appears to have had in his eye an animal like a beagle or small harrier. His minuteness of observation is remarkable. He first speaks of those which ought to be rejected from a pack:—

"Now, those which are inferior, which are the majority, have the following characteristics: They are small-bodied, long-nosed, light-eyed, short-sighted, ugly, stiff, feeble, lanky, long-legged, ungainly, spiritless, without scent, and with bad feet. Now, the small-bodied after the run are often precluded from the finish on account of their deficiency in size; and the long-nosed have no mouth, and so they cannot hold the hare; and the short-sighted and light-eyed have, of course, an inferiority in vision; and the ugly are no pleasant objects to the spectator; and the stiff in movement come badly off from the running; and the feeble and the lanky cannot stand work; and the long-legged and ungainly, as they have badly-proportioned bodies, make heavy work of the beating; and the spiritless strike work and avoid the sunshine by sneaking into shady places, and lie down; and those with poor noses scent the hare with trouble, and rarely; and the badly-footed, no matter how full of courage they be, cannot endure fatigue, but leave off work on account of the pain in their feet."

Our old proverb says, "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him;" so we must suppose that Xenophon would thus dispose of this useless class of dogs; that is to say, if they are suffered to attain years of discretion to qualify them for such a distinction. More to the point is his description of the right sort of dog:—

"First, then, they must be large-bodied; then they must have heads of fine proportion, snub-nosed, compactly put on, the parts below the forehead slanting; the eyes high up, black and bright; the brows large and broad, the interices deep; the ears small, thin, bare at the back; the neck long, flexible, and approaching to circular; the chest broad and fleshy, the shoulder-blades standing out somewhat from the shoulders; the fore-legs small, straight, round, and sturdy; the elbows straight; the sides not deep throughout, but with an

oblique wave in them; the buttocks not too fleshy, and the happy mean between long and short, neither too flexible nor too stiff; the flanks between small and great; the hips round, fleshy behind, and not set too closely together above, but closing from within; and loins and belly smooth; the tail long, erect, sharp, and sensitive; the thighs firm; the shanks long, circular, compact; the hind legs much longer than the fore, and somewhat bent; the feet well rounded. And if the dogs be of such form, they will be strong, agile, symmetrical, swift, and comely to look upon, and all right as to mouth."

In another place he describes, if we can so call it, the use of the bad hounds, which calls forth so much abuse from the sportsman:—

"Some," he says, "when they have found the trail, go on without making a sign, so that they are not known to be on the scent, and some only move their ears and keep their tails quiet; but others keep their ears motionless, contenting themselves with wagging the ends of their tails. And some draw their ears close together, and going through the scent with a fixed frown, and letting their tails drop, and keeping them close, so run on. And many there be which do none of these things, but, rushing about like mad, bark about the tracks whenever they happen to fall in with them, stupidly exhausting their perceptions in trampling. And some there are which, using many circles and castings about, supposing the tracks farther on, pass over the hare, and as many times as they run into the tracks they fall to wool-gathering; and when they see the hare before them, they keep quiet, and do not run into him before they see him stealing off. And all those which are continually looking for the dodges of other dogs, while they are in act of tracking or pursuing, betray a want of confidence in themselves. But there is a self-confident sort also, which will not let the knowing ones among their fellow-workers go forward, but keep them back by bullying. And there is a sort which, eagerly embracing what is false, and excessively elated by the least shadow of a find, go wildly on, with full knowledge that they are practising a deception. And there is another sort which does the same thing without the knowledge. And these are good for nothing which cannot be got away from the runs, not knowing the true from the false ones. And all those dogs which do not know a hare's form when they come on

it, and run hastily over the track of a running hare, are not game; and some hunt violently at the outset, but give up soon through lack of bottom; and some run too short, and thus miss the hare; and others, tumbling pell-mell into the paths, miss her also, having a strongly developed organ of disobedience. And many there are which care little about the hunting, but keep going on by reason of their hatred towards beasts; and many do the same by reason of their love towards man; and some, by giving tongue when they have lost the track, try to mislead, pretending that false tracks are true ones. And some there are which forbear to do this, but run between others, and if they hear a cry in any direction, leave their own business, and rush blindly towards it. Thus, some run their game without any precision, and some with a deal of assumption, and some by guess-work, and some dishonestly; and there are yet others which change the scent through jealousy, and, being in company with others, run wide of the track to the last. Now, in most of these cases the good-for-nothing sort are so by nature, but in some cases by having been badly broken; and these are just the kind of hounds to disgust an eager sportsman with his craft."

Having laid down what dogs ought not to do, Xenophon shows in another place what he would have them do by avoidance of this catalogue of sins:—

"Let them hunt," says he, "quickly clearing the runs, laying their heads a-slant towards the ground, smirking towards the tracks, drooping their ears, and winking with their eyes, and quivering with their tails; and let them make many casts in a forward direction towards the forms, all of them keeping together on the line of track. And whenever they come close upon the hare, let them make it known to the huntsman by darting about more quickly, showing an increase of meaning by their general eagerness—by the head, by the eyes, by the changes of attitude, by looking up and looking in upon the form of the hare, and by their jumping about—forward, and backward, and sideways—and by their being by this time in a state of real excitement, and overjoyed at being so near to the hare. Then let them pursue boldly, and without a check, with plenty of music and barking, following well all together, and going over everything with the hare; and let them run after her with speed and dash, frequently changing places in the rush, and

giving tongue against one another with the true note; and let them not leave the tracks, and come running back to the huntsman."

There follow some more remarks about the qualifications of hounds, and the colour of the best sort. This, he says, should be neither entirely tan, or black, or white, but a uniform kind of wild-beast colour, produced by a sprinkling of different coloured hairs over one or the other of these three colours. It is difficult to know what he means by this, but probably he has in his eye the general colour of the wild dogs of Greece. A long disquisition follows about the times and places for hare-hunting, and about the natural history of scent; in treating of which he mentions the disturbance of the scent of hares by the passage of foxes over it—animals which the harriers are to be carefully whipt off from, as of inferior value for the chase. The passage in this part I must quote, as reminding me of a saying which came to me secondhand, being attributed to an old huntsman in a southern county. The passage is—"Now, the spring being a season of mixed nature, affords tracks of splendidly keen scent, except so far as the earth being in flower, baulks the hounds by mixing up with the scent of the game the odours of the blossoms." Our old huntsman made the following observation when put out of temper by a blank day, "No wonder that we can't scent the fox, with those d—d stinking violets." It was an odd coincidence, as I cannot think that he began his education with Xenophon's *Cynegetica*. It does not appear that Xenophon, though equally devoted to Diana, would have treated Flora with such disrespect. In pursuing his remarks upon the natural history of the hare, Xenophon observes, "This animal is not often overcome by the dogs in swiftness of foot; but in all cases of its being caught, it is so by chance, and in spite of the nature of its frame, for no animal of the same size is its match for running." He here seems to indicate that the hare-hound, if it existed at all, was of small account with the Greeks. The prototype of the modern greyhound probably ex-

isted, as we learn by ancient paintings and bas-reliefs; but the hound that outstrips the hare with scent sacrificed to speed is manifestly a creature of special breeding. After saying so much on the duties of dogs and requirements of hares, he proceeds to describe the duties of the net-keeper and huntsman, digressing from these to paint a picture of the hounds finding and chasing the game. He seems to have taken an especial delight in watching the working of the dogs, and thus would have been better pleased with the old-fashioned hare or fox hunting than the modern neck-or-nothing steeple-chase style of going. "Now, when they are close upon the hare they will show this to the huntsman, flourishing the whole of their bodies with a motion like that of their tails, rushing on with warlike onsets, running by each other emulously, hustling together zealously, stopping short at a moment's notice, sheering off and rushing on again, and at last they will come on the form of the hare, and run in upon her. But she, suddenly springing up, will cause, as she flies, a barking and clamour of the hounds." After this the huntsman is warned not to get before the hare, for fear of throwing the dogs out; and various instructions are given as to the manner in which he is to encourage and manage them. Every chance is against the hare, for she may either be caught by the harriers, or driven into the nets. Of course, the huntsman, if he understands his business, must address the individual dogs by name; and it is worthy of observation, that all these names are of two syllables, such being supposed most convenient. The trisyllabled names were probably reserved for dogs of greater dignity, such as hunted the larger beasts, just as with us, as far as my knowledge extends, they are commonly sacred to fox-hounds and stag-hounds. The greater part of this admirable sporting treatise of antiquity is devoted to hare-hunting; but the author also touches on the chase of the nobler beasts, with which, however, he seems to have been less familiar, as most of his experience was probably gained in Greece proper rather than in Asia

Minor, where the larger animals were found. He speaks of Indian dogs as proper to hunt the deer with, and mentions a method of making this sort of sport more easy, by setting a kind of springe in their haunts, with logs or hobbles attached to them, which either hamper the deer at once, or encumber him in running. A more complicated gear is recommended for making war upon the wild boar—hounds of the Indian, Cretan, Locrian, or Laconian breed, and nets of tremendous strength and thickness; also javelins, boar-spears, and hobbles. He describes here the manner of dealing with the boar at bay, directing the sportsman who misses his thrust to throw himself on his face to avoid the lunge of the beast—a device which Mr Lloyd mentions as employed in the case of the bear, in his book on the sports of Scandinavia. In concluding his remarks on this kind of sport, he naively adds—"Now, many of the dogs are killed in this chase, and the hunters themselves are imperilled." He dismisses in a few words "lions, leopards, lynxes, panthers, and bears," as being beasts taken in strange places—for instance, Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia Minor; and there is a villainously unsportsmanlike little sentence, which confesses "some of these are taken in the mountains, by the poison of aconite, on account of the difficulty of getting at them;" after which the pitfalls that conclude the list appear a very mild kind of poaching. But poacher or not, Xenophon had the soul of a sportsman, and he would doubtless have been as perfect a rider as Nimrod, or as perfect a shot and fisherman as my friend Manton Mayfly, had he had the same light and opportunities. It was not his fault that he lived in the infancy of the world. And whatever may have been his delinquencies on the score of illicit pursuit of game, he amply atones for them by the admirable moral that he draws in the concluding chapters, where he sums up the advantages of the sportsman's life, and maintains as the crowning one of all, that his habits tended to turn him out a ready-made warrior. This is a moral which I do not think it possible to

impress too deeply upon our own nation and our "wondrous mother age." The sentence which I have quoted as the heading of this letter is well worth our especial attention. Field-sports permit the best possible education for the affairs of war. Xenophon enlarges upon this text :—

"For," says he, "in the first place, when men, with all their armour on, travel in difficult roads, they will not be fatigued, for they will sustain labours on account of their being accustomed to these in the pursuit of game. In the next place, they will be able to sleep on a hard bed, and will acquire the habit of exact obedience to command; and in their approaches upon the enemy they will be able to hasten onward and to execute orders at the same time, because in this manner they are accustomed to take wild beasts. And when they are placed in the front, they will not leave the ranks, because they are able to endure danger. And when the enemy are put to flight, they will pursue the foe in all kinds of places, through their knowledge of country. And should their own army be unfortunate, they will be able, in places covered with wood, or precipitous or otherwise difficult, both to save themselves without discredit, and to save others; for acquaintance with the kind of work will furnish them with superior knowledge. And it has often happened that a few men of this description, when a large multitude of their companions in arms has been defeated, by their own self-possession and daring have recovered the battle, and defeated a victorious enemy when he has missed his way through the difficulties of the ground; for those who are strong in body and mind have always the peculiar attribute of keeping close to success. Thus it was that our ancestors, knowing that this was the cause of their success against enemies, made it a point in the education of youth; and once when, in ancient times, they were short of produce, they nevertheless judged that they ought not to restrict the hunters from chasing any of those things which the land brought forth. And more than this, they forbade people to pass the night within a space of many stadia, in order that those who were followers of this science might not be deprived of their game. For they saw that this is that one pleasure of young men which is productive of much abundant good; for it makes men both sober and just, through their being educated in truth.

For they were sensible that they succeeded in the affairs of war through such practices, and that this pleasure is a hindrance to no other honourable pursuit, like some other evil pleasures which are better not learnt at all. Thus by such pursuits men are made both good soldiers and good generals. For those are the best men whose pursuits eliminate from the soul the evil and wanton elements, and increase in it a desire of manly excellence; for such are not the men to stand quietly by while their own city is wronged, or its territory is evil entreated."

There is nothing new under the sun. Xenophon's remarks are as good now as then. The spirit of our English officers at the Alma, and in the Balaklava charge, was compared by those who witnessed it to the joy and alacrity of eager sportsmen.

Xenophon goes on to answer some of the commonplace objections which are also made at the present day :—

"Now, some people say that one ought not to love the chase, because those who do so neglect their affairs at home,—not knowing that all who benefit their cities and friends are really the best economists. If, then, those who are fond of hunting make themselves useful to their country in the most important matters, they will not neglect their private affairs, for together with the State is each man's private interest either preserved or destroyed; so that, indeed, such men save the prosperity of other individuals in addition to their own. But many amongst those who talk thus, being rendered unreasonable through envy, would rather be ruined by their own poltroonery than be saved by the valour of others, for their delights are vulgar and idle, and, through being enslaved to these, they are urged on to take the baser side both in speech and action."

He follows out this subject, showing that the element of labour in the chase is of a healthy description, and a corrective of the baser propensities and pleasures of human nature, especially the vices that are rampant in a morbid and effete civilisation, like ours at the present day. Then he goes on to attack the "sophists" or "wisacres," as we may call them, who, whatever Mr Grote may think on the subject, were especially stigmatised, by all the good men and

true of antiquity, as the corrupters of youth. He puts in a few words the sum of his objections to this class of public teachers: "As to great matters, I attach a more than common degree of blame to those people; and with regard to the subjects of their writings, I take this especial exception to them, that mere words are the objects of their attention, but sound sentiments, by which the rising generation might be educated to virtue, are nowhere to be found with them." And again: "Now the sophists converse for the purpose of deceiving, and write for their own gain, and do no one any good; for none of them has ever been or is really wise, but it is enough for each to be called sophist or wiseacre, which is a reproach amongst really sensible men." How much of what Xenophon has said here would apply to certain gentlemen of the press, and stump-orators, who are the sophists of our generation! The mantle of the sophists at Athens has truly descended on a very large class with us. On all such men I would prescribe, not exactly Sydney Smith's receipt for fanatics—a good dinner, but a good day with the hounds now, and then, if they are able to live through it. All heresy, religious, political, and social, is doubtless caused by some derangement of liver, heart, or stomach, and the just prophylactic would be a kind of exercise which would restrict all these organs to their proper legitimate functions. Man is by nature an animal of prey—a pursuing animal—and Xenophon justly observes: "Some men make war upon wild beasts, and others upon their friends (for instance, stock-jobbers, pettifoggers, quacks, popular preachers, and adulterers of food). And those who prosecute their friends have an evil report with all; but sportsmen, who pursue game, have a good report." He works out this subject, and shows, moreover, that sportsmen as a class are not only excellent citizens, but most exemplary in their relations to the gods, —good sons, good citizens, and good friends. In fact, he makes out an excellent case for this much maligned class, concluding his treatise with the remark that he is not without sup-

port even among the fair sex, seeing that some of them, such as Atalanta and Procria, were endowed by Artemis with the genius of woodcraft.

The modern sportsman may make the same boast. There are ladies who enter into his feelings with the zest of full appreciation. The question is, have they that authority which their sex ought to give them—have they not abdicated their privileges by entering into the service of Diana? I think not. What is the usual cause of a young lady being fond of field-sports? An exuberance of health and spirits—a love of fresh keen air and quick motion, an eye for the lines of beauty in some of the most beautiful of the inferior animals, not resting satisfied with inanimate nature—a love of the picturesque, shown otherwise than by making trashy sketches at watering-places—and a love of the dangerous, indicating a high courage. There are few things, whatever some may think, more beautiful in woman than courage, especially when joined with feminine loveliness. This must, however, be carefully distinguished from what ladies call boldness. And this courage is a quality in which our fair countrywomen are surpassed by no other nation. It is quite distinct from the courage of sentiment, which is not always cunobling, or from the instinctive maternal courage which sent the Highland peasant-woman up the rock to the eagle's nest to recover her stolen bairn. It belongs to breed and blood, to taper fingers and arched insteps, and is generally found to be joined with an organisation of the highest refinement and the deepest sensibility. Far otherwise is it with the really masculine woman; she is nothing but an inferior man. She prates about the rights of women, and retails the pestilent trash of infidel publications. She thinks that life in the Beautiful which is a woman's province, waste of time. Why waste time with her? She has "hay upon her horn," as the old Latin proverb says; "run away as fast and as far as you can." But what is commonly the history of the fair huntress? When her steed has eaten up her wild oats (what wild oats were ever

so innocent?) she becomes the wife of a neighbouring squire with the full consent of her parents; she binds her husband to his home with a silken cord, as the Greeks used to consecrate their city-walls by binding them to the temples of a deity; she becomes a fountain of blessings to the poor, and few of them, young or old, ever pray for her with dry eyes: or she becomes the wife of some hard-working clergyman with the forgiveness of her parents; she dispenses the same blessings in another sphere, and lives a monument of industrious self-denial, though no imperishable brass shall record her virtues, and no testimonial be got up by subscription to do her honour; and in either case she bequeathes to the State a progeny of brave men and women, as beautiful, as brave, and as good as herself. Bravery, in the ancient acceptation of the word, stood for beauty.

But some cavillers would say that all cruelty is unfeminine, and field-sports are cruel. In the first place, I have questioned whether all cruelty be unfeminine; but let us give this up. Let me examine the question of the cruelty of field-sports. Certain animals owe their existence to them, and were it not for them would be as extinct as the dodo in the tropics, or the bustard in England. Were reynard, for instance, asked whether he would choose to exist on condition of being hunted, or not to exist at all, he would probably think the last alternative the more cruel. As for beasts of prey, they cannot complain if they are preyed upon. And violent death is a merciful dispensation to the gramivorous animals. Nothing is more miserable than a poor beast suffered to die of old age. In a wild state, a life of happiness is cut short, for the aged hare or deer, by some prowling neighbour; far better so than that it should linger and die of starvation. As for grouse and partridges, I believe it to be proved that, were they not thinned off by sportsmen, there would be no social happiness whatever amongst them, in consequence of the pugnacity of the cock-birds.

War and woodcraft have ever gone hand in hand, since the days of those

grand old lion-hunting soldiers and kings whose effigies Mr Layard exhumed from Nineveh. No real sportsman delights in pain any more than the real warrior. Who so kind as he to animals in a domestic state? It is the war of reason with instinct and cunning that gives zest to field-sports, and not cruelty. It is the uncertainty of success that enhances triumph, not the pain of the conquered. And the sportsman looks on a noble quarry with the same affection that a warrior regards a noble enemy withal. How often has delight been felt that a fine old fox has got safely to his earth! and the affectionateness of the nickname of "Charley" bears evidence of this spirit. But supposing we are wrong here, and that a taint of cruelty is mixed up with field-sports—if it be so, it is because all human bosoms bear with them an unextinguishable spark of ferocity. What safety-valve for this so harmless? Better far to hunt down noxious beasts, or kill innocent beasts suddenly that would otherwise die painful deaths—better far than make game of one's neighbours, retail petty scandal, or, which is the worst case, gloat over the columns of a scurrilous and sanctimonious newspaper while it is whispering away the characters of honourable men. Better far to angle for trout with artificial flies, than for base gains by falsifying and poisoning the food of man. God has given into man's hand every beast of the earth for food, and He has not commanded him to abstain from killing them; but towards his fellow-creature the one command of Heaven is love. Experience, after all, is the best test, far better than arguments, of any position; and were I so inclined, I might cite as many instances of gentle and benevolent sportsmen as of gentle and benevolent warriors.

I recollect observing one little instance myself. A blind labourer happened to be in the way when a crowd of horsemen were passing through a gate with fox-hounds. A young nobleman, one of the keenest sportsmen of his time, took the trouble to stand by and screen him with his horse, until all the rest of the field

had passed; and this was done without ostentation, but from a natural and kindly impulse. It is quite enough for my purpose that the great Duke of Wellington was a sportsman—and who so gentle as he where duty did not constrain nature? His approval of field-sports, and for the reasons of Xenophon, is surely no mean authority; for with the Great Captain's knowledge of Greek, he could hardly have plagiarised from the Athenian.

Even when in the presence of the enemy, during the Peninsular War, he thought right to keep a pack of fox-hounds in the rear of the army; and though he was maligned and misunderstood at the time, it is now generally allowed that he was right in this, as he was right in most things. It kept up the spirit of his officers, and removed from sight the hardships of campaigning. It was an excellent antidote to that despondency which the ennui of camp duties is apt to induce, especially in those who expect war to be nothing but excitement. And we may cite as a crowning instance the immense value that these pastimes have possessed in cheering up our men and officers during the Sebastopol campaign—a campaign apparently exceeding in monotonous hardship almost every other on record which has been carried to a successful result. During that period field-sports, and every possible imitation of them, appear to have been to the English army what music and theatricals were to the French; the latter expedients being by no means despicable, but the former having this advantage, that they kept those who indulged in them in training for the sterner business of

war. While such are still the habits of our gentry and rural population, whatever dangers may accrue to us from the encroachments of commerce, we shall always have a reserve of manhood to fall back upon in time of need; we shall always grow stronger and stronger as a war lasts, and as the latent martial energy is developed; and war will ever be less dangerous to us than peace—a peace, at least, in which, as our Great Warrior has warned us, a hostile surprise might ruin us through our Anglo-Saxon unreadiness. The present is a most delicate crisis. Let Peace come, and God speed it if it brings with it security against future war. I would not be a prophet of evil, but diplomacy has ever been more perilous to Britain than the embattled foe. Remember Cintra!—

“Convention was the dwarfish demon
 styled,
 That foiled the knights in Marialva's
 dome.”

We are no match in negotiation for the Machiavellis of the Continent. What if, in the course of these conferences, some mystification or complication should arise, in the event of which we might find ourselves alone, with the world in arms against us? It would not be the first time that we have been in such a position. Though not so strong as we are now, we had men in the country then of the right stuff, as we hope we have now, and we did more than survive—a fact in itself miraculous; we gloriously conquered. And why did we conquer gloriously? Because we cut the Gordian knots of political chicanery with the swords of a Nelson and a Wellesley.—I am always yours,

TELEPOLEMON.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

GENIUS does not mistake its mission. Its aim generally accords with its capacity,—its direction harmonises with its native predilections. When we read the oft-written regret that some poet, distinguished by a rainbow-spray of fancy and feeling, did not concentrate his energies in an epic,—that a brilliant essayist did not leave some enduring whole, an obelisk of thought, to mark his position in the world of letters,—or that some statesman played false to himself, and “gave up to party what was meant for mankind,”—we do not give an unquestioning adhesion to the opinion. Nature seldom mistakes itself. The bias of a man's nature gives the bias to his life. The proverb that “every bullet has its billet,” has its counterpart in the moral world; and the powers of the mind ever tend to make straight to their goal, and embody themselves in a congenial line of action. External circumstances, indeed, may cramp, and shortness of life, in some paths of renown, mars all. To provide for the present—that first duty of life and necessity of existence—at times compels genius to sacrifice the future, and employ its powers in hasty efforts or on ephemeral objects,—or, in the world of action, may confine its energies to a too limited field. Yet this happens, we suspect, much more rarely than is commonly supposed. Many of the most distinguished men in every branch of renown have risen in the teeth of circumstances,—in war or action, cleaving their way upward with lightning-stroke; and, in the fields of thought, gradually dawning, it may be from an attic, on the world, though perhaps inadequately appreciated in their own lifetime. Let this be borne in mind, and it appears probable that the world loses little of the high genius born into it. In

ordinary circumstances it never does. True genius, we repeat, never errs as to its mission. Mozart, with that passionate heart of his, rushes to music almost ere he can speak—Haydn heard his finest passage in a dream—the grand Beethoven composes even after he is deaf. Bacon and Milton, the poet and the thinker, the positivist and the idealist, flourish in the same age. Cromwell, Chatham, Clive, Carnot, Wellington, and, greatest of all, Napoleon, rise into their true sphere of action without an effort; their course is steady as that of water rising to its level; if they never miss an opening, it is simply because they are ever ready for its occurrence. In truth, genius not only instinctively falls into its true track, but frequently has a mysterious presentiment of its actual destiny. Clive dreamt of high achievement and success while yet a school-boy in England; Louis Napoleon adhered to his presentiment of empire even in the prison of Ham.

Give it but life, and genius will mould all things else to its will. As the coarsest food upon which beauty fares becomes forthwith sublimated into the fairest forms, while food the most delicate only adds grossness to the gross,—even so does the spirit of man influence and permeate his external circumstances; and so does genius make for itself favouring gales and golden treasures where ordinary natures see but storm and sterility. Give it but life!—And for each variety of genius the needful length of days varies. In music, in poetry, in art generally, youth often reaches a point of excellence to which years add nothing. Experience, reflection, study, are not indispensable to the poet, whose greatest success may be but a flashing out, by one bright impulse, of his own rich nature, with all its dreams and passions.

History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L., LL.D. F.R.S.E. New edition, with Portraits, 14 vols.

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By the Same. Vols. I. to V.

and raptured imaginings, for which the rosy exuberance of youth may do more than all the intellectual gleanings of advancing years. But in science, in philosophy, in history, the case is far otherwise. There genius finds no "royal road;" you must begin early and work long. And, of all others, in the department of philosophy history length of days is indispensable, otherwise the architect can never complete his fabric. In his published essays and private manuscripts you may find finished columns and cornice, dome and pediment and single statues; but the connecting parts are wanting, or there is no longer a master-hand to put the stately edifice together. It is as if, while the craftsmen of Tyre, the woodmen of Lebanon, the masons from the Judean hills and the Syrian quarries, were coming laden with their work, and had deposited on the plateau of Zion nearly all the finished materials of the Temple, the architect himself, the great Solomon, had died, and with him the plans which would have combined that wilderness of costly material into one magnificent whole. Hence, a prayer for life—not in craven fear, like those who waste or mis-spend existence, —nor in a spirit of dependency, as if the mental gifts now enjoyed could be severed from him by death—nevertheless a prayer for life often lies deep at the heart of the man of genius, who feels powers yearning within him for actual development, and who knows these powers are such as may bless his kind, and scatter around the steps of future generations a light such as in his own youth he never enjoyed.

No author of the present age more early or clearly understood his peculiar gifts, or has adhered to their development with more of that invincible persistency which accompanies high thought, than Sir Archibald Alison. There has been no discord between his nature and his life. In many respects he has been born under a happy star; so that, from the first, his mental character, his circumstances, and his actual life have been in rare harmony. Born at a time when Europe was vibrating with the first electric

shocks of a new era, his mind instinctively recognised in the delineation and contemplation of these events a congenial field of action; and his circumstances happily enabled him to devote to his work that leisure and preparation requisite to its proper accomplishment. Since then, year by year the History has been steadily growing under his hands, ever advancing nearer and nearer to our own day. Commencing with the ever-memorable year of 1789—that year which will form a starting-point in European history for centuries to come,—he gives a brief and philosophic summary of the preceding times, and then launches on the stream of events ever widening more and more into a new era of the world. Every mind has its own tastes,—every temperament has its congenial field of contemplation, by exercise in which it attains its fullest measures of usefulness to others and happiness to itself; but to us the history of the last seventy years, as treated by Alison, appears more profitable for the instruction and mental development of the present generation than most other histories put together. It is to modern times what Gibbon's history is for the ages of the Past. Take what country or people you will—Russia, France, Britain, Spain, Italy, Poland, Austria, Turkey, India, America,—every part of the world into which the restless European race has thrust itself,—and you will find the leading points of its past history given, the general character of the people sketched, and the present condition and aspect of the region described: And thus the reader of Alison's History finds set before him all the elements necessary for the formation of his opinions on present events, as well as an immense store of general information and vivid sketches of striking scenery and stirring events, calculated in the highest degree to elevate, recreate, and enrich the mind. The perusal of Alison's works, indeed, is an education of itself; and it is one so intimately connected with present times, with the ideas and events now influencing the world, that without it, all others would be imperfect. To the young statesman, the soldier, the student,

as well as to the great mass whom instinct and interest alike lead to a contemplation of the age in which they live, we would unhesitatingly name Alison's History as the most indispensable of books. Many a one may find points where he differs from the author's opinions, but no one will question his fairness in argument or impartiality of statement; and no work, we feel assured, suffices so well to set the mind a-thinking for itself, or furnishes it with better materials for forming a judgment on matters of the liveliest interest and greatest moment in the present times.

There are three styles of writing history,—and of these styles typical examples may be found respectively in the works of Macaulay, Alison, and Montesquieu. The distinguishing characteristic of the first of these historians, as contrasted with the others, is a redundancy of interesting but unimportant detail. His pages are loaded with anecdotes and decorative detail, treating of circumstances which in no perceptible way affected the current of contemporaneous history, and about which subsequent ages care not a straw,—yet which serve to bring the past times more vividly before us, and which constitute an independent source of interest from their picturesque and piquant character, and the skill with which they are introduced. In this decorative style of history Macaulay is without a rival. Montesquieu may be placed at the head of the opposite school of historians. Disregarding all ephemeral detail, his eye is fixed exclusively on the essentials of history,—on the varied combination of causes which have produced the grand events of the past,—on the enduring principles at work in the life of nations, and the lessons deducible from the past for the guidance of the future. His work on the Grandeur and Decay of the Romans is, from first to last, pure thought. That little work will vie in longevity with almost any one which the last century produced. It is all essence. It gives only *results*. Instead of setting forth, as so many writers do, the endless *pros* and *cons* of the case, and the conflicting details by which every principle in history is enwrapped,

Montesquieu reserves all this labour for his study, and, sifting away the husk, presents you only with the kernel. By thinking minds, to whom the clear perception of truth affords a vivid enjoyment unintelligible to men of a less intellectual cast, this style of Montesquieu's will be reckoned peerless. But in it the Thought is presented too pure, too much in the nude, for the generality of mankind, who are ever more interested in facts than they are capable of appreciating principles. But let the principles be given simply as a leaven to the facts, as a salt to the History, and all men will read and understand,—especially if the bulk of the narrative be confined to themes and events of lasting importance, and be enlivened by graphic delineation of, and eloquent remark upon, those pinnacle-points of history which enduringly attract the gaze of mankind. To this last and middle style of historical composition belong the works of Alison. Without the passion for ornamentation which distinguishes Macaulay, and, either by nature or reflection, impatient of the subtle process of crystallising truth which marks the writings of Montesquieu, Alison holds a middle place between these two authors. Practical in turn of mind, fervid of temperament, graphic in delineation, and possessing in a high degree the power of seizing the prominent points of his subject, Sir Archibald Alison unites the useful with the interesting, facts with principles, the essence with the form, in a manner which admirably adapts his works for general and lasting popularity. Far inferior to Macaulay as regards the literary execution of his works—writing, in fact, five or six volumes in the time that Macaulay bestows upon one—Alison nevertheless appears to us to have adopted much the better plan of historical composition; and the symmetry and admirable proportion pervading the grand outlines of his work, impart to it an excellence superior to that arising from perfection of detail. His narrative contains all that the general public care to know, and no more,—and his reflections, though presented somewhat in the rough, yet recurring again and again in seasonable places,

"here a little, and there a little," serve admirably to impress themselves on the reader, and perhaps produce a greater effect than if they had been set forth perfect, and, once for all, by the crystallising process of Montesquieu. And on the whole, we may say that Alison realises, as far as is possible in so extensive a work, the ideal of historical composition sketched by Ducloux: "*L'historien doit chercher à s'instruire des moindres détails, parce qu'ils peuvent servir à l'éclairer, et qu'il doit examiner tout ce qui a rapport à son sujet; mais il doit les épargner au lecteur. Ce sont des instruments nécessaires à celui qui construit l'édifice, inutiles à celui qui l'habite. L'historien doit tout lire, et ne doit écrire que ce qui mérite d'être lu.*"

In the early volumes of his History, Sir Archibald Alison was called upon to behold and describe a great national passion in its infancy,—in its first wild excesses. Freedom newly set free is no more able to deport itself aright than any other passion of human nature. Liberty, on first bursting its chains, runs riot, and, neither knowing the conditions of its own being, nor respecting the rights of others, ever tends to waste and wreck its own life, as well as get knocked on the head by its outraged neighbours. Happy the nation—happy Britain! in whom popular liberty developed itself with faltering steps, and by gradual stages,—even as individual liberty dawns slowly and safely beneath the paternal roof, where the erring impulses of youth are kept in check, till, step by step, they have learnt to subject themselves to the control of reason. In France no such happy process occurred: liberty there sprang up at once, sudden, fierce, suicidal—full-armed, but not full-grown. Like youth, it had the physical strength to destroy, but not the experienced wisdom to remodel or construct. It wasted its life, and perished amid the ruins it had made. We need not stay now to ask who was specially to blame for this; for the more the history of mankind is studied, the more evident does it become that great revolutions owe their character less to the acts of individuals, or of any one

class, than to the general temperament and antecedents of the nation. The native tendency of the French intellect is to theorise and symmetrise—of the French temperament to move by fits and starts. Strange blending!—to act impulsively, yet think by pure logic. Progress with them, indeed, wears so fitful a guise that we hardly recognise it as a regular development at all. As regards national liberty, in lieu of steady growth we see a bound, next a recoil, then stagnation, then effervescence, and again a bound. In Britain we have always had a great regard for the things that are, and are loth to exchange even the worst of our institutions at the bidding of the best theory that has not been tested in practice. It does not suffice for the British nation that a principle is good in the abstract; we must likewise be convinced that it will accord with our other institutions, and that the public mind is ready for its reception. The best principle will fail in practice, when the habits and ideas of the people are not ready to accord with it. It is by attending to this important truth that the British legislature has so long realised the *beau-ideal* union of theory with practice. What is governmentally wrong at one time may become right at another. The schoolboy's due allowance of pocket-money would be absurd if bestowed on a child; the income so prudently and happily expended by one who has become accustomed to its use, is by the youth squandered, or made a means of shortening his own days. It is only by slow experience and through much suffering that we learn to use aright the gifts of life; and as it is with individuals, so is it with nations. It is a favourite boast with the less astute of the Liberals, that the early proposals of their party were right, because the Tories have subsequently adopted them,—not observing that in such matters time makes all the difference, and that a measure which would have done harm fifty years ago, may be beneficial now, in consequence of the gradual development, and preparation of the national mind for its adoption in the interval. It is remarkable, as showing to what excesses unschooled human

nature is prone, that the French nation, in all their subsequent revolutions, have never carried their notions of liberty so far as they did in 1793. They have been learning lessons in the new stage of national life into which that convulsion ushered them. The middle classes have become fitter for the enjoyment of freedom than they then were: what has made them so is the experience and sufferings they have gone through in the interval; and it is the lessons of that experience, and the recollections of that suffering, that frighten them at the idea of a repetition of the old excesses. Popular liberty is now so familiar to Europe in idea, and to ourselves in actual practice, that the present age is beginning to wonder at the dread commotion and alarm which spread throughout Europe on the outburst of the first French Revolution. This arises from forgetting the state of things then. Seventy years ago, popular liberty was a thing unknown upon the Continent. Kings and princes governed, and the nations submitted like automats. The "divine right of kings" was regarded as a fundamental point of the Christian religion; and the rights of the people to be consulted as to their mode of being governed, was a thing never dreamed of. All this looks very reprehensible nowadays; but nobody then thought of the opposite. It was simply a stage which comes in the general history of nations—an inevitable epoch in their development—and for which no individuals, or class of individuals, were to blame. A rare combination of circumstances, and a happy national temperament, broke up this era piecemeal and gradually in Britain; but in France it gave way suddenly, like the rupturing of an ice-field. The surrounding Continental States stood aghast at the terrible whirlpool of fire that all at once, by a sudden convulsion, appeared in the midst of them. The peoples began to awake, and think, and hope—the Governments were filled with natural anger and terror; and, as the event showed, the latter had more cause to fear than the former had to rejoice.

Political parties in France have never understood the value of com-

promise. They are not content to give a little here and get a little there, or even to accept a slow but steady aggrandisement of their party. In England, statesmen are content to advocate principles, and to wait. Great questions, whether religious, commercial, or governmental—whether Catholic Emancipation, Free-Trade, or Reform—are debated for thirty or forty years before they obtain the assent of the British Senate; and even then the opposition is so steady, and public opinion sympathises so little with extreme measures, that the majority cannot dispense with caution and forbearance in following up their success. John Bull won't stand rough-riders in Downing Street—as even the failures of the present Government in domestic legislation abundantly testify. He regards change with distrust; he must have the matter debated all round, to make sure there is nothing dangerous behind it; and if it plainly trench upon established rights of property, the best of State reasons generally fail to move him from his attitude of sturdy opposition. In France, on the other hand, political parties act too much on the principle of *tout ou rien*. They never give quarter to antagonists or defeated principles. The majority are ever ready to domineer and play the despot; and the minority is generally quite as ready to play the assassin. Hence the mob and the army are the *ju* of last appeal for the French legislature: grand party-questions debated in the Assembly are ultimately fought out in the streets. The guillotine—a regiment of grenadiers to eject the deputies—repeated swampings of the House of Peers, or changes in the electoral law by violent exercise of the royal prerogative—revolutions in the streets, or an imperial *coup d'état*—such are the desperate means by which, owing to the want of discretion and mutual forbearance amongst its political parties, government in France for the last three-score years has been carried on.

This defect is due in part to the national temperament of the French people; and if it be visible still, after sixty years' schooling, how much more untamed was it at the first great out-

burst of the national life in 1789? Then, the wildest theories were embraced, because "pure principle" was appealed to, utterly irrespective of existing rights or prevailing habits; and as every change was sought to be effected intolerantly and with hot haste, Robespierre had to enforce his logic of democracy with the guillotine. Had revolutionary France been wise in 1789, she would have fraternised with England,—a country in which the principles of liberty had been slowly growing for centuries. But with the ignorance of youth and the arrogance of a parvenu, France sought, with one bound, to reach the summit of the ladder,—by one exercise of pure logic to supersede the teachings of experience and the slow growth of moral restraint,—and despised the British nation advancing cautiously in the upward path. France became intoxicated, like a savage on first tasting wine. The new passion for liberty seized her like a frenzy, which she thought divine, and which led her defiantly into collision with every neighbouring Power. Whatever some writers may think nowadays, there was no avoiding a war with France then. Not content with being free after her own fashion, like a god she elevated her ideas into the sole rule of wisdom and justice for the world, and published warlike defiance against all who refused to act in accordance with this new Revelation of Liberty of which she was the apostle. Government, property, religion, society,—she had received new light on all these subjects. Kings, priests, and nobles were proscribed as traitors to humanity,—the wealth of the rich was to be confiscated to the State. Christianity was proclaimed a fable, Love was "emancipated," Marriage denounced;—the surrounding nations were invited to throw off the yoke of their rulers, and to aid France in the subversion of all existing institutions, and the establishment of the supreme sway of "the people." People nowadays are not easily shocked: we have grown so familiar with new opinions of every kind, that even the most extreme hardly startle us. But fancy the effect of the outbreak of such principles upon the Europe of last century!

Had France been suddenly metamorphosed into a vast volcano, from which lava-streams began to flow down upon the adjoining countries, the consternation of the ruling classes could not have been greater; while, with a few exceptions on the immediate borders of France, "the peoples" were then so little developed in intellectual life, that the democratic principles took no hold upon them,—they were only shocked at the Revolution, as it was expounded to them by their priests, and were quite willing to act as the agents of their Governments in putting it down.

As invariably happens when successful external war follows internal anarchy, France emerged from the struggle with a military dictator at her head. All old things had passed away. Her aristocracy was gone,—her priesthood was gone,—her boasted Republic was gone,—and from the ruins of that strange chaos arose the towering figure of a man who knew the French better than they knew themselves, and who proceeded to undo one-half of what they had done. Napoleon re-established the Church and paid homage to religion,—without which in some shape, he saw no society can hang together; he revived titles of honour, with which the French (so fond of distinction) are really enamoured, though they had abolished them when badges of a caste; he muzzled the press, so prone to reckless theorising and seditious abuse,—and converted the Chambers from a debating club into a deliberative assembly, if not into a mere recorder of the Imperial will. And what is France now? Free? Certainly,—but not with a wise freedom. Popular freedom consists in a nation being governed according to its wishes: and thus far France is free. With a million National Guards, and with a people who are soldiers alike by nature and by training, France, if in earnest, can at any time coerce or overthrow her Government, and she has repeatedly done so. But her liberty is of a restricted and perilous kind. The nation chooses its ruler, and thereafter delegates to him its powers, so that he may rule any way, if he but rule firmly and well. "The necessity of external govern-

ment to man," says Coleridge, "is in an inverse ratio to the vigour of his self-government." Now, reiterated experience has shown that the French people cannot directly manage their own affairs; the quiet-going majority is harassed by a turbulent minority, to whose sudden attacks it ever and anon falls a prey; and accordingly it is content to resign to the Executive no inconsiderable portion of its liberties, on condition of being secured in the safe enjoyment of the remainder.

This insecurity of the social and governmental fabric in France is the effect of a manifold combination of causes: Firstly, the national revolutions have been so sweeping and so frequent, that there is hardly an institution left which is hedged round by the potent prestige of antiquity, which has taken root in the minds of the people, or become associated with the glory of the State. For nigh seventy years everything has been in a state of change—a series of dissolving views: hence each ambitious leader or party does not scruple to attempt one change more; while the nation, unless its material interests are affected, looks on apathetically,—change, indeed, being the only thing to which it has grown habituated. This is aggravated by the circumstance that the politicians of France, as a class, have little to lose by change or convulsion. Brilliant and able as many of them are, they are politicians and nothing more, and have nothing to think of but the advancement of their position in the State. The statesmen of England almost all belong to a class abidingly interested in the prosperity and tranquillity of the country: political career, though willingly entered upon as a noble pursuit, only entails upon them sacrifice and expense; and in many cases their private position is so distinguished that it overshadows their public one—whereas French politicians have rarely any private position to fall back upon, and are too ready to adopt any course which promises to invest them with the prestige and emoluments of office. Where there is a well-developed Public Opinion, the efforts of such political adventurers are checked and paralysed by its operation—but public

opinion in France is not so developed. There are no county courts or municipal institutions, as with us, through which the sentiments of all parts of the kingdom can make themselves known and felt; and the consequence is, that an Assembly, once elected, proceeds on any course it pleases, without ever heeding to "feel the pulse" of the public. In this way it was, for instance, that the French Assembly, in 1851, naturally suspicious of being overshadowed by the Executive, and determined on being the ruling power in the State, disregarding, as usual, the principle of compromise, scrupled not to bring matters to a dead-lock, and held a dagger to the President's throat; whereupon Louis Napoleon, knowing better than they the wants and wishes of France, retorted by knocking them into the dust, and was forthwith exonerated for so doing by an almost unanimous vote of approval from the nation. Louis Philippe, *mal avis*, sought to maintain his position by appealing to the selfishness of the ruling classes, by corrupting the Deputies by a lavish bestowal of State patronage, and unduly attending to the interests of the *bourgeoisie* or middle-class, who had made the Revolution of 1830; and lo! a revolt of the lower classes, the *outriers*, drove him from the throne. Louis Napoleon has taken a different course, a bolder and a wiser. Firmly seating himself on the throne, he has proceeded to attend to the wants of all classes of the nation and all parts of the country alike—the lowest classes, perhaps, more than the others, because they need it more. France wants a hand to act and a head to think,—and she has got both in Louis Napoleon. The principle of his Government is that of Frederick the Great and his own uncle, "Everything for the people, nothing by them,"—a principle the most suitable for the French nation in its present stage; and in his style of action he bears in mind the not less discriminating remark of his great relative, that "France loves to be ruled by an arm of iron gloved in velvet."

France is still young in freedom, and apparently has many convulsions to go through ere she arrive at a

settled order of things. Her sole present element of stability (such as it is) is to be found in her rural population;—and, strange to say, it is to the very miseries of her first Revolution that she owes this chief bar to revolution now. The over-issue of assignats or paper-notes, based on the confiscated estates of the Church and the nobility, which for years produced such intense misery in France, had the effect of exposing these estates to be bought piecemeal by persons of limited means; and this circumstance, accompanied by the abolition of the right of primogeniture, has in course of time covered all the rural districts with small properties, now amounting to about eleven millions in number. Amidst a rural population of this kind the spirit of innovation and revolution never takes root,—they constitute a class eminently Conservative in habits and ideas; and it is this class which at present possesses a clear majority of votes in all appeals to the nation. Modern France has sometimes been likened to Rome under the Emperors,—but several important differences must be observed. Rome in later times was only a System: there was no Roman nation,—its armies were mercenaries, its emperors often aliens. The whole power of France, on the other hand, is based on the French nation: from this it results that the Army is the People; and consequently the military revolutions in France are made in sympathy with the popular feelings,—not, as in Rome, at the mere caprice of a Prætorian caste or mercenary legions. The other great difference we would briefly indicate between modern France and Imperial Rome consists in the circumstance that France has an abundant rural population, while Rome under the emperors had none;—the soil of the former country being for the most part owned by the free millions who cultivate it, while the rural districts of the latter were overrun by properties of vast size, owned by a few magnates, and peopled by a sprinkling of herdsmen slaves: a difference which invests modern France with a vitality and stability far superior to Rome under the emperors. Like later

Rome, however, France for the last sixty years has been an elective despotism, and such she is likely long to continue. The peculiar genius of the people,—their aversion to *hereditary* rank, and their worship of personal prestige, conspires with their political circumstances to wean them from the principle of Legitimacy, and to attract them to that of Election. Legitimacy may ostensibly revive in France, but in reality it will only be a fresh illustration of the principle of election: for should Henri Cinq ever be recalled to the throne of his fathers, it will only be as a *pis aller*,—it will be because his is the only name under which the nation can take shelter from anarchy. Then as now the French throne will be elective, and the nation will continue to be overshadowed by the prestige of great names.

The worst feature of revolutionary France—the one which occasions most disquietude to reflecting minds, and which opposes the greatest obstacle to the establishment of settled government in that country—is, that the unheeding of the national mind has been as great in the social and moral world as in the political. We have not space to treat adequately of this subject, but it is a most vital one. Great as are the present political disadvantages of France, these might be remedied were the moral condition of the people in a healthier state. Of all forms of government, virtue is most indispensable to a democracy. Yet what do we find in France? A moral chaos everywhere. “Society in France,” says M. Thiers, “has arrived at that state of moral perturbation, that ideas the most natural, the most evident, the most universally acknowledged, are put in doubt;” and such is the utter confusion of thoughts and principles, that the plainest truths must be demonstrated anew. The language of De Tocqueville is still stronger. “Was there ever an age,” he says, “like ours? Did man ever witness, as in our days, a world where nothing is fixed; where virtue is without genius, and genius without honour; where the love of order is confounded with a taste for tyrants, and the holy worship of liberty with contempt for the laws;

where conscience throws but a doubtful light upon human actions; where nothing any longer seems forbidden or permitted, neither honest nor shameful, neither true nor false!" The revolutions of the middle-classes in France may be over—at least they are robbed of their terrors; for these classes have triumphed, suffered, and learnt; and, moreover, there is no class above them by whose plunder they might gain. But the revolutions of the lower classes—of the *ouvriers*—have yet to run their course. "*La propriété c'est le vol!*" is their dread watchword. They conspire and fight for supremacy in the State, not for the sake of its political advantages, but that they may thereby be enabled to plunder their betters. Such are the principles of the Red Republic—that dread spectre which threatened France in 1848—from whose fangs she has sought refuge under the wings of Napoleon III.—and which, though temporarily chained, waits and watches like a fiend of darkness for a favourable moment to resume its onslaught. The sudden death of the present gallant Emperor—the dagger or pistol of an assassin—would leave France without a head; and would not such a momentary interregnum suffice to evoke the watchful demon, and plunge France once more into terrible anarchy? This is the serious rock ahead—the dreaddest antagonist of French freedom and prosperity. And how long it will take ere this new stratum of revolutionists be taught wisdom by suffering, or till the sanctifying influences of religion sink down through their turbid masses, and bring peace, we cannot conjecture. If it come ever, it is well—it is enough.

Since the decay of the Classic empires, the course of civilisation in Europe has been reversed. Reaching the shores of the Atlantic through the southern kingdoms, it has begun to flow back through the central regions of the Continent. England and France are the starting-points from which National Development and its twin Liberty have commenced their progress eastward through the Old World. Predominant in these

two western kingdoms, the new principles are less powerful though rapidly maturing in Germany, and in due time will transfuse themselves also into the now torpid population of Russia. In his newly published volume,* Sir Archibald Alison gives an able and lucid sketch of the struggle between the Constitutional and Despotic principles in Germany during the five-and-thirty years which followed the first awakening of the German people to national life in 1813. The oppression which attended the ascendancy of the French under Napoleon in Central Europe sent the iron into the heart of the Germans; and in the mighty conflict with the invaders which took place in 1813-15, the German Courts, often on the brink of failure, made the most strenuous appeals in the name of freedom to their people. If no express promise was made by their sovereigns to the German people when the War of Liberation commenced, that they should enjoy representative institutions as the reward of their exertions, it is beyond question that this was universally understood,—it breathes in every page of the soul-inspiring strains of Körner, and constituted the mainspring of the astonishing efforts made by his countrymen at that eventful period. As the struggle went on, however, the sovereigns spoke out plainly. On 25th May 1815, when the Continent was quaking at the sudden resurrection of their dread enemy Napoleon, a royal decree was issued by the King of Prussia declaring that "a representation of the people shall be formed, . . . to sit at Berlin, and the functions of which are to extend its deliberations upon all those objects of legislation which concern the personal rights of citizens and their property, including taxation." And a fortnight after (June 18), when the hosts of Napoleon were already massed on the Belgian frontier, this promise of popular institutions was extended to the whole Germanic Confederacy, by an article in the Fundamental Act which provided

* *History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852.* Vol. V.

"That there shall be assemblies of the States in all the countries of the Confederation." But what came of all these pledges? Ten days after the signature of this solemn Act, the battle of Waterloo was fought, the independence of Germany was secured, and, with the danger, all memory of the promises passed away. By the spring of 1816 the Governments had begun to shackle the press for advocating liberal opinions; and when, in 1817, the Rhenish provinces asked a fulfilment of the promises made in 1815, the Prussian Government received the address coldly, observing, with no little effrontery, that "those who admonish the king are guilty of doubting the inviolability of his word!" Three years more passed away without any steps being taken to redeem the royal promises; and in 1820 the German Courts became so alarmed at the successful revolutions in Spain and Italy, that they gave up even the semblance of abiding by their former pledges. The "Final Act," regulating the constitution of the Confederacy, signed on 17th May of that year, contained clauses declaring that "no constitution could be changed except in a constitutional way," and that any State might call upon the Confederacy to assist it in preventing changes being made in any other way:—the effect of the first of these provisions being, to give the initiative in all political changes to the constituted authorities alone; and of the second, to bring an overwhelming force to crush any attempt at change on the part of the people.

Let us observe the composition of the Germanic Diet, in order to understand how this arrangement worked. The present German Confederation dates from the Congress of Vienna. "The weakness of the old Empire," says Alison, "had been sufficiently proved by the wars of the Revolution; the crown of the Kaisars had crumbled at the stroke of Napoleon's sword. A separate empire had been created and acknowledged in Austria; separate kingdoms in Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony; duchies and electorates in the lesser States; but the ancient and venerable bond of the Empire, coeval with the days of

Charlemagne, had been dissolved. The danger was great that out of this circumstance a fresh peril, of a more serious and lasting kind than any which had been escaped by the war of liberation, might be incurred. Placed midway between France and Russia, each of which was under a single head, and actuated by the strongest spirit of conquest, there was the greatest risk that Germany, broken into separate principalities, and actuated by separate interests, might be unable to resist either taken singly, and beyond all question would be crushed by the two acting in concert." Impressed with these dangers, it was the first care of the Congress of Vienna to frame a federal constitution for all the German States, which should secure them against the danger either of foreign attack or of internal discord. Each member of the Confederacy bound himself to assist in defending from attack not only entire Germany, but every separate State of the League, and reciprocally guaranteed to each other the whole of their possessions included within the Confederation. They bound themselves to enter into no treaties hostile to the Confederacy—not to make war upon one another upon any pretext, and to submit all their differences to the decision of the Diet. It was also provided that the subjects of each state might inherit or acquire landed property in any other state, without being subject to heavier burdens than the natives of that state; that free emigration was to be permitted from one state to another, if the latter were willing to receive the emigrants; and that the subjects of each might enlist in the service of any other, if not already subject to military service in their own country. The formation of such a federal union for Germany was the greatest service which the Congress of Vienna rendered to Europe. Germany herself has benefited immensely by this wise and most natural arrangement. The formation in 1840 of the Zollverein—or union for the purpose of collecting import and export duties on one uniform scale, for behoof of the states composing the union—though not coextensive with the limits of the Confederacy, has

still further consolidated the German nation, as well as improved its material condition. And thus the Fatherland — peaceful within, respected without — was moulded into a vast empire, now containing forty millions of inhabitants, belonging to the same race, speaking the same language, actuated in the main by the same sentiments, and rapidly increasing alike in wealth and population.

"In a social and political point of view (observes our author), the formation of the German Confederacy has proved a very great blessing, not only to its own members, but to Europe in general. To its existence humanity is mainly indebted for the long peace which succeeded the revolutionary war, with the inestimable blessings which it brought in its train. Germany, for two centuries before, had not merely been the battle-field of Europe, but the coveted prize which provoked its wars. The lesser states, incapable of resisting the assault of the greater, afforded only a bait to tempt their cupidity. Religious zeal strove at one period to effect their subjugation, in order to realise the seducing dream of unity of belief; regal ambition, at another, to effect the substantial acquisition of universal dominion. The lesser states of Germany formed a sort of 'land debatable,' into which Gustavus Adolphus rushed to defend the cause of religious freedom, and Frederick the Great to anticipate the dreaded partition by Austria, and revolutionary France to convulse and overturn the world. The Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, the Revolutionary War, the fiercest strifes which have stained the soil of Europe with blood in modern times, have all arisen from the political weakness and defenceless condition of the lesser states of Germany. But the case was very different when these little principalities formed part of a vast Confederacy, capable of bringing 300,000 men into the field, and backed by Austria and Prussia, whose armies could in a few months double that armed host. Even the greatest powers shrank from provoking such a colossus. More than this, its existence in the centre of Europe prevented the great powers from attacking each other. Beyond all doubt, it was the impediment of the German Confederacy which kept asunder France and Russia in 1831, and preserved the peace of Europe at a time when it was so violently threatened by the propagandist efforts of the French revolutionists and

the despotic tendencies of the Russian autocrat."

But Germany is not free; and therefore the tranquillity which cannot be broken from without may be ruptured from within. Liberty grows by contagion,—but the French Revolution of 1830 did nothing for German freedom. And the reason of this was, that France was then too much feared by Germany to be imitated by her. The tyranny of the French occupation was still vivid in the minds of the people. Germany, fresh from the rack of conquest, trembled lest she should be subjected anew to the torture: the terrors of the past overpowered the sympathies of the present. The warlike spirit became universal in the German youth, and for the time supplanted that of internal discontent. The landwehr (militia) was called out in all the States of the Confederacy, and the people everywhere obeying the summons, repaired to their several rallying-points singing the songs of Körner, and recounting the victories of the Fatherland. The murmurs and complaints of the journalists and students in some of the towns were drowned in the shouts of patriotic enthusiasm. "A national sentiment," says the annalist, "then got entire possession of the Prussian youth. Terror at the thoughts of the conquest of 1814-15 slipping from their hands, and a jealous dread of the Tricolor flag, formed an effectual barrier against the revolutionary contagion." That contagion, however, though powerless on the main body of the people, fermented vigorously in certain quarters; and as the favourite policy of the German Governments is to crush ideas by force, and answer complaint by coercion, the Diet, under the guidance of Metternich, taking advantage of the general consternation, passed various decrees which in a manner extinguished all political freedom, even in expression, throughout the Confederacy. These despotic and reactionary decrees created an immense sensation in western Europe, and were inveighed against in no measured terms in the Liberal journals and legislative assemblies of France and England. "These decrees," it was said in both, "consummate the labours of the congress of Laybach,

of Troppau, and of Carlsbad; strip the Germans of all the guarantees of liberty provided for them in the organic act of the Confederacy, violate the constitutions established by common accord between governments and the people, and sap the foundation of representative governments, by placing the national assemblies under a special and foreign surveillance, and denying them the right to refuse to vote taxes or of controlling their expenditure." Multitudes of petitions were presented from the Free Towns and lesser States of Germany against these decrees, but in vain. The obvious hopelessness of any attempt on the part of Württemberg, Bavaria, or Baden, with the aid of Hamburg, Bremen, and Frankfort, to withstand the great military monarchies of Austria and Prussia, then and for long after prevented any insurrectionary movement, or, when such did break out, rendered it easy of suppression.

But 1848 came, and found Germany much changed from what it was in 1830. The dread of French conquest was much lessened in the minds of the people, while the love of liberty and dislike to their false and tyrannising Governments had greatly increased. The consequence was, that when France rose in revolt, the leading cities of Germany rose too; and a score of thrones, small and great, were shaken to their foundation. But the conduct of the revolutionists was too violent,—the attempts of their leaders at organisation were feeble and inadequately supported,—the fervour of the hour passed away, and Kings and Princes once more assumed the direction of affairs, after making most liberal pledges and concessions to their people. Where are these concessions now? Again, as after 1815, the German Courts have revoked their promises, and seem madly resolved to uphold the despotic regime to the last. True, a majority of the nation still sympathise with the old influences, but every year they do so more feebly, and soon the balance will turn the other way. On the one side are arrayed the agricultural States, animated with a strong military feeling, governed by a feudal nobility, and deeply tainted with feudal ideas; on the other

are the free towns and commercial and manufacturing districts, rapidly increasing in wealth and population, the very cradle of innovating and levelling ideas, and animated with a passionate desire for free institutions and participation in the government of the country. The former party are still the more numerous, but the latter are the more energetic; and there is every reason to believe that the conservative feelings of the majority proceed much more from a dread of the convulsions which accompany revolution, than from approval of the existing order of things. Hence (as may happen in course of time) were the Revolution once established by a vigorous effort of the popular party, the conservative majority would disappear—thousands acquiescing once the change was accomplished. Of the influence of the Army, as a means of upholding the present state of things, Sir A. Alison observes:—

"Constituted as the army in all the Confederacy is, its voice is the exponent, not the controller of general opinion. As every man, of whatever rank, without exception, is bound to serve three years in the armed force, at the expiration of which period he retires, and makes way for his successor, who during that period has grown up to the military age, the army is in fact an *armed deputation of the nation*, just as the juries in America are a judicial committee of the majority. It is possible with a mercenary force, which has no sympathy with the people among whom they are introduced, or with a victorious host which follows the standards of a Cæsar or a Napoleon, to crush effectually for a time the expression of general opinion; but with an army constituted as those of the German states are, this is impossible. The people have arms in their own hands; the whole population have been trained to their use; if they are dissatisfied with the existing system, they have the remedy in their own power. No one succession of soldiers remains so long in the service as to come to be detached from the people, and belong to the military caste."

These remarks are eminently sound in the main, but it must not be forgotten that, as long as public opinion does not unequivocally lean the other way, the Army ever inclines to support the Executive which pays it, and to which it is attached by a natural

esprit de corps. A majority of the German people, terrified at the spectre of Revolution, still sympathise with the existing Governments, despite the reactionary spirit now displayed by them, and the army is on the whole loyal and devoted. But the balance is on the eve of turning; and if the German Courts do not yield in time to the just demands of their subjects, a chance spark may suffice to set the whole States of the Confederacy in a blaze of revolt.

One great upholder of the anti-popular regime in Germany is Russia. The German Courts, jealous of their privileges, and most unwisely averse to the principle of compromise by which alone the antagonistic Liberal and despotic principles existing in all States can be withheld from revolutionary collision—though at present supported by a large portion of the middle classes in Germany, who dread an outburst of revolution and anarchy—have of late years felt more and more the precariousness of their position, and seek to strengthen it by leaning upon the alien influence of the Czars. The bond which cements this alliance is the strong one of self-interest. It is the great object of the sagacious rulers and statesmen of Russia to keep at a distance from their frontiers the working of the revolutionary principle. Were that seed once to take root in their soil, it would introduce an element of weakness and disintegration into the now compact empire of the Czars; and hence they seek to maintain an aristocratic and semi-feudal Germany between them and the democracy of France and constitutionalism of England. Several circumstances have eminently conduced to favour the establishment of Russian influence in Germany. One of these is the dread of France which has long possessed the German people. In 1815 the most anxious care was taken by the Confederacy to erect and maintain a powerful chain of barrier-fortresses on the side of France, while not a single kreutz-dollar was spent in similar precautions against the military power of Russia. This was natural

circumstances,—France had

litherto been the scourge, Russia the ally, of German freedom;—but the feeling, though still existing, is on the decline, and is likely ere long to take the opposite direction. Another source of Russian influence in Central Europe is the great number of Germans who enter the service of the Czars,—the military and State service of Russia furnishing employment to the numerous youth of noble extraction in Germany, as the East India Company does for the middle classes of Great Britain,—and these Russianised Germans react in due course upon the sentiments of the community in their own country. A third cause is the extraordinary series of matrimonial alliances which the imperial family of Russia has contracted with the reigning families in Germany, and which has secured for it interested sympathisers and partisans in many of the Courts of Central Europe. A fourth and very important source of Muscovite influence in Germany arises from the peculiar governmental constitution of that empire,—which, instead of forming one compact whole, is split into a number of petty kingdoms, principedoms, dukedoms, and free cities, each proportionably weak, and offering unusual facilities for the operation of foreign intrigue. It is easy to talk of the apathy and want of national feeling in Germany, but it is difficult to imagine opposite feelings predominant in the present constitution of the Germanic community. Suppose each county of England a separate centre of force, an independent State,—how sluggish would be the general action, how open the kingdom to the action of foreign intrigue! Suppose England south of the Humber split into many separate States, as in the times of the Heptarchy, and Scotland and Northumbria forming one united and homogeneous empire on its northern frontier,—suppose also that the royal dynasty of this larger Scotland systematically intermarried with the reigning families of the little States of the South, intrigued with their statesmen, and kept agents to observe and influence as much as possible the public feel-

ing,—suppose finally that the Governments of these petty States were all more or less at feud with a powerful minority of their subjects, and counted on the powerful military assistance of their Northern neighbour as the sheet-anchor of Order against Revolution,—let the reader picture to himself such a state of things, and he will be better able to understand the relation in which Germany stands to Russia, and the great influence which the latter Power exerts over the Courts of Central Europe.

But this source of power likewise is doomed to pass away. At present, indeed, it looms greater than ever, and possibly may yet assume still direr dimensions. The Revolutions of 1848 have served to make the German Courts cling the more closely to their protector; and not improbably the next burst of the revolutionary tempest may bring the Muscovite armies in triumph into Germany to uphold the German Princes against their peoples. If so, it will be for the last time; for Russian influence and the Russianised Courts must, soon thereafter, and as a direct consequence of this Muscovite invasion, be swept out of the Fatherland. Germany requires external pressure to consolidate its loosely-adhering parts. A Nation does not mature in a day,—and the German people is as yet little more than half a century old. Under the old German Empire, ruled by its stately Kaisars with their viceregal Princes and Archbishops of the Empire, the Teutonic people was a mere automatic raw material, moving and yielding its resources at the simple will of the Executive. The outbreak of the French Revolution, with its wild frenzy for freedom, sent a faint momentary tremor through this torpid mass of population; but it was the Napoleonic invasion, the inroad of the French under Napoleon the Emperor, that awoke in it the first throbbings of national life. The sufferings then endured first drew the hearts of all Germany together;—in the War of Liberation that followed, local or political divisions were forgotten,—Saxon, Prussian, Bava-

rian, Hanoverian, Wurtemberger, Austrian, fought side by side,—and it was shouts for *the Fatherland*, the common country of them all, that burst from their lips as they at length stood victorious and exultant on the banks of the Rhine. We have seen how the Congress of Vienna reunited this old Empire but new-born people in a Confederacy of separate States, and how, since then, the institution of the Zollverein has aided the work of consolidation by superimposing a commercial upon the political bond of union. The progress of this movement towards consolidation became strikingly evident in 1848, when a "United Germany" was the grand object of the revolutionary leaders, the fair *eidolon* which rose up in the fervent hearts of the nation. The effort failed,—the German people were not ripe for it. *Negatively*, perhaps, they were,—that is to say, they would have cared little to part with the existing regime,—but they were not sufficiently in earnest, nor sufficiently trained, to combine for the establishment of a new one. To argue from the failure in 1848 that a United Germany is impracticable, is of all inferences the most shortsighted and superficial. Think how the national life of Germany has grown since the commencement of the century,—mark how the effort at German unity has been gradually approaching nearer to fulfilment, and do not believe that it will fail now that the goal is fairly in sight. External pressure is the great consolidator of nations. It was the pressure of the French invasion that began the work of national cohesion in Germany,—the pressure of Russian influence, it may be of Russian arms, is apparently destined to be the means of completing it. When she emerges from that last struggle, Germany will be not only free, but united. The old fervour for *Teutonia*, the far-spreading Fatherland, which rang out so exultingly in the songs of 1813-15, and which saw its visions take form tangibly though transiently in 1848, will then embody itself in a popular constitution, with a national Diet and Executive for the whole Germanic race. Never, indeed, will the unity of Germany equal the centralised unity of France and Rus-

sia. Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Hamburg, Hanover, will continue separate centres of the national life; and the night of Germany, as of ancient Greece, instead of gathering into one vast focus, will remain diffused throughout the land in rival jets of intellectual light,—so many vents for the national genius, so many rallying-points for the national strength. What our municipal institutions do for British freedom, those provincial capitals will accomplish for the vaster realm of United Germany. And if, from their very minuteness, our municipal institutions more efficiently develop the political life of the people, the many capitals of Germany, it must be admitted, are better fitted to stimulate the development of intellectual genius.

Sir Archibald Alison repeatedly laments over the revolutions in Spain and Italy in 1820, of France in 1830, and of Europe generally in 1848, as having inflicted the greatest injury upon the cause of freedom, and done more than anything else to extend the power of despotic Russia. But this, it appears to us, is only half the truth. In the main these revolutions failed, but the principles did not die with the projects to which they gave birth. The projects were for the time knocked on the head, but the principles only disseminated themselves more widely through the community. They lost their newness, their strangeness,—the community, if rejecting their extravagances, became familiarised with what they had of good, and a greater following was secured for them when they next started into action. Revolutions are the result of a want of compromise between the opposing parties in a State, and of an obstinate adherence by one or other to exorbitant pretensions. They generally spring from some sudden impulse given to feelings which have long been growing in the public mind; and as the consequence of this impulse, and of the vehement and exciting action into which the popular leaders are thrown, the popular feelings acquire an exaggerated development, from which in due time there is a subsidence—sometimes a reaction. The better

trained the people are to freedom and political action, the less exaggeration is there, and the less recoil. The unsuccessful Continental revolutions were the work of parties unequal in power and immature in spirit for the task they assigned to themselves,—but growing in both. The thirst for freedom in the Germanic race, though less impulsive, is quite as strong as in the French, and promises to be better balanced. It promises to rest more upon the regulated movement of the people themselves, than, as with the French, upon the conduct of a temporary autocrat, to whom the nation delegates its authority and by a revolution takes it away. The Germans aspire after a system of liberty by which the people will exercise a steady regulating influence upon the Executive, so as to render revolutions unnecessary, and not, like the French, make “the extreme medicine of the constitution its daily food.” Germany has many advantages over France for the establishment of such a frame of government: for example, its many minor capitals, instead of one large one,—the existence of an aristocracy, representing the elements of conservatism and order,—and not least, that comparatively slow germination of the principles of liberty which forms the best promise for their future healthy development. When compared with Britain in regard to liberty, both France and Germany are children of yesterday who know nothing; nevertheless a marked difference between these two nations is already observable in their career of freedom. France began earlier than Germany, and jumped at once towards the goal. The moment the idea of liberty entered the mind of the French, they strove to realise it, in mad disregard of everything else, and before the nation at large had come to form any rational ideas on the subject. The idea of liberty and popular rights in the German mind germinated much more slowly,—so much so, that though representative institutions and a constitutional form of government were promised to the Germans in 1815, it was not till the idea had extended itself, and been discussed for thirty-three years, that the people began to act upon their

convictions. Even then the movement was premature (being unduly hastened by the impulse from revolutionised Paris),—the slow-going Teutonic masses were but half-impregnated with Liberal principles—and in these circumstances the failure of the movement is only what every well-wisher to Germany should have desired. Providence makes no mistakes in the direction of human affairs. It is through abortive revolutions that the Continental nations are becoming ripe for freedom. Men never fully understand a thing save by experience of and reflection upon its opposite; and it is through the sufferings produced by violence and anarchy in these abortive revolts that the Continental nations, on their wayward course to freedom, appear destined to be brought to perceive the advantages of that Order against which they rebel, and to whose good points they are often too blind. But a people that are really ready for freedom can always obtain it; and that the German people are thus maturing, is beyond question. The Revolution of 1848 may have strengthened the power of Russia over the German courts, but it is weakening these courts themselves. And thus, under all these failures, and amid the debris of successive revolutions, there is slowly arising a Power essentially hostile to Russia, and which, in the emancipation of the people and fuller development of the national life, will discover the best safeguard of Western and Central Europe against the encroachments of Slavonic power.

History teaches us that the centre of intellectual development does not always coincide with the centre of material power. In the time of Philip and Alexander, the centre of material power had shifted from highly-cultivated Greece to comparatively rude Macedonia; and this phenomenon, though not the general rule, is of frequent occurrence in the history of nations. Indeed, the case of the Greek States dominated by Macedonia, might soon be paralleled at the present day by the dominating attitude assumed by Russia towards the States of Germany, were it not for the different constitution of modern

society. The acting portion of ancient communities was numerically insignificant,—by far the larger portion consisting of slaves, having neither part nor lot in the commonwealth; and when the thin upper stratum of freemen reached that stage (which comes at times to all communities) when men, grown weary of nobly stemming the tide of affairs, lose faith in high principles and consult their ease by a policy of *laissez aller*, there was no class by collision with which their old vigour could be maintained, or from which their ranks could be recruited by new blood. In the communities of modern Europe, on the other hand, the perpetual conflict of classes tends to keep the upper ranks in vigour, while the abysses of the "people" lie like a vast subsoil below, which by judicious management may be brought up and incorporated with the superior strata. The operation of these happy circumstances, it is to be hoped, will long preserve in vigour the civilisation of Europe; and other causes, comparatively unknown in ancient times, will as powerfully contribute to protect her liberties from foreign conquest. One of these is the increasing intercommunion of nations, founded on friendly ties and commercial interest, tending more and more to consolidate the general interests, and place each under the guardianship of the whole, so as at the first alarm to array an alliance of States against any menacer of the commonweal. A most important consequence of this greater intercommunion is the progressive annihilation of local prejudices, and the gradual drawing together of politically-severed portions of the same race. This process, this development of the race-principle, we have seen going on steadily in Germany; and the completion of the work, in the establishment of a free and united Fatherland, must constitute a vital element in the future tranquillity of Europe.

But alas! this goal so desirable, though clearly within sight, has yet to be reached,—and he is a bold man, and ignorant of the present state of feeling and parties on the Continent, who would prophesy that

the goal will be reached in peace. Another mighty heave of Revolution throughout continental Europe is a woeful fact which we fear may be predicated to occur ere the present generation pass away. And will Central Europe, in that hour of travail, be allowed to struggle through unassailed? We fear not. The finger of the Future points ominously to Russia. When crowns are again tottering from the Carpathians to the Atlantic, and German courts and Legitimist sovereigns, backed by a portion of their armies, are contending with revolutionary hosts, will not the vast armies of Russia (ere then rendered quickly mobile by railways) debouch from Poland upon the dread battle-field? It is possible—perhaps probable. But not even Russia herself will escape that progress towards popular freedom which is now like a tide running eastward through Central Europe. Every serious war, like that now happily drawing to a close, by necessitating appeals and concessions to the serfs, must tend to raise the status of the Russian peasantry, and give rise to a powerful middle-class, intent upon having a share in the Government. This is what occurred in Germany in 1813-15, and Russia will by-and-by exhibit a similar phenomenon. Fresh wars of triumph or aggression in Central Europe must powerfully contribute to produce the same result. The Russian armies that returned from France after the peace of 1815 brought with them a crop of liberal ideas which gave rise to the widespread intrigues which accelerated the death of Alexander, and exploded in the revolt of the Guards which nearly proved fatal to the newly-enthroned Nicholas. An occupation of Germany would have a similar effect upon the Russian armies now; and thus special reasons, as well as the general law of national development, point to an approaching decline in that principle of Czarism, or absolutism, which lends such efficacy to the ambitious schemes of Russia. The actual power of the Slavonic race, founded upon a vast territory and immense population, must increase for ages to come; but

there is reasonable ground for the expectation that the internal changes in her government and society, added to the increasing solidarity of the other States of Europe, will ere long suffice to extinguish the warlike ambition of Russia in the West.

But in the East—through the roving populations of Asia, and over the crumbling empires of Islamism—there lies open to Russia a career of indefinite extent and enticing character. As Alison with forecasting power perceived, the true mission of Russia lies not in the West, but in the East.

"Turkey and Persia," wrote he in 1842, "now drag on a precarious dependent existence, at the pleasure of the Muscovite Autocrat. Combated with its own weapons; pierced by its own lances, trod down by its own cavalry, the forces of Asia speedily recoil before the ascending might of Russia. Placed on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, this vast empire unites the forces of both hemispheres; for it has the solid infantry, military skill, and enduring valour of Europe, joined to the powerful multitudes, incomparable horse, and enthusiastic daring of Asia." By the invention of steam-navigation, "the great rivers of the world have become the highways of improvement and religion. The Russian battalions will securely commit themselves to the waves of the Euphrates, and wait again to the plains of Shinar the blessings of regular government and a beneficent faith."* Do not suppose that the present war has frustrated the fulfilment of these anticipations. At best it has postponed it, and in some respects has only made it more certain. By the rectification of the Bessarabian frontier, and the dismantling of Sebastopol, the progress of Russia has been checked round the western shores of the Black Sea, only to pour southwards in future by the unguarded Caucasian isthmus, and render Turkey in Europe a *caput mortuum*, by attacking the vitals of the Ottoman power in Anatolia. An influential party at St Petersburg has long advocated this eastward course as the true line of

Russian advance, and the conditions of the impending Peace will give fresh weight to their opinions. And thus, in course of time, as Russia becomes restricted in Europe, she will pour her mighty and growing strength more and more into Asia, and, advancing over the crumbling empires of Islamism, will ultimately come into fierce conflict with the Anglo-Saxons, in the valley of the Euphrates. The necessity of maintaining our commu-

nications with India and Australia, must more and more direct British influence towards the isthmus of Syria, as the bulwark of Egypt; and the sooner an abiding sense of this is impressed upon our Government, and adopted as a steady quiet-going maxim of our foreign policy, the better will it be for the empire, in the unsettled times of which this war, and the unsafe condition of Europe, are the harbingers.

PRESCOTT'S PHILIP II.

Who that has read anything has left unread those charming histories of Mr Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico*, and *The Conquest of Peru*? A philosopher pursuing his speculations upon humanity can nowhere find richer materials for the construction of his theories than in these volumes. A youth craving the excitement of imagination can nowhere enter into more wondrous regions of poetry and romance. What are all the knights of Ariosto, with all their fabulous achievements, compared to the veritable deeds of Cortez or Pizarro? Or is there any enchanted land more wonderful than this which is peopled by Montezuma and his Aztecs, by the Inca and his Peruvians? When the time shall come (as who can doubt it will?) when some future Columbus shall steer his aerial bark straight forward into other worlds, and discover and describe the inhabitants of some other planet, then, and not till then, will a rival theme be given to the pen of the historian.

But the discovery of a new world, with all its marvellous diversities, and its still more interesting similitudes to the old one, Mr Prescott cannot hope to have a second time to narrate; he must condescend to more ordinary topics. If, therefore, the reader of the present volumes, recalling to mind the fascination of those previous works, should feel somewhat disappointed in the reign of Philip II., let him reflect for a moment on the different nature of the

subject which was here to engage the labours of the historian. Alas! nothing but the old crimes upon the old stage. No freshness in the scene. War and persecution, the despot and the inquisition, ambition and fanaticism in their old compact. For ourselves, we were slow to open the book. We knew the harsh revolting picture of human life it must necessarily disclose. But we strung our nerves to the task. Harsh and revolting as this period of history may be, it is quite fitting that we should be occasionally reminded of all its salutary terrors. We would gladly, if we might, look upon the despotic and inquisitorial system which prevailed at this epoch as something belonging exclusively to the past. We cannot. At this very moment the principles on which Philip II. acted, are those of more than one European monarchy. We ourselves, in this "fortunate island," have secured the blessings of freedom and toleration. But there is that interlacement between the several nations of Europe, that if they are not rising to our level, there is always danger that they may draw us down to theirs. And this at all times is indisputably true—that watchfulness to preserve, is as needful as courage to win, and that liberty, civil and religious, stays not one moment with a people who have ceased to value it.

Philip II. may be accepted as the type of that class of rulers with whom submission to authority is the sole virtue to be inculcated on a people;

and who combine with the very narrowest view of the objects of civil government, the most domineering bigotry in matters of religion. They are sincere bigots, and not the less sincere because they have made an indissoluble alliance between ambition and religion. It is a curious delusion we are apt to fall into—that of supposing, because a man finds in religion a tool for his ambition, that he must be therefore somewhat hypocritical in his confession of faith. That his faith is thus subservient to his interests, is very likely to make him the more sincerely and zealously attached to it. Men like Philip II. are doubtless sincere enough—as sincere in their piety as they are in that lust of power and those despotic principles which they have so perversely associated with it. With such men ambition, cruelty, pride, hatred, all our most energetic passions, find their full scope in a most genuine intolerance and most conscientious persecution. Philip, desecrating the progress of the Reformation in his Flemish provinces, establishes forthwith the Holy Inquisition, and burns men alive in the market-place. Such policy fails to bring back the hearts of the people to the Roman Catholic Church; its first-fruits are riot, sacrilege, rebellion; rebellion to the church and to the throne are, in the usual order of things, to be punished by a Duke of Alva, and a "Council of Blood."

Thus runs the programme. But while we execrate such a system, while we find it an imperative duty to keep alive our feeling of execration against such a method of governing mankind, we would not do injustice to the man Philip, bred up to the very task of administering such a system—born, nourished, and altogether living in this pernicious atmosphere of thought.

The distinction between the system and the man, so often enunciated, so generally admitted, is very difficult to adhere to, and not very easy at all times to apply. Nevertheless a great deal depends upon keeping it in view. It is thus only that we can fully and cordially hate what it is our duty to resist with an undying hostility. We must often

speak in terms of respect and moderation of the individual, when at the same time we have to denounce and utterly condemn the principles on which he has acted; and if we have not habituated ourselves to draw this distinction, the first effort we make to do justice to the man is sure to be followed by some mischievous compromise with an evil principle. We can only keep alive a noble hatred against despotism and fanaticism—two spirits of evil that are so frequently allied—by practising forbearance towards the erring mortal who has been made their instrument. We doubt not that many a man whose character, if we knew it, has more in it to revere than to detest, has sat in judgment at the tribunal of the Inquisition: spare him, do all possible justice to his memory, but do not hate a jot of your animosity against that tribunal.

Unless this distinction is, to the best of our power, preserved, there is a like danger of allowing the *vices* of men to contaminate the good principles with which they may be seen to be casually associated. Our love and reverence to the highest motives of action may be disturbed by a hatred due only to the man. A Simon de Montfort, because he calls himself a Christian knight, might throw a disgrace on Christianity. But if some wild beast of prey bears upon his panther's hide the mark of the cross, he is not less a wild beast on this account; nor, on the other hand, is the sacred symbol to be dishonoured because he carries it with him into scenes of violence and massacre.

In these days we have no such terrible methods of persecution, no such exhibitions of cruelty, as we read of in the history before us. Even in Spain itself the *auto-da-fé* is no longer heard of. But the policy which would repress all inquiry on religious subjects is, over a large portion of Europe, as active as ever. A traveller in Italy asks at a bookseller's shop for a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and is told that it is a forbidden book—has its place in the *Index Expurgatorius*. It is at this moment a palpable indisputable fact, that our great European priesthood teaches its disciples that it is

their duty to *obey*, just where other teachers call upon mankind to *think*; it enjoins them to abdicate all private effort of the reason, and embrace at once, and for ever, with implicit belief, the dogmas it upholds. It has formulised the matter. To doubt is to sin, and to inquire is to doubt: it certainly implies the admission of the possibility of error. It is a palpable fact, that at this very moment it denies to the laity the Scriptures, in the vernacular language; it destroys or forbids the translation of the Protestant, and gives no European translation of its own. No subtlety of argument can explain away this one self-condemning fact. The laity are not to think, not to judge for themselves. Education, if possible, is to be entirely in the hands of those who can draw the curtain, and let in the light, and keep out the light, just as it pleases them. And the pious youth, full of simple genuine reverence, and gifted, it may be, with all the powers we call genius, brings the voluntary sacrifice of his own intellect: a spell is laid on him, and he places in the hand of another the reason God had given him for his own spiritual guidance. This last is to our minds a spectacle as sad as any that the page of history reveals. There are many facts more appalling to the imagination than this quiet surrender of our reason; but we doubt if there is anything in the world's history, which to a reflective mind is more odious, or more fatal in its consequences.

That people of Mexico, the Aztecs, whom the Spaniards discovered and destroyed, and whom Mr Prescott has so fully described to us, they too had their human sacrifice. The rite was performed in the following manner: After having conducted their victim to the summit of a pyramidal structure, the priest held him down over a block of marble, somewhat curved, that the chest might be fairly exposed. Then the chief priest, with a sharp instrument, cut open the breast, tore out the heart, and held it up bleeding to the sun—a fit offering, it was thought, to that God who was the source of life! He afterwards placed it in a silver dish, and laid it on the altar of the same deity. On

our modern rite no such horrors attend. No blood is shed; the victim still lives on. It is only the reason of the man that is torn out of him, and held up in triumph to the God of light! that is laid dead upon the altar as a fitting sacrifice to the Supreme Reason of the universe.

We ask—not oratorically, but with the utmost sobriety, in the calmest spirit of calculation—if the self-immolation demanded by our great European priesthood could be effectually accomplished, if men could as certainly surrender their reasons as their lives (which happily they cannot)—would the rite of the Aztec church be the most mischievous of the two, or the most fatal to the cause of human progress?

The policy of Philip II., as Mr Prescott says in his preface, was of that description which “allows a people to cultivate the arts of peace so long as they do not meddle with politics or religion—in other words, with the great interests of humanity.” Few are the arts of peace which can be so cultivated. Nor in this divisional method can any culture, worthy of the name, be carried on. Why, the very fields you cultivate owe half their crops to the free spirit of the owner and the labourer. We, in Scotland, owe our agriculture as well as our schools to John Knox. You cannot divide a man, as you do a centipede, and expect each half to walk on by itself. The system is detestable, but in obedience to that distinction between the system and the man which we have alluded to, let it be said at once that Philip II. comes before us as a grave, and laborious, and, for the most part, a conscientious administrator of this very detestable system. He is conscientious according to those principles in which he has been trained from infancy. Judged as a man, the severe laborious Philip stands higher in our estimation than some “merry monarch” entirely absolved from all sense of duty, who prizes the throne because it makes him one of the first gentlemen of Europe, and gives him the highest place in society, with unlimited purse, or unlimited credit. Philip was the son of one who, whatever his imperfections, or however

much he may have been influenced by personal ambition, still lived and wrought as a great servant of the public, conscious of a great duty attached to his eminent position; and he was from his earliest years trained by such a father to the laborious task of government. The historian hints at some few follies of his youth, but we see him soon settle down into the man of serious cares and terrible responsibilities. What a grave family group it is that assemble at the abdication of Charles V. ! The ladies of this royal family are not less initiated than the men into the arts and toils of government. Lady Mary and Lady Margaret, the sister and the daughter of the emperor, occupy in succession, and for a considerable period, the difficult post of Regent of the Netherlands. Lady Mary is glad on this occasion to lay down her honours and anxieties, and retire with her imperial brother into private life. Mr Prescott opens his history with a description of this solemn abdication.

"Charles was at this time in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His form was slightly bent, but it was by disease more than by time; and on his countenance might be traced the marks of anxiety and rough exposure. Yet it still wore that majesty of expression so conspicuous in his portraits by the inimitable pencil of Titian. His hair, once of a light colour, approaching to yellow, had begun to turn before he was forty, and, as well as his beard, was now grey. His forehead was broad and expansive; his nose aquiline. His blue eyes and fair complexion intimated his Teutonic descent. The only feature in his countenance decidedly bad was his lower jaw, protruding with its thick heavy lip, so characteristic of the physiognomies of the Austrian dynasty.

"In stature he was about the middle height. His limbs were strongly knit, and once well formed, though now the extremities were sadly distorted by disease. The emperor leaned for support on a staff with one hand, while the other he rested on the arm of William of Orange, who, then young, was destined at a later day to become the most formidable enemy of his house. The grave demeanour of Charles was rendered still more impressive by his dress, for he was in mourning for his mother; and the sable hue of his attire was

relieved only by a single ornament—the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, which hung from his neck.

"Behind the Emperor came Philip, the heir of his vast dominions. He was of the middle height, of much the same proportions as his father, whom he resembled also in his lineaments, except that those of the son wore a more sombre, and perhaps a sinister expression; while there was a reserve in his manner, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, as if he would shroud his thoughts from observation. The magnificence of his dress corresponded with his royal station, and formed a contrast to that of his father, who was quitting the pomp and grandeur of the world, to which the son was about to enter."

We interrupt the description to make a protest against the mingling together of details which the historian gathers from contemporary authors, with details supplied only by his own imagination. The phrase "and perhaps a sinister expression" is grounded on no authority—is a mere imaginary addition, and does not commend itself by any great probability. Yet the reader inevitably receives it as an inseparable part of the picture placed before him. Mr Prescott is endeavouring to portray to us a man as he appeared at a certain season of his life. To invest him in youth with an expression of countenance which may be thought to accord with certain acts of his subsequent career, is a mode of writing more suited to the historical romance than to history.

"Next to Philip came Mary, the Emperor's sister, formerly Queen of Hungary. She had filled the post of Regent of the Low Countries for nearly twenty years, and now welcomed the hour when she was to resign the burden of sovereignty to her nephew, and withdraw, like her imperial brother, into private life. Another sister of Charles, Eleanor, widow of the French king, Francis I., also took part in these ceremonies, previous to her departure for Spain, whither she was to accompany the Emperor."

In the farewell address which Charles V. delivered on this occasion to his subjects, he could with perfect truth look back upon his past life as one of unceasing activity.

"In the performance," he said, "of

his great work, he had never consulted his ease. His expeditions, in war and in peace, to France, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Flanders, had amounted to no less than forty. Four times he had crossed the Spanish seas, and eight times the Mediterranean. He had shrunk from no trial while he had the strength to endure it. But a cruel malady had deprived him of that strength. Conscious of his inability to discharge the duties of his station, he had long since come to the resolution to relinquish it. From this he had been diverted only by the situation of his unfortunate parent, and by the inexperience of his son. These objections no longer existed; and he should not stand excused in the eye of Heaven or of the world, if he should insist on still holding the reins of government when he was incapable of managing them—when every year his incapacity must become more obvious."

Neither can it be considered as a mere commonplace of rhetoric, or the formula of a king's speech, when, turning to his son Philip, and resigning to him his large inheritance, he added—

"But however large the debt, I shall consider it all repaid if you only discharge your duty to your subjects. So rule over them that men shall commend and not censure me for the part I am now acting. Go on as you have begun. Fear God; live justly; respect the laws; above all, cherish the interests of religion; and may the Almighty bless you with a son, to whom, when old and stricken with disease, you may be able to resign your kingdom with the same goodwill with which I now resign mine to you."

The heir of this inheritance, or the recipient of this magnificent bequest, was born at Valladolid, on the 21st May 1527. His mother was that Isabella of Portugal of whom it is related that, during the time of her confinement, she suffered no cry of pain to escape from her, and that she had the chamber darkened in order that no one might see any distortion of her countenance. To this Spartan fortitude, however, she added virtues of a more feminine character, and manners so attractive that "her effigy was struck on a medal, with a device of the three Graces on the reverse side, bearing the motto, *"Has habet et superat."* This excellent mother he

lost when at the age of twelve years. Even as a boy we are told that he was reserved in his demeanour, slow of speech, but always self-possessed. At the age of twenty-one he is described as having a fair and even delicate complexion, with light hair and blue eyes. With the exception of these indications of the Teutonic race, he was a genuine Spaniard. He was popular in no other country but that of his birth. The Flemish and the German nobility were repelled by the frigidity and hauteur of his demeanour. We have an account of some tourney or tilting-match, in which he seems to have borne himself creditably; but sports of this kind were not to his taste. He differed from his father in his dislike to vigorous bodily exercise. He could toil assiduously in his cabinet over papers and despatches, but became, as he advanced in years, averse even to the effort of travelling from one part of his Spanish dominions to another. He was not yet of age when his father the emperor, after a short visit to Spain, and on setting forth again to one of his French wars, intrusted to him the regency in his absence, under the general direction of a council, consisting of the Duke of Alva and others. On this occasion the emperor, whilst still lingering in Catalonia previous to his embarkation, wrote a letter to his son Philip, part of which Mr Prescott has given us. The letter is very characteristic of the writer, but it also shows that the emperor had great confidence in his son's discretion, and that he had already begun to regard him as a participator in the toils and cares of government. "The Duke of Alva," it was thus the emperor wrote, "is the ablest statesman and the best soldier I have in my dominions. Consult him, above all, in military affairs; but do not depend on him entirely in these or in any other matters. Depend on no one but yourself. The grandees will be too happy to secure your favour, and through you to govern the land. But if you are thus governed, it will be your ruin. The more suspicion of it will do you infinite prejudice. Make use of all, but lean exclusively on none. In your perplexities ever trust in your

Maker. Have no care but for Him." The man who wrote this, wrote in earnest. Neither father nor son ever looked on royalty as a mere pomp, or the throne as a couch whereon to repose with pre-eminent luxury. And this trust in God is a sentiment perfectly natural to one who occupies the high position of an autocrat. Society has placed him there alone upon the apex of the pyramid. But really *alone* he could not stand; and he stretches out his hand for help from Heaven. On the cover of this letter the emperor added an injunction to his son to show it to no living person, but, if he found himself ill at any time, to destroy it, or seal it up under cover to him.

Philip's first marriage was with the Infanta of Portugal, Mary, daughter of John III. She gave birth to the unhappy Carlos, of tragic memory, and of whom a very curious account will be found in Mr Prescott's book. But she survived the birth of her child only a few days. Philip's second marriage brings him within the scope of English history. There are some years in our chronology which still bear the style of the "reign of Philip and Mary." Surely ambition never impelled its slave to a less agreeable task than when it prompted Philip of Spain to leave his own palace, and cross the seas, to wed the queen of our northern island, a woman not beautiful, and older than himself. Perhaps the circumstance that she was *not* removable to his own palace at Valladolid or Madrid, may be thought to mitigate the discomfort of such a marriage. As to our poor Mary, never did young girl of sixteen, under the delusion of love or vanity, make more complete shipwreck of her happiness. Mr Prescott treats her memory very tenderly. She was a weak, misled, infatuated woman; a great misfortune to England. We feel no temptation to diverge farther into this episode of the history of Philip.

The first great European event in which this very Catholic prince found himself engaged, after the abdication of his father Charles V., was a war with the Pope!—a war which he most reluctantly sustained; in which, though his armies were victorious, he was still the suppliant for peace.

Pope Paul IV. may, or ought to have esteemed him as a faithful son of the Church, but the monarch of Spain was also King of Naples, and the patriotic pope had vowed that he would drive the *barbarian* out of Italy. Patriotism, however, had in reality as little to do with the matter as religion. He could only expel the Spaniard by calling in the French. Paul IV. was a Caraffa, was a Neapolitan, a staunch champion of the Angevine party, had both received from, and given grave offence to the Emperor Charles V., and was now using his papal power with all the energy of party spirit and personal animosity.

There are some men—we think it is Sydney Smith who makes the observation—who in their old age "got tired of living virtuously." They have been staid and temperate all their days; they have never *tried* those follies they have reproved: the temptation for some novelty becomes too strong for them, and they rush into extravagances of conduct which would have been less absurd at an earlier part of their career. Caraffa had distinguished himself by his studious habits and his devotional practices. At one time he had resigned all his benefices and instituted a new religious order, the Theatins. But when elevated to the papal throne, he threw aside the austerity and self-denial of his early life; and the old man of eighty became an epicure, and very monarchical in his habits. When asked how he would be served, he answered, "How, but as a great prince!" So he dined luxuriously, and fed alone.

"He usually passed three hours at his dinner, which consisted of numerous courses of the most refined and epicurean dishes. No one dined with him, though one or more of the cardinals were usually present, with whom he freely conversed; and as he accompanied his meals with large draughts of the thick black wine of Naples, it no doubt gave additional animation to his discourse. At such times his favourite theme was the Spaniards, whom he denounced as the scum of the earth, a race accursed of God, heretics and schismatics, the spawn of Jews and of Moors. He bewailed the humiliation of Italy, galled by the yoke of a nation so abject. But the day had

come, he would thunder out, when Charles and Philip were to be called to a reckoning for their ill-gotten possessions, and be driven from the land !”

The passionate old man could only fight with the swords of others. He stirred up France, and France made alliance with Turkey, but their efforts were unavailing against the forces and the good generalship of the Duke of Alva, whom Philip, foreseeing the storm, had wisely made both governor of Milan and viceroy of Naples. It is curious, and not uninteresting, to notice how this violent churchman flings abroad his charges of heresy and schism, and how strangely he contrives, amidst all his obstinacy and revenge, to represent himself as the victim and the martyr. The most fanatical members of his Church become heretics, because they cannot be driven out of Naples ; and when he has brought down upon his own dominions the terrible curses of war, the pillage of a city and the ruin of a province, he represents himself as the most injured of men, and announces his own martyrdom with the most pious resignation.

“In an interview with two French gentlemen, who, as he had reason to suppose, were interesting themselves in the affair of a peace, he exclaimed, ‘Whoever would bring me into a peace with heretics is a servant of the devil. Heaven will take vengeance on him ; I will pray that God’s curse may fall on him. If I find that you intermeddle with any such matter, I will cut your heads off your shoulders. Do not think this an empty threat. I have an eye in my back on you’—quoting an Italian proverb—and if I find you playing me false, or attempting to entangle me a second time in an accursed truce, I swear to you by the eternal God I will make your heads fly from your shoulders, come what may come of it.’ ‘In this way,’ concludes the narrator, one of the parties, ‘his holiness continued for nearly an hour, walking up and down the apartment, and talking all the while of his own grievances and of cutting off our heads, until he had talked himself quite out of breath.’”

When the Spanish armies, still victorious, advanced slowly towards Rome itself, Paul IV. attended a conclave of the cardinals, and expressed himself thus :—“They have taken

Segni ; they have murdered the people, destroyed their property, fired their dwellings. Worse than this, they will next pillage Paliano. Even this will not fill up the measure of their cruelty ; they will sack the city of Rome itself ; nor will they respect even my person. But, for myself, I long to be with Christ, and await without fear the crown of martyrdom.” Compelled at length to make peace, the haughty pontiff stipulated, as a preliminary article, that the Duke of Alva should publicly ask pardon and receive absolution for having borne arms against the holy see. “Sooner than surrender this point,” said Paul, “I would see the whole world perish ; and this, not so much for my own sake as for the honour of Jesus Christ.”

The Duke of Alva was compelled to submit to this mock humiliation. He entered Rome at the head of his victorious troops, but on reaching the Vatican he fell on his knees before the pope, and asked his pardon for bearing arms against the Church. Though worsted in the field, the pope throughout the negotiations appeared to be the party who dictated the conditions of peace. Both Philip and his general were glad to escape from a war which was felt as a burden on their own conscience, or at all events as a scandal to the Catholic Church.

Philip was soon to be engaged in a scene of operations more genial to his mind, and with enemies whom he could oppose with uncompromising hostility. His subjects of the Low Countries had committed the heinous transgression of not believing in the infallibility of the pope, Paul IV.—of thinking that they could read their New Testament rather better without his assistance than with it. Philip’s first measure was to supply a people so little attached to the Church with additional bishops and archbishops. Executions for heresy did not fail to follow. These kindled rebellion or riot, and then ensued the terrible mission of Alva and his “Council of Troubles,” called by the Flemish “The Council of Blood.”

A narrative so lengthy and so well known as that of the Revolt of the Netherlands, it is, of course, not our intention to repeat. One point in

that narrative conveys a useful lesson. We see here, as on some similar occasions, how small a number of rioters, in a certain temper of the people, may be allowed to do an incalculable amount of mischief! Philip had alienated or alarmed the middle or burgher class, so that when a mob of the lowest populace proceeded to destroy the churches and commit other disgraceful outrages, the respectable portion of the community stood aloof, and either did not care to prevent the disorder, or were afraid to be seen mingling, even as peacemakers, amongst the crowd, lest they should be tyrannically accused of participating in the riot. Thus it always is with a despotism which will not condescend to take notice of the broad distinction between the people and the populace. It persecutes, it terrifies, it disgusts or paralyzes the *citizen*, and then there are but two powers left in the State, the *Military* and the *Mob*.

The defacement and demolition of the works of art in Antwerp Cathedral seems to have been effected by a very inconsiderable body of rioters, a mere rabble of men and boys. We will quote Mr Prescott's spirited account of this scene :—

"The usual population of the town happened to be swelled at this time by an influx of strangers from the neighbouring country, who had come up to celebrate the great festival of the Assumption of the Virgin. Fortunately the Prince of Orange was in the place, and by his presence prevented any molestation to the procession, except what arose from the occasional groans and hisses of the more zealous spectators amongst the Protestants. The priests, however, on their return, had the discretion to deposit the image in the chapel, instead of the conspicuous station usually assigned to it in the cathedral, to receive there, during the coming week, the adoration of the faithful.

"On the following day, unluckily, the prince was recalled to Brussels. In the evening, some boys, who had found their way into the church, called out to the Virgin, demanding 'why little Mary had gone so early to her nest, and whether she were afraid to show her face in public.' This was followed by one of the party mounting into the pulpit, and there mimicking the tones and gestures

of the Catholic preacher. An honest waterman who was present, a zealous son of the Church, scandalized by this insult to his religion, sprang into the pulpit, and endeavoured to dislodge the usurper. The lad resisted. His comrades came to his rescue; and a struggle ensued which ended in both parties being expelled from the building by the officers. This scandalous proceeding, it may be thought, should have put the magistrates of the city on their guard, and warned them to take some measures of defence for the cathedral. But the admonition was not heeded.

"On the following day a considerable number of the reformed party entered the building, and were allowed to continue there after vespers, when the rest of the congregation had withdrawn. Left in possession, their first act was to break forth into one of the Psalms of David. The sound of their own voices seemed to rouse them to fury. Before the chant had died away, they rushed forward as by a common impulse, broke open the doors of the chapel, and dragged forth the image of the Virgin. Some called on her to cry '*Vicent les Gueux!*' while others tore off her embroidered robes, and rolled the dumb idol in the dust, amidst the shouts of the spectators.

"This was the signal for havoc. The rioters dispersed in all directions on the work of destruction. Nothing escaped their rage. High above the great altar was an image of the Saviour, curiously carved in wood, and placed between the effigies of the two thieves crucified with Him. The mob contrived to get a rope round the neck of the statue of Christ, and dragged it to the ground. They then fell upon it with hatchets and hammers, and it was soon broken into a hundred fragments. The two thieves, it was remarked, were spared, as if to preside over the work of rapine below.

"Their fury now turned against the other statues, which were quickly overthrown from their pedestals. The paintings that lined the walls of the cathedral were cut into shreds. Many of these were the choicest specimens of Flemish art. But the pride of the cathedral and of Antwerp was the great organ, renowned throughout the Netherlands not more for its dimensions than its perfect workmanship. With their ladders the rioters scaled the lofty fabric, and with their implements soon converted it, like all else they laid their hands on, into a heap of rubbish.

"The ruin was now universal. Nothing beautiful, nothing holy was spared. The altars were overthrown one after

the other; their richly-embroidered coverings rudely rent away; their gold and silver vessels appropriated by the plunderers. The sacramental bread was trodden under foot; the wine was quaffed by the miscreants in golden chalices, to the health of one another, or of the Gueux; and the holy oil was profanely used to anoint their shoes and sandals. The pavement was strewn with the ruined splendours of a church which, in size and magnificence, was perhaps second only to St Peter's amongst the churches of Christendom.

"As the light of day faded, the assassins supplied its place with such light as they could obtain from the candles which they snatched from the altars. It was midnight before the work of destruction was completed. *The whole number engaged in this work is said not to have exceeded a hundred men, women, and boys*—women of the lowest description, dressed in men's attire.

"When their task was completed, they sallied forth in a body from the doors of the cathedral, some singing the Psalms of David, others roaring out the fanatical war-cry of '*Vivent les Gueux!*' Flushed with success, and joined on the way by stragglers like themselves, they burst open the doors of one church after another; and by the time morning broke, the principal temples of the city had been dealt with in the same ruthless manner as the cathedral. *No attempt all this time was made to stop these proceedings on the part of magistrates or citizens.* As they beheld from their windows the bodies of armed men hurrying to and fro by the gleam of their torches, and listened to the sounds of violence in the distance, they seem to have been struck with a panic. The Catholics remained within doors, fearing a general rising of the Protestants. The Protestants feared to move abroad lest they should be confounded with the rioters."

As the infection spread through the country, injury was done to living men and women as well as to sacred edifices and works of art. Those who are determined always to find one party wholly in the right, and the other wholly in the wrong, had better not read history at all; it will only embarrass and irritate them. Doubtless there was violence on both sides in this great religious controversy, and, what is still more to be deplored, there was on both sides a terribly misguided conscience. If the one party thought it the very first duty

of a Christian to exterminate *heresy*, the other held it to be equally imperative on them to put down *idolatry*. Two men are kneeling together to-day at the same altar; on the morrow one of them abandons his old mode of worship. He who is faithful, vows the destruction of the deserter; he who deserted, returns to throw down the altar, and drive away the worshipper—resolved that his brother ought to have been converted on the self-same instant as himself. Our duty, at this epoch, is plain enough: wherever we see the spirit of intolerance and the act of persecution, to brand and stigmatise them, for the protection of our own times and of all future ages.

As to the spirit and temper in which Philip II. strove by all means to uphold the religious despotism of the Church, it would be useless to heap quotation upon quotation in order to prove that a genuine piety, or fanaticism (if that is thought a more suitable expression), mingled largely with his other motives. There were the same feelings in his breast as those which we find in the over-zealous churchman, combined with such as are peculiar to the proud and arbitrary prince. Let one quotation, selected from a multitude of a similar character, suffice. The following is part of a letter written to his sister, then Regent of the Netherlands: "With regard to the edicts, I have been always resolved to live and die in the Catholic faith. I could not be content to have my subjects do otherwise. Yet I see not how this can be compassed without punishing the transgressors. God knows how willingly I would avoid shedding a drop of Christian blood—I should esteem it one of the happiest circumstances of my reign to be spared this necessity." At another time he exclaims, "Better not to reign at all than to reign over heretics." It was this "fixed idea" of a paramount religious duty to use the sword of justice in the extermination of a theological opinion, which was the main source of all we have to deplore in the character and conduct of Philip, and of many others of his contemporaries.

Though we cannot enter into any account of his long crusade against

the Netherlands, we may take a glance at that sudden, brief, and severe onslaught by which Philip repressed the rising heresy in his own Spanish dominions. The work of the Inquisition was here triumphant. It dealt in no half-measures, and it struck the blow just in time. There was no delay, and there was no mercy.

Spain was not so isolated from other European countries at this time as it has been since. It was not unusual, we are told, for a youth to resort to the German universities, and the wide empire of Charles V., in which the Spaniards found themselves embraced, must in many ways have brought them in contact with the foreigner. The new doctrines obtained disciples amongst them, and chiefly amongst the more educated. A translation of the Bible into the Spanish language was printed in Germany, and one Juan Hernandez has perpetuated his name and memory by the zeal which he displayed in introducing this translation, and other religious books of the reformed faith, into Spain. Dexterously evading both custom-house officer and spies of the Inquisition, he succeeded in landing "two large casks," filled with this forbidden fruit. Others followed his example, and the poison of heresy was thus circulating rapidly through the land.

It seems that the spread of the reformed religion had escaped detection at home, and that the first notice which the Spanish inquisitors received of the fact was from some of their ecclesiastical brethren abroad. Probably certain Spaniards of the reformed faith had been less upon their guard in a foreign land, and amongst the Flemish people, than they would have been in their own country. However, when the alarm was once sounded, the pope, the king, and the inquisitors were instantly in arms. A royal edict was issued—so monstrous we can scarcely credit it—which condemned all who bought, sold, or read prohibited works, to be burned alive! In order the better to detect these criminals, the pope issued a bull, "in which he commanded all confessors, under pain of excommunication, to enjoin

on their penitents to inform against all persons, however nearly allied to them, who might be guilty of such practices." The grand inquisitor, Fernando Valdés, most inexorable of men, redoubled his vigilance. Careful not to alarm his victims till he had them in his toils, his approaches at first were slow and stealthy.

"His spies were everywhere abroad, mingling with the suspected, and insinuating themselves into their confidence. At length, by the treachery of some, and by working on the nervous apprehensions or the religious scruples of others, he succeeded in detecting the lurking-places of the new heresy, and the extent of ground which it covered. This was much larger than had been imagined, although the Reformation in Spain seemed less formidable from the number of its proselytes than from their character and position. Many of them were ecclesiastics, especially intrusted with maintaining the purity of the faith.

"At length the preliminary information having been obtained, the proscribed having been marked out, the plan of attack settled, an order was given for the simultaneous arrest of all persons suspected of heresy throughout the kingdom. It fell like a thunderbolt on the unhappy victims, who had gone on with their secret associations, little suspecting the ruin that hung over them. No resistance was attempted. Men and women, churchmen and laymen, persons of all ranks and professions, were hurried from their homes and lodged in the secret chambers of the Inquisition. Yet these could not furnish accommodation for the number, and many were removed to the ordinary prisons, and even to convents and private dwellings. In Seville alone eight hundred were arrested on the first day. Fears were entertained of an attempt at rescue, and an additional guard was stationed over places of confinement. The inquisitors were in the condition of a fisherman whose cast has been so successful that the draught of fishes seems likely to prove too heavy for his net."

Then came the terrible *auto-da-fé*. But before quoting Mr Prescott's description of this odious spectacle, let us be permitted to remark that neither king, pope, nor grand inquisitor could have succeeded in striking their fatal blow, but for one other circumstance. The *auto-da-fé* was popular in Spain. In other countries the spectacle would have ex-

cited compassion as well as terror, and awakened a dangerous sympathy with the sufferers. It had become popular in Spain, not from any peculiar barbarity in that people, but because it had been introduced and established amongst them, in the first instance, as an instrument to be used against the Jews. The Inquisition was introduced into Castile for the express purpose of punishing relapsed Jews—men who had been compelled to simulate conversion in order to save their property or their lives, and who, when the immediate alarm had passed over, had returned to the outward profession of their faith, or had failed to keep up a studied hypocrisy. A popular hatred to this nation worked its will through an ecclesiastical institution. The Spaniards, from burning Jews in public, got the taste for such exhibitions. The *auto-da-fé* was a religious *fête* and a military spectacle; and when their own countrymen were substituted for the detested Hebrew, there was no necessity for the pope to grant, as he did, an indulgence of forty days to every one who was present. They flocked to the scene as eagerly as to a bull-fight. It had far more elements of excitement—death, torture, flames, a gorgeous spectacle, and the whole combined into an act of worship.

We, of course, would no more justify the Spaniards in their persecution of Jews than of Christian heretics. But in their animosity to the first there mingled that national hatred, that repugnance to the foreigner (for the Jew was essentially a foreigner), which is always a strong passion amongst an uncultivated people. This hatred to the Jews is a disgrace in which all Christendom must participate; and there were some circumstances in the history of the Spanish people, which gave them a peculiarly large share of the unamiable passion. Perhaps of all the religious persecutions which have been recorded there is none so utterly black—so devoid of any redeeming lights and shades—as this of the Christian upon his half-brother the Jew. All that is not distinctly traceable to the *odium theologicum* is of

the dark or despicable order of human feeling. No political motive mingles up with it; the strong oppress the weak; the "large-handed robber" takes advantage of the popular hatred to pillage a wealth that had been obtained by industry: there is no other separable ingredient but envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. We do not justify, we only explain the course of events. Had the first public burning of human beings, for a difference in religion, been that of their own countrymen, A. D. 1559, we cannot think the Spaniards would have welcomed it with the perfect satisfaction they seem to have done. It is worth noticing that the Christian was so utterly alienated from the Jew, that he appears to have forgotten that one large portion of his faith was held in common between them. At Castile, the place of execution, erected especially for this unhappy people, was "a spacious stone scaffold, with the statues of four prophets attached to the corners, to which the unhappy sufferers were bound for the sacrifice."* The Hebrew martyr—this renegade to the faith—was to be bound and burnt at the statue of one of his own prophets!

Eighteen months were spent, after this first capture of the heretics, in their trial, torture, and inquiries after suspected confederates, before a selection was made for public execution. Then followed the *auto-da-fé* at Valladolid, Grenada, Toledo, Seville, Barcelona—in short, the twelve cities in which tribunals of the Holy Office were established. The second celebration at Valladolid, of which Mr Prescott gives us a detailed description, was one of more than usual solemnity, being honoured by the presence of the king. The scene was the great square in front of the church of St Francis. It would be unnecessary, for any novelty that there is in the account, to transfer to our pages the description of Mr Prescott. Who is not familiar, in imagination, with the *san benito*, and the high conical cap, both of them covered over with flames and devils! But we make a brief extract in order to illustrate the *animus* of the peo-

ple, as well as of the monarch and the priesthood. The blood of the martyrs was not here the seed of the church, because there was no pity anywhere amongst the spectators.

"At six in the morning all the bells in the capital began to toll, and a solemn procession was seen to move from the dismal fortress of the Inquisition. In the van marched a body of troops, to secure a free passage for the procession. Then came the condemned, each attended by two familiars of the Holy Office, and those who were to suffer at the stake by two friars, in addition, exhorting the heretic to abjure his errors. Those admitted to penitence wore a sable dress, while the unfortunate martyr was enveloped in a loose sack of yellow cloth, the *san benito*, with his head surmounted by a cap of pasteboard of a conical form, which, together with the cloak, was embroidered with figures of flames, and of devils fanning and feeding them—all emblematical of the destiny of the heretic's soul in the world to come, as well as of his body in the present. Then came the magistrates of the city, the judges of the courts, the ecclesiastical orders, and the nobles of the land on horseback. These were followed by the members of the dread tribunal and the fiscal, bearing a standard of crimson damask, on one side of which were displayed the arms of the Inquisition, and on the other the insignia of the founders, Sixtus the Fifth, and Ferdinand the Catholic. Next came a numerous train of familiars, well mounted, among whom were many of the gentry of the province, proud to act as the body-guard of the Holy Office. The rear was brought up by an immense concourse of the common people, stimulated on the present occasion, no doubt, by the loyal desire to see their new sovereign, as well as by the ambition to share in the triumphs of the *auto-da-fé*. The number thus drawn together from the capital and the country, far exceeding what was usual on such occasions, is estimated by one present at full two hundred thousand."

A royal gallery opposite to the scaffold was devoted to the monarch and his household. Those "admitted to penitence," it must be observed, saved their lives by a public renunciation of their errors, but they were still liable to very heavy punishments. The "reconciled," as they were called, were sometimes doomed to perpetual imprisonment—always to the confiscation of their property.

The ceremony began with a sermon preached by the Bishop of Zamora.

"When the bishop had concluded, the grand inquisitor administered an oath to the assembled multitude, who on their knees solemnly swore to defend the Inquisition, to maintain the purity of the faith, and to inform against any one who should swerve from it. As Philip repeated an oath of similar import, he suited the action to the word, and, rising from his seat, drew his sword from its scabbard, as if to announce himself the determined champion of the Holy Office."

The "reconciled" were first confessed, sentenced, and dismissed.

"When these unfortunate persons were remanded, under a strong guard, to their prison, all eyes were turned on the little company of martyrs, who, clothed in the ignominious garb of the *san benito*, stood waiting the sentence of the judges, with cords round their necks, and in their hands a cross, or sometimes an inverted torch, typical of their own speedy dissolution. The interest of the spectators was still farther excited, in the present instance, by the fact that several of these victims were not only illustrious for their rank, but yet more so for their talents and virtues. In their haggard looks and emaciated forms, and too often, alas! their distorted limbs, it was easy to read the story of their sufferings or their long imprisonment; for some of them had been confined in the dark cells of the Inquisition for more than a year. Yet their countenances, though haggard, far from showing any sign of weakness or fear, were lighted up with the glow of holy enthusiasm, as of men prepared to seal their testimony with their blood. . . .

"One of the sufferers was Domingo de Roxas, son of the Marquis de Poza, an unhappy noble, who had seen five of his family, including his eldest son, condemned to various humiliating penances by the Inquisition for their heretical opinions. This one was to suffer death. De Roxas was a Dominican monk. It is singular that this order, from which the ministers of the Holy Office were particularly taken, furnished many proselytes to the reformed religion. De Roxas, as was the usage with ecclesiastics, was allowed to retain his sacerdotal habit until his sentence had been read, when he was degraded from his ecclesiastical rank, his vestments were stripped off one after another, and the hideous dress of the *san benito* thrown over him, amid the shouts and derision of the populace."

But enough, our readers will perhaps say, of these horrors. Nor, indeed, are we compelled to linger on them, by the absence in Mr Prescott's volumes of other topics of interest. What proportions the two volumes now presented to us will bear to the whole work when completed, we cannot tell; but if it is conducted throughout upon the same wide plan as is here adopted, it will embrace a vast amount of the contemporary history of Europe during the reign of Philip II. We confess, for our own part, that we felt some disappointment when we found that we had only an instalment of the history. It would have been an interesting occupation to have sat down, with the aid of Mr Prescott, to a new study of the character and actions of Philip. Such task, however, we must postpone to some future time. There is more than one problem to which we would willingly address ourselves, but not unless the whole life, the whole drama lay before us. If, however, the present fragment is necessarily deficient in unity, it possesses variety of interest. We are carried to the convent of Yuste, where Charles V. passed his last years of retirement; we are engaged in the famous siege of Malta, where the Knights of St John resisted the whole forces of Sultan Solymun—a siege which, even though the cannon of Sebastopol is still ringing in our ears, we could not read without emotion; and, amongst the transactions of the royal palace itself, we may perplex ourselves over the secret execution of Montigny, or the mystery that hangs, or did hang, over the memory of Don Carlos.

Mr Prescott has been anticipated in the novel views he had to present to us of Charles V.'s manner of life at Yuste, by Mr Stirling's *Cloister Life of Charles V.* Nevertheless, his chapter on this subject will be read with interest. How did it come to pass, it will be asked, that Robertson, a careful and judicious writer, should have been so misled as to invest this conventual retreat of the valetudinarian emperor with all the austerities of the monk? The fact was, that the good prior of Yuste, and perhaps other good ecclesiastics,

were in the habit of romancing a little upon the piety of one who had presented so edifying an example to the world. The authorities to which Robertson had access, profess to derive their account from this prior, and he was therefore fully justified in following them. A mass of original documents, correspondence, and the like, which have only of late years been allowed to see the light, have corrected our views on this and many other topics of Spanish history.

"The furniture of the dwelling—according to an authority usually followed—was of the simplest kind; and Charles, we are told, took no better care of his gouty limbs than to provide himself with an arm-chair, or rather half a chair" (how was it bisected?), "which would not have brought four reals at an auction. The inventory of the furniture at Yuste tells a very different story. Instead of 'half an arm-chair,' we find, besides other chairs lined with velvet, two arm-chairs especially destined to the emperor's service. One of these was of a peculiar construction, and was accommodated with no less than six cushions, and a footstool, for the repose of his gouty limbs. His wardrobe showed a similar attention to his personal comfort."

In short, Charles was a very sensible man, and his retirement manifests throughout an admirable combination of worldly wisdom and rational piety. But the temptation to make a *striking contrast* between his former and his later mode of life could not be resisted; and, with or without help from the prior of Yuste, we feel that it would be inevitable that many imaginary stories would be mingled up with the cloister life of an emperor. Charles continued to take a becoming interest in the affairs of the world, and in the government of his son. As a proof that his judgment was under no monkish discipline, we are told that he was exceeding wroth with Pope Paul IV. for the unjust war he was stirring up against Spain: no scruple upon bearing arms against his holiness affected him. He was rather too fond of good living for an invalid; and it is said (which we do not believe), that being unable to fast, he substituted instead the penance of

the scourge. The well-known story of his having assisted at certain mock obsequies for his own death, has been rendered very doubtful by Mr Prescott. The emperor was very fond of getting up such ceremonies for the death of others. "Not a member of the Golden Fleece died but he was prepared to commemorate the event with solemn funeral rites. These, in short, seemed to be the festivities of Charles's cloister life." The taste for these lugubrious ceremonies, together with some preparation made for his own real obsequies, may have given rise to a story which received some new detail from every writer who repeated it. The story is traced, it is true, to one of the Jeronymite brethren living at Yuste; but, on the other hand, "there is no mention of the affair in the letters of any one of the emperor's household residing at Yuste, although there are letters extant written by Charles's physician, his major-domo, and his secretary, both on the 31st of August, the day of the funeral, and on the 1st of September. With so extraordinary an event fresh in their minds, their silence is inexplicable." Even if we suppose that these mock obsequies took place on some other date, still the complete silence of all these lay correspondents on so curious a subject throws at least some suspicion on the truth of the story.

Mr Prescott more than once intimates that there was in the Emperor Charles some taint of insanity or of morbid melancholy, derived from his mother Joanna. We are unable to detect this. If the history of the unfortunate Joanna were unknown, would any one have suspected such a thing? Is there any passion or eccentricity of Charles which may not easily be accounted for by the ordinary infirmities of human temper, the long possession of power, and the peculiar notions of the age? We can see no reason for bringing in here the hypothesis of a "taint of insanity." In another character which comes under the review of Mr Prescott, it is something more than an hypothesis. There is very little doubt that Don Carlos, the hero of so many noble tragedies—was a lunatic!

Here is a lesson to the writer of

tragedies—if any of that race survive to profit by it. The dramatic poet is apt to rejoice in the historical obscurity that hangs over his subject; for that very obscurity it has perhaps been chosen. Here his own invention can have full scope; here is a vacant space in the very midst of veritable history, into which he can most legitimately introduce his own ideal figure. It is the very thing he wants. Forthwith his ideal Carlos is shaped, in whatsoever divine lineaments he thinks fit; and his enlightened prince, glowing with every noble sentiment of love and patriotism, takes possession of the vacant space. But lo! the patient historian has all this time been ransacking in old archives, and turning over their records as they came to light, and he succeeds at length in reviving the true prince; and now in that charmed circle where the poet's ideal stands, there rises a veritable figure of flesh and blood, a Prince Carlos, who is a hot-headed violent youth, very bilious, with a fractured skull that has been trepanned—such a one as would only escape hanging on the plea of insanity. We know not where the dramatic poet is to fly to, in these days of research, for his plot of historical ground overshadowed by a favourable obscurity. He would hardly be safe in Egypt or in Babylon. We would not commend him to an ideal Scosotris or Semiramis: some one will be spelling out their real history from old tombs and mysterious hieroglyphics, or rather from hieroglyphics that have ceased to be mysterious.

The readers of Schiller and Alfieri will turn with a peculiar interest to this portion of Mr Prescott's work. We will not attempt to recall the ideal portraits these writers and some others have drawn—the ardent and ill-used lover, the prince-apostle of liberty; we will suppose all this is vivid in their memory. And now, in a few words, we will present them the Don Carlos which Mr Prescott from his archives has brought up into the light of day.

Carlos was the son of Philip by his first wife, Mary of Portugal. As a boy we have from different sources the following account of him—that

he was violent, cruel, singularly haughty, not disposed to study, nor even to athletic exercises, but generous in his gifts, and quick-witted; so that some one thought it worth his while to collect the remarkable sayings of the royal youth. His health was bad: "a bilious temperament already began to show itself in the form of intermittent fever, with which he continued to be afflicted for the remainder of his life. Under this depressing disorder his spirits sank, his body wasted away, and his strength failed to such a degree that it was feared he might not reach the age of manhood."

When Philip lost his second wife, Mary of England, he married for his third Isabella of France. There had been some treaty of marriage between her and Don Carlos; but Philip being left a widower, and still in the prime of life, took the place of his son. Carlos may have possibly felt some resentment; a boy, in the plenitude of conceit which distinguishes that age, would be quite capable of such a sentiment; but Isabella could have felt no tenderness towards a boy of fourteen, "sallow and sickly." She was kind to him, and always befriended him; but it was the kindness of an amiable woman and a relative.

About a year after this event, Carlos went, for the benefit of the change of air, to Alcalá; and here he met with an accident to which the most disastrous consequences are attributed. One evening as he was descending a flight of steps (some say in a love adventure, being in search of the gardener's daughter), he made a mis-step, and fell headlong down five or six stairs against a door at the bottom of the passage. At first the accident was thought lightly of, but alarming symptoms soon set in; the patient became delirious: it was found that the skull was fractured.

The operation of trepanning was performed, a part of the bone of the skull was removed, and Carlos slowly recovered. Of course, a royal prince of Spain could not be restored without a miracle; and the credit of such cure as was effected was divided between the bones of a holy friar, and the image of Our Lady of Atocha. We have a very marvellous account of the manner in which the friar performed his part in the curative process.*

The physician, or the friar, may have healed the wound and allayed the fever, but that some permanent injury had been inflicted on the brain which was beyond their power to cure, appears evident from the eccentricities of conduct which Carlos now began to display. Some of the stories told of him are such as might be repeated of many wild coxcombical youths. Even the revenge that he took upon a bootmaker who had offended him—ordering the leather of his boot to be cut in pieces and stewed, and forcing the unlucky cordwainer to swallow as much of it as he could get down—may have its parallel in a modern barrack. But there are other anecdotes which, if they are true, speak clearly of insanity:—

"On one occasion he made a violent assault on his governor, Don García de Toledo, for some slight cause of offence. On another, he would have thrown his chamberlain, Don Alonso de Cordova, out of the window. These noblemen complained to Philip, and besought him to release them from a service where they were exposed to affronts they could not resent.

"Cardinal Espinosa, president of the council of Castile, and afterwards grand inquisitor, banished a player named Cisneros from the palace, where he was to have performed that night for the prince's diversion. It was probably by Philip's order. Carlos, meeting the cardinal, seized him roughly by the collar,

* The Lady of Atocha, Mr. Prescott informs us in a note, was the especial patroness of Madrid, and is recognised as such at the present day. "A late journal of that capital," he continues, "states that the queen, accompanied by her august consort and the Princess of Asturias, went, on the 24th March 1854, in solemn procession, to the church, to decorate the image with the collar of the Golden Piece." Are we reading of a European country, or of the Sandwich Islands? Or is this but the natural result of the *auto-da-fé*, and that repressive policy in which Spain, as we have seen, so pre-eminently distinguished herself?

and, laying his hand on his poniard, exclaimed, 'You scurvy priest, do you dare to prevent Cisneros from playing before me? By the life of my father, I will kill you!' The trembling prelate, throwing himself upon his knees, was too happy to escape with his life from the hands of the infuriated prince."

An unfortunate money-lender, one Grimaldo, after having supplied the prince with some money he had asked, added, in the usual high-flown style of Castilian politeness, "that all he had was at his disposal." Carlos took him at his word, and instantly demanded a hundred thousand ducats. In vain Grimaldo protested that he had only used "a form of speech" current in all good society. The best bargain he could make was to be let off with sixty thousand—to be paid within twenty-four hours.

It is quite in consistency with these instances of frenzy or perversity that Carlos should at other times have behaved in a generous manner, and that he should have obtained the affections of some members of the royal family. The queen was always friendly to him. She appears to have possessed a complete control over him, so that his conduct in her presence was probably never extravagant. Neither is it necessary to suppose that those whom he offended attributed his outrageous demeanour to insanity; the suspicion may never have crossed their minds; they may have only seen and resented in his behaviour the injury done them by a passionate and imperious youth. The king himself, it may be observed, sometimes speaks of the prince as if he were a culprit, at other times he absolves him from guilt, intimating obscurely his insanity. To us, however, with the whole circumstances before us, it is impossible to give any but one interpretation to such a scene as this:—

"When the Duke of Alba came to pay his respects to him previous to his departure for the Netherlands, the prince fiercely said, 'You are not to go to Flanders; I will go there myself.' Alba endeavoured to pacify him, saying that it was too dangerous a mission for the heir to the throne; that he was going to quiet the troubles of the country, and prepare it for the coming of the king, when the prince could accompany his father, if his

presence could be spared in Castile. But this explanation only served to irritate Carlos the more; and, drawing his dagger, he turned suddenly on the duke, exclaiming, 'You shall not go; if you do, I will kill you.' A struggle ensued—an awkward one for Alba, as to have injured the heir-apparent might have been construed into treason. Fortunately, being much the stronger of the two, he grappled with Carlos and held him tight, while the latter exhausted his strength in ineffectual efforts to escape. But no sooner was the prince released than he turned again, with the fury of a madman, on the duke, who again closed with him, when the noise of the fray brought in one of the chamberlains from an adjoining room; and Carlos, extricating himself from the iron grasp of his adversary, withdrew to his own apartment."

"I'll kill you!" seems to have been his favourite threat. At length he began to mutter it against the king himself. He went about frequently repeating that there was a man with whom he had quarrelled whom he desired to kill. At Christmas time it was the custom of the royal family to take the sacrament together in public; and to prepare himself for this sacred ceremony, Carlos went to confession. He confessed that he was meditating murder, without revealing his intended victim. His confessor refused absolution. Several learned divines were got together to give their opinions on the case. One of the number, wishing to draw from Carlos the name of his enemy, told him that this intelligence might possibly have some influence on their judgment. The prince replied that "his father was the person, and that he wished to have his life!"

What more palpable proof of insanity could be put on record! At the same time that he was brooding over this assassination, he was also projecting schemes to fly from the palace and his father. Both designs were of course revealed to the king, who now took prompt measures for his arrest.

"The prince slept with as many precautions as a highwayman—with his sword and dagger by his side, and a loaded musket within reach, ready at any moment for action. For further

security he had caused an ingenious artisan to construct a bolt in such a way that, by means of pulleys, he could fasten or unfasten the door of his chamber while in bed. With such precautions it would be a perilous thing to invade the slumbers of a desperate man like Carlos. But Philip was aware of the difficulties, and he ordered the mechanic to derange the machinery so that it should not work; and thus the door was left without the usual means for securing it."

The king himself, partially clad in armour, with a helmet on his head, accompanied by the Duke of Faria, captain of the guard, with four or five other lords and twelve privates of the guard, made the arrest. It was about midnight—the prince was asleep. The Duke of Faria stole softly to the head of the bed, and secured the sword and dagger and musket. Carlos, awakening, leaped from his bed, uttering loud cries and menaces, and endeavouring to seize his arms. He found himself powerless and a prisoner. Out of that room he never again passed. The windows were barred up, the door secured, a guard of twelve halberdiers were constantly stationed in the passages leading to it, and night and day there were noblemen appointed to keep watch over the prisoner himself. All communication with the outer world was cut off. He was as one buried alive.

The confinement soon told upon his health; and the unhappy prisoner seems to have hastened his end by his own wild behaviour. At one time he would abstain from food for days together, then he would eat enormously. He would also deluge the floor with water, then walk about half naked with bare feet on the cold pavement. He caused a warming-pan filled with ice and snow to be introduced several times in a night into his bed. But Mr Prescott tells us that for this last practice he might have pleaded the medical authorities of his time, and that it was only the hydropathic treatment of that day.

If the king had determined that Carlos should die, he was also solicitous that he should die as a good Christian. The prince had often talked wildly of religion as of other matters (on which account he seems

to have been charged with heresy by one party, and extolled for his liberality by another), and when first imprisoned he refused to see his confessor. But at the close of his career there was that return to rationality which often, in such cases, marks the approach of death; and Carlos not only received the confessor, but passed from the world in a peaceful and devout frame of mind.

Such was the history and fate of Don Carlos. For Philip's part in the tragedy, we think that it stands very distinctly revealed before us. The severe and conscientious monarch felt persuaded that his son, whether absolutely insane or not, was not the man who ought to be allowed to reign over a great kingdom—felt persuaded that it was his duty to prevent his accession to the throne. There was no certain way of preventing this but to take care that *the son did not survive the father*. There is no proof that any other means were resorted to for hastening his death than the necessary confinement of his person; but we cannot doubt that it was the intention of Philip *that he should die*; and we have as little doubt that this intention arose from what he conceived to be the stern duty of his own high position. Read the following letter which he addressed to his aunt, the Queen of Portugal, sister of the emperor his father—a lady whom we are told he always held in great respect:—

"Although," he writes, "it has long been obvious that it was necessary to take some order in regard to the prince, yet the feelings of a father have led me to resort to all other means before proceeding to extremity. But affairs have at length come to such a pass that, to fulfil the duty which, as a Christian prince, I owe both to God and to my realm, I have been compelled to place my son in strict confinement. *I will only add that this determination has not been brought about by any misconduct on the part of my son, or by any want of respect to me*" (words which must imply that he considered him insane); "nor is this treatment of him intended by way of chastisement—for that, however just the grounds of it, *would have its time and its limit*."

Neither have I resorted to it as an expedient for reforming his disorderly life. *The proceeding rests altogether on another foundation; and the remedy I propose is not one either of time or expedients*, but is of the greatest moment, as I have already remarked, to satisfy my obligations to God and my people."

Those who think that a prince who dissembles on some occasions must always be hypocritical, will refuse to give credit to this language. To us it wears the aspect of sincerity. Nor does it bear any but one interpretation: that the king was neither bent on punishing his son, against whom his anger would be misplaced—nor on reforming his son, which would be a hopeless undertaking—but on removing him (if this should be necessary) from the world—it being his duty to protect the country from so unworthy a claimant of the throne. Other protection than his death would give, there was none. It would have been impossible so to disinherit the prince but that some faction would have rallied round his indefeasible right.

According to some accounts, Carlos underwent a sort of trial or process, which implies that he was treated as a responsible agent; but this is easily explained when we reflect that, even to this day, there is no greater perplexity than to draw the distinction between extreme folly and violence, and absolute insanity. In every case

of this kind it is always a mixed question of criminality and disease; and there would, at all events, take place some examination into the facts by which the imprisonment was immediately justified. Very distinct ideas upon insanity we need not attribute to Philip—we know not where to find them in our own epoch, and for our own enlightenment; but here was a youth of whom no good could be hoped, who was brooding over murder, who could not be safely left at large, and who assuredly was not the fit person to be the possessor of a throne, or the tool of a faction.

Of course the fable of Isabella's assassination, who unhappily died a short time after Don Carlos, is utterly disproved; and Mr Prescott deals a just castigation on such writers as the Abbé San Real, who compose an historical romance and pass it off as history.

We shall look with interest for the remaining portion of Mr Prescott's work. We will then follow him throughout in his delineation of one of the most remarkable of European monarchs. At present the portrait is but half drawn, and we have declined to touch on several points which would otherwise have attracted our comments, because we could not do this with satisfaction to ourselves, unless we were allowed to embrace the whole history of the man.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

OUR country has sent many wanderers over the face of the earth. During some two or three centuries there was no considerable state, either in Europe or among the more accessible parts of Asia or Africa, where our ancestors were unknown. Every country was familiar with the Scot as a privileged citizen of the world. Is this peculiarity a reproach to us? Let us see.

The wanderers from among us were not mendicants, like the hordes that have sometimes swarmed mysteriously over the European continent. They were not noted for aptitude in any of the humble or servile occupations which are sometimes identified with national designations—as the Swiss and the Savoyard of the present day. Their seat is always found among the honourable persons of the land. Wherever we find personal notices of our fellow-countrymen by foreigners, we may be sure that they have earned their title to reminiscence by some valuable service—that they have taught in the universities—that they have led armies—or that, in some shape or other, they have contributed to the intellectual progress or to the national glory of the people among whom their lot has been cast.

If it be asked why they withdrew their eminent capacities from their own country, and put them at the disposal of the stranger, the answer is obvious enough. Let us suppose a people high-spirited, ardent, and full of vigour, with every outlet for their energy stopped by a proud and powerful neighbour. Let us suppose that at home the fruits of their industry are swept away by hostile armies—that their churches and castles are destroyed—that the inducements to develop high culture in any department are blighted by the prospect of labouring only to enrich watchful enemies—what can a people so beset do, but, after provision made by their arms for the safety and independence of their native

land, seek distinction and the honours and enjoyments of life abroad? It was precisely so in Scotland. It is scarcely a reproach to say of England, that while she herself increased in wealth and civilisation, the enlarged power she thus acquired only enabled her more effectually to check the progress of Scotland in all that dignifies and advances a nation. The two countries were enemies to each other, and the stronger would use her strength after the manner of national enemies. A country of feebler spirit would have fallen under the yoke. A people of less energy and versatility of genius, had they possessed the courage and obstinacy to maintain a protracted resistance, might have sunk into a sullen semi-barbarous lethargy, unproductive of great enterprises either in arts or arms. Our ancestors accomplished the security of their own country in the first place, and then spread their surplus energy abroad, to reap the fame and fortune to which they were entitled. It was from no desultory spirit of vagrancy, from no neglect of the primary demands of their own country, that they led foreign armies, gave their counsel in foreign courts, and taught in foreign universities.

Some peculiarities in the method of their being thus pressed out of their own country contributed to give them fortunate opportunities abroad. They were driven out by their enemies, and were thus valuable to all who, like them, counted the English as enemies. In intellectual competition their exclusion from English ground only prompted their aspiring spirits to seek a wider arena of distinction, and they found it in securing to themselves as an audience the learned men of all the world. When there arose two distinct languages, an English and a Scottish, the latter afforded a far too limited intellectual dominion to satisfy the ambition of Scottish men of letters. Hence they had recourse to Latin; and we

believe it will be generally admitted that he who was first among them in the use of this language, George Buchanan, was at the same time the first of Latin narrators since the days of Tacitus. It is not correct to speak of the Latin as a dead language among Scottish scholars. They did not, perhaps, treat it with the strict accuracy which English scholarship had attained; that would, indeed, have been to treat it as a dead language, which cannot move. Buchanan, Bellenden, and Johnston, had their provincialisms and peculiarities, as Livy the Paduan, and Sallust the Sabine had; and in the same manner they could afford to have them, since, instead of adjusting their sentences to the precedents laid down for them by the sentences of other authors not like-minded with themselves, or living under the same mental conditions—they drew, in their own way, on the resources of the language used by them, adapted it to the purposes of a new order of society, and made it the vehicle of original and striking thoughts. The Scotsmen who wrote much, and had a large foreign correspondence, overcame the great barrier to the free use of a foreign tongue by actually thinking in Latin. We find it manifest that they did so, by the greater freedom with which they are found to write when they abandon the vernacular and adopt the ancient tongue. One may find them, in their familiar epistles to each other, running into Latin as a relief, just as any one when speaking a foreign tongue rests for a moment on a sentence of his own. True, they were not so familiar with the language in which they composed as those to whom the colloquial language is also that of literature; but were the authors of Rome in any better position? Have we any reason to suppose that the plebs spoke in the streets of Rome in that form of speech with which our youth try to be familiar through the exercises in their grammars? Can we, indeed, believe that literary Latin could ever be a common colloquial tongue, or anything more to the Roman historian than it became to the Scottish,—the language in which he marched, with solemn stride, through great

events, announcing the moral as he went in well-poised sentences?

We are not anxious to carry the literary renown of our ancestors very far back into European history. It is useless to claim literary eminence in an age when there is no literature. Hence it is not much to the purpose of those who seek only for the legitimately-earned fame of any European nation to carry their researches beyond the Crusades. We of Scotland, when we go back to the early centuries, find our Irish neighbours competing with us. We are inclined, for various reasons, to leave the field in their hands. The term "Scot," like that of Scythian, Gaul, or Indian, was very vaguely applied to all men who came from certain islands northward of the European continent. It must be admitted that the claim made by Ireland for a chief share in any element of intellectual distinction among these wanderers has some foundation. A deposit of Roman civilisation and Christianity remained there, protected by the distant isolation of the spot from the havoc spread over the intervening countries, and came forth, as order began to be restored among them, a curious relic, like that which the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island preserved of the English manners and speech. It is thus that, emerging from this distant solitude, persons who had studied the Latin language, and knew something of the classics and the fathers, have been found by archaeologists sojourning among barbarian Picts and Saxons in the island of Great Britain, on their way towards their fellow-scholars of the Continent.

We are not prepared to admit the great scholarship claimed even by the more moderate of the Irish antiquaries for these isolated relics of the humbler grades of Roman civilisation. But we are quite willing to concede to Ireland, on the ground of the opportunities at her disposal, whatever can be made of the fame of Joannes Scotus Erigena, who died in the ninth century. To Joannes de Sacrobosco, or John Holybush, as he is sometimes anglicised, who taught geometry in the University of Paris, we are not prepared to establish any more distinct claim, though some

very national biographers, such as Dr George M'Kenzie, claim him for Scotland. The learned in the literary history of Geometry have not yet decided whether his services belong to the thirteenth or to the fourteenth century; and while the chronological question remains in dispute, it is of no use to settle the typographical, since, if we should agree with the veracious Dempster that he obtained his name from the monastery of the Holywood in Nithsdale, yet if he be found to have been a man of the fourteenth century, all the evidence which indubitably identifies him with an inmate of this Holywood at a period a hundred years earlier, has been so wasted, that, for the purposes of the biographer, it had been better had his proof not been quite so conclusive as he was tempted to make it.

We must, however, claim a much more illustrious man than either, whose reputation has often been confounded with that of Erigena—John Duns Scotus. Early Continental writers seem never to have doubted his Scottish origin; and Rabelais, to clench one of those monstrous propositions which make one wonder how he escaped the stake, says in profane scorn: “Et celle est l'opinion de maitre Jehan d'Ecosse.” Moreri assigns him to us with a brief distinctness, which leaves nothing to be doubted: “Dit Scot,” says this impartial judge of international claims, “parce qu'il etait natif d'Ecosse.” Nor is the wide grasp of his capacities less emphatically attested by him who undertook to measure all human merits, and give to each illustrious name its proper mead of fame: “Avoit un merveilleuse facilité à comprendre toutes choses” is his character of Duns Scotus.

The great intellectual gladiators of the day received names descriptive of their predominating characteristics, just as favourites of the ring have been designated at the present day. If it were right to apply such a term to expressions which formed the watchword of literary hosts in the great intellectual contests of the middle ages, we would, for the sake of brevity, call them nicknames. There was the scraphic doctor, the

divine doctor, the acute doctor, the most orderly doctor, the irrefragable doctor, the solemn doctor, and the solid doctor. According to Moreri, Duns monopolised two characteristics. He was the subtle doctor, in honour of his acuteness in dealing with metaphysical subtleties; and he was the doctor *très résolutif*, from the hardihood with which he advanced bold and original opinions, and resolved them without the aid of authority, and independently of the established methods of reasoning.

We may laugh as we will at these schoolmen and their systems. We may admit, if you please, the sarcastic etymology which derives the English word dunce from the fellow-countryman of whom we are now speaking. But those who led the intellect of mankind for centuries were great among men—overtopping the wide mob of their brethren in intellectual stature. We have no absolute criterion of greatness among us—we can but be measured by our relation to each other. There may be some abstract standard, comprehensible to us when we have shaken off this mortal coil, by which Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Aristotle, and Shakespeare, shall appear very small men; but in this parochial world of ours they are great by comparative eminence. Had it been our lot to live as highly educated men of the fifteenth century, we would have seen two great names looming large in their distant altitude—Thomas Aquinas, the leader of the Thomists, and John Duns Scotus, the leader of the Scotists, and would have been obliged to enrol ourselves with the one or the other; for that man was, in the intellectual wars, a mere straggler, a poor wanderer, unprotected by a leader, and unowned by fellow combatants, who did not fight beneath the banner of one or other of these illustrious leaders. If we drag down from their eminence, as great in their day and place, all those whose thoughts and actions do not concur with our own views of what is good and true, we shall soon empty the biographical dictionaries. It is the smallest of pedantries to deny the merit of the conspicuous men of other times or places, because

there is something we know that they did not know. To detract from the lustre of Aquinas and Scotus because they were not acquainted with the electric telegraph and photography, were unconscious of statistics, and never thought of the difference between a metallic and a paper currency, is about as rational as to deny the generalship of Hannibal or Cæsar, because they had no Congreve rockets or Shrapnell shells.

But it is not fair to consider the mental influence of the great rivals as a thing utterly departed, and belonging only to the history of dead controversies. In some shape or other, nominalism and realism still divide between them the empire of thought. It is true that the *In quatuor Sententiarum libros questiones subtilissimæ* are not to be found in every circulating library, and are not so extensively read as the latest productions of the prevailing popular divine. But they are perused by the Hamiltons, the Whewells, and the Ferriers—by those who teach the teachers of the people; and from his inner judgment-seat Duns Scotus still holds sway over the intellect of men even in this active, conceited, and adventurous age. Could it be maintained that no one opinion promulgated by him is now believed, yet his thoughts are the stages by which we have reached our present position. He who ruled one-half of the intellectual world for centuries, necessarily gave their shape and consistency, not only to the views of those who implicitly followed him, but to those of the later thinkers who superseded him—for there is nothing that more eminently moulds the character of opinions, than the nature of those which they supersede. But, unfortunately, we are not, in this nineteenth century, beyond the practical grasp of the great schoolman's intellectual tyranny. The question of the immaculate conception has just resounded again throughout Roman Catholic Europe; and those conclusions have been again triumphantly asserted, which, in the year 1307, were triumphantly carried by Duns Scotus in the University of Paris. He demolished, on that occasion, two hundred of the knottiest syllogisms

of his adversaries, resolving them, as a bystander said, as easily as Sampson unloosed the bands of Delilah. His proposition was made a fundamental law of the great university, and no man dared enter the door without acknowledging its truth. We feel on delicate ground. We would find our steps still more perilously placed were we to trace other great theological questions in the writings of Duns Scotus. It is sufficient to say, that in questions of liberty and necessity—of election and reprobation—controversialists of the present day may there find controversial weapons; and in so elementary a work as Sir James Mackintosh's *Dissertation on the History of Ethical Philosophy*, the opinions of the great Scottish schoolman on these subjects are weighed and examined, not as curious relics of a dark age, but as the authorised enunciations of a master whose authority yet lives and influences the thoughts of men. And indeed, on such matters, who can say that we have made progress, and have passed beyond the range of the schoolmen, as the chemists have passed beyond that of the alchemists?

A reputation such as this man's is not a trifle to be thrown away. There has been no country too great to have proudly recorded such a name in the list of her sons. He began the series of learned Scotsmen who became eminent abroad. He studied at Oxford, where his countrymen were well known, before that war of independence which made the two portions of Britain aliens and enemies to each other. He left Oxford in 1307—just after Bruce had raised the standard. He went to the University of Paris, the chief school where aspiring Scotsmen were thenceforward to seek scholarship and fame. After a short and brilliant career as a lecturer there, he was directed by his superior—he belonged to the Franciscan order—to found the University of Cologne. There he soon afterwards died; and his tomb is still shown to the visitors of the ecclesiastical city. There is a legend—spoken of as if it were a malicious invention of his enemies—that he was buried alive; and that on his grave being subsequently opened, the traces were distinct of the

desperate efforts which he had made to release himself.

While we thus claim as a countryman one of the two rival founders of scholastic philosophy, no one will deny that Scotland sent into the arena which they laid out, the most illustrious of that body of gladiatorial disputants, whose nimble use of logical weapons, ready rhetoric, and vast reading, were the astonishment of all learned Europe. We speak, of course, of James Crichton, commonly called "the Admirable," although the title *admirabilis* conferred on him by the University of Paris is better translated by his biographer Urquhart in the term *wonderful*. He came of a remarkable race who, at that time, promised, like the Douglasses in earlier, and the Campbells in later, days, to overshadow Scotland. Near the capital, their power and magnificence are still attested by the ruins of Crichton Castle, so expressively described in "Marmion." James Crichton came of a branch established beside the Loch of Cluny, on the eastern verge of the Perthshire Highlands; another detachment of the family, posted at Frendraught, in Aberdeenshire, continued a deadly struggle for supremacy with the Gordons, until, in the mysterious tragedy known as "the burning of Frendraught," they dug the grave of their own fortunes. The doubts about Crichton's marvellous achievements, and the supposition that he was a merely mythical personage, have been so thoroughly dispersed by Mr Fraser Tytler, backed by other inquirers, that they have dropped out of literature; and the biographical dictionaries restore the champion to his old place. Of course, every one is free to deny that any of his achievements as a scholastic disputant, a mime, or a swordsman, were gained in a sphere of exertion worthy of a great man. But we say of these, as of the writings which created the scholastic philosophy, that they were great deeds in their day, and that he who performed them best was greatest among his contemporaries. We cannot doubt the wonderful and totally unrivalled feats of the Scottish wanderer, since they were attested by contemporaries whose praises

were quite spontaneous, and who had no prejudices or partialities to be gratified by his elevation. To hold that in going from place to place challenging in a public manner all who ventured to dispute with him, he showed arrogance and ostentation, is to overlook a prominent feature of the times. The publication of a pamphlet announcing bold opinions which challenge controversy, is not more arrogant at the present day than the posting of theses challenging a disputation, on the gate of a university, was counted to be in the sixteenth century. Robert Reid, a Scotsman, and an ancestor of Thomas the Metaphysician, collected and published the theses he had maintained among the Continental universities. The practice has been rendered memorable by the theses plastered by Luther on the gates of Nuremberg Church. No doubt we can now see how open such a practice was to ridicule; and indeed it came under the wild lash of Rabelais, who laughed at things centuries before they became ridiculous to other people. For a purpose which will presently appear, we quote the history of Pantagruel's challenges, written a few years before those of Crichton:—

"Thereupon in all the Carrefours; that is throughout all the four quarters, streets, and corners of the city, he set up conclusions to the number of nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four, in all manner of learning, touching in them the hardest doubts that are in any science. And first of all, in the Fodder Street, he hold dispute against all the regents or fellows of colleges, artists or masters of arts, and orateurs, and did so gallantly, that he overthrew them and set them all upon their tails. He went afterwards to the Sorbonne, where he maintained argument against all the theologians or divines, for the space of six weeks, from four o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, except an interval of two hours to refresh themselves and take their repast. And at this were present the greater part of the lords of the court, the masters of requests, presidents, counsellors; those of the accounts, secretaries, advocates, and others: as also the sheriffs of the said town, with the physicians and professors of the canon law. Among which it is to be remarked, that the greater

part were stubborn jades, and in their opinions obstinate: but he took such course with them, that for all their *orgo's* and fallacies, he put their backs to the wall, gravelled them in the deepest questions, and made it visibly appear to the world that, compared with him, they were but monkies, and a knot of muffled calves. Whereupon every body began to keep a bustling noise and talk of his so marvelous knowledge, through all degrees of persons in both sexes, even to the very laundresses, brokers, roast-meat sellers, penknife makers, and others, who, when he passed along the street, would say, 'That is he,' in which he took delight, as Demosthenes, the prince of Greek orators, did, when an old crouching wife, pointing at him with her fingers, said, 'That is the man.'

Now, what we desire to be noticed is, that this passage is quoted from the translation of Rabelais made by that Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty who gives us the most full and picturesque account of Crichton. When, therefore, he describes, in the following terms, the manner in which his hero conducted himself on the same spot, one cannot help believing that he must have had Rabelais' ridicule in view; and we naturally think that, through all his laudations, we can see his tongue in his cheek. Sir Thomas tells us—

"To so great a height and vast extent of praise, did the never-too-much extolled reputation of the scraphic wit of that eximious man attain, for his commanding to be affixed programmes on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of that famous university, as also on all the chief pillars and posts standing before the houses of the most renowned men for literature, resident within the precincts of the walls and suburbs of that most populous and magnificent city, inviting them all (or any whoever else versed in any kind of scholastick faculty) to prepare at nine o'clock in the morning, of such a day, month, and year, as by computation came to be just six weeks after the date of the affixes to the common school at the college of Navarre, where (at the prefixed term) he should (God willing) be ready to answer to what should be propounded to him concerning any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, practical or theoretic, not excluding the theologi-

cal or jurisprudential habits, though grounded but upon the testimonies of God and man; and that, in any of these twelve languages — Hebrew, Syriack, Arabeck, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonian, in either verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant; which high enterprise and hardly undertaking, by way of challenge to the learnedest men in the world, damped the wits of many able scholars to consider, whether it was the attempt of a fanatic spirit, or lofty design of a well-poised judgement; yet, after a few days' inquiry concerning him, when information was got of his incomparable endowments, all the choicest and most profound philosophers, mathematicians, naturalists, mediciners, alchymists, apothecaries, surgeons, doctors of both civil and canon law, and divines, both for controversies and positive doctrine, together with the primest grammarians, rhetoricians, logicians, and others, professors of arts and disciplines at Paris, plyed their studys in their private cells, for the space of a month, exceeding hard, and with huge paines and labour set all their braines awork how to contrive the knottiest arguments and most difficult questions could be devised, thereby to puzzle him in the resolving of them, meander him in his answers, put him out of his medium, and drive him to a nonplus."*

This passage will serve our purpose as much in the manner of the saying as in what is said, since it was written by a Scotsman who wandered through many of the Continental nations, and who indeed appears to have aimed at a reputation very like that of his hero. Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty gives us some idea of his familiarity with Continental nations, in the account of his library—what a delightful library it must have been!—to be found in his *Logopandecticion*. "There were not," he says, "three works therein which were not of mine own purchase, and all of them together, in the order wherein I had ranked them, compiled like to a complete nosegay of flowers which, in my travels, I had gathered out of the gardens of sixteen several kingdoms." His descriptions of his own contests, whether with the sword or the

pen, are written in the same magniloquent fashion with those of his hero, the Admirable; but throughout their quaint egotism there is a fine tone of nationality, and one can imagine that he sees, in the profuse garrulity of Urquhart, some indications of the jealous guardianship of the national honour so natural to our poor proud ancestors while they were pursuing their fortunes among strangers. He says that when, in passing through France, Spain, and Italy, "for speaking some of these languages with the liveliness of the country accent, they would have had him pass for a native, he plainly told them, without making bones thereof, that truly he thought he had as much honour by his own country, which did countervalue the riches and fertility of those nations by the valour, learning, and honesty wherein it did parallel, if not surpass them; which assertion of his was with pregnant reasons so well backed by him, that he was not much gainer thereby by any in all those kingdoms." This spirited passage is to be found in his "Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than diamonds enchased in gold"—the work from which we quote his notices of Crichton. In his Logopandecteseion we find him repeating his pregnant reasons, and affording examples of his method of backing them.

"Since ever I understood anything, knowing that the welfare of the body of a government consisteth in the entireness of its noble parts, I always endeavoured to employ the best of my brain and heart towards the furtherance of the honour of that country unto which I did owe my birth. In prosecuting whereof, as the heart is *primum visens*, so was it my heart which, in my younger years, before my brain was ripened for eminent undertakings, gave me courage for adventuring in a stormy climat, thrice to enter the lists against men of three several nations, to vindicate my native country from the calumnies wherewith they had aspersed it."

He was, of course, victorious and magnanimous. Urquhart is a writer with whom it is difficult to deal. He was a jester who overshot his mark, and whose vivacity has consequently been often attributed to

solemn folly. It is difficult to say how often this occurs in literature, since all jesting must be adjusted to its proper audience with a nicety which often deprives it of catholicity. It is hard to say how much buffoonery one intellectual appetite will digest, and how little will lie, like crude and sour earnest, on another. Defoe was tortured with the commendations of many solemn spirits who took his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" for real, and Swift was not safe from the criticism of the truists even in Lilliput. It would be a hard task to make jokes for that lady who said that Rome was undoubtedly a fine town, but certainly many of its public buildings were sadly out of repair. Urquhart has been charged with solemn vanity for the egregious pedigree which he claimed for his worshipful house. It might, one would think, have sufficiently assured any one of the nature of this preposterous genealogy, simply to remember that it was the production of the translator of Rabelais—of a translator who, with a spirit congenial to his original, has presented us with Gargantua, Pantagruel, and Panurge dressed in English, yet not abated of their original breadth and grotesqueness. But there are evident traces in the pupil's work of the direct influence of the master; and when we find him complacently numbering, in the line of his ancestry, Chrononotus, Leptologon, Pamprosodus, Holyparades, Exajastos, Epitimon, Corypheus, and Spudæos, he must have had in his recollection the descent of Pantagruel through Calbroth Sarabroth Taribroth Hurtali, the brave eater of porridge, and Erix, the inventor of hocus-pocus.

Having got among those Scotsmen who, in foreign intellectual battle-fields, stood forth as the champions of their country and their opinions, it would be unpardonable to omit Thomas Dempster of Muirenk, who, in his "*Historia Literaria Gentis Scotorum*," published at Bologna, gave our countrymen all their own at least—nay, plundered all other lands to swell the list of his illustrious compatriots. The titles of some of his minor works are sufficient of themselves to mark him out as

an uncompromising and exalting national vindicator. Take, for instance, "*Scotia illustrior, sive Mendicabula repressa*," published at Leyden in 1620, and "*Asserti Scotie cives sui, Sanctus Bonifacius rationibus IX., Joannes Duns rationibus XII.*," published at Bologna in 1623. His championship has not entered as an element into our reasons for believing Duns to be a Scotsman. If it weighed with us at all, it might, we fear, have a contrary tendency. But it must have been difficult for Italian scholars to refuse assent to anything said about his own country by the first writer of the age on the history and antiquities of theirs; by the author of the "*Calendarium Romanum*" and the "*Etruria Regalis*;" and the editor of the *Roman Antiquities of Rossini*.

We found occasion, in some late notices on university life, to allude to the wild personal history of this vehement and passionate scholar. But before setting down his books, we desire to say a word of one of the Scotsmen commemorated in the "*Historia Literaria*," who, if all that he said of him by Dempster and M'Kenzie be true, must have been an intellectual gladiator, in some respects more accomplished than Crichton himself. James Bonaventura Hepburn was born, it appears, at his father's rectory of Oldhamstocks in Haddingtonshire in 1573. He entered a monastery of the Minims or Eremites in Avignon, and became librarian of the Oriental books and manuscripts of the Vatican. He was the *Mezzofanti* of his day—a day of exaggerated and vague pretensions—and boasted the possession of seventy-two languages. "He could have travelled," says M'Kenzie, "over the whole earth, and spoke to each nation in their own language." It is curious that of the languages in which Crichton offered to meet his antagonists, the Gaelic, which in his childhood he must have heard at his own door at Cluny, is not one, nor do even the seventy-two languages of Hepburn deign to include that significant tongue of his native country, though we find in it such questionable dialects as the "*Adamean*,"

the "*Mosaic*," the "*Halo-Rabbinic*," and the "*Solomonic*." We shall not commit ourselves to an opinion on all this, but shall merely note in passing that there was an actual James Bonaventura Hepburn, a Scotsman and a linguist, whose Hebrew Lexicon is mentioned in the "*Bibliotheca Latina Hebraica*" of Imbonatus.

Having been led, perhaps, a little astray from John Duns Scotus and his disciples to the class of literary gladiators whom he set in motion, we propose to go back to him, and pursue a new thread, commencing with his more immediate literary followers. M'Kenzie, in his "*Lives and Characters of the most eminent Writers of the Scots Nation*," already cited, gives a long account of John Bassol, a countryman of Duns', and his favoured pupil. Such a person lived, was a pupil of Duns Scotus, wrote commentaries on the Sentences, and earned for himself the title of Doctor Ordonatissimus; but we are aware of no evidence that he was a Scotsman. The most celebrated of the immediate pupils of Duns Scotus, if those may be called pupils who in some measure contravened the doctrines of their master, were Occam and Bradwardine, both Englishmen. One Scotsman at least, however, became distinguished in Paris as a scholastic writer,—John Mair, or Major, chiefly known as the author of a history of Great Britain—which is, more properly speaking, a history of Scotland—but who also wrote on the Sentences. He was a doctor of the Sorbonne, and his style has been sarcastically spoken of as Sorbonnic. Buchanan stands under the accusation of having been educated and fed by his bounty, and of having, when he became illustrious, satirised his benefactor as *Solo cognomine Major*. The expression of apparent contempt, however, is of Major's own selecting; he employs it as a jest which may be safely uttered of himself by one whose fame was so secure as his. And indeed a general notion that all who wrote on scholastic divinity were to be deemed foolish men, could alone have brought people to look on such an author with feelings

other than respectful. His small history is full of very valuable matter. He was a bold thinker on subjects both political and ecclesiastical, and from the Sorbonne he wrote in favour of the limitation of the papal power.

The name of Major naturally introduces us to that of another historian of greater celebrity—Hector Boece, professor of the college of Montacute, whose *History of Scotland* was first published at Paris in the year 1526. It is perhaps scarcely proper to say that we ought to feel a national pride in the success obtained by this work. Scotland contemplates this erratic child with such mixed feelings as those which a father may be supposed to indulge in towards a scamp of a son, the cleverness of whose rather scandalous feats excite an impulse of paternal admiration. Boece has been one of the most successful of impostors. We find in the arid pages of his predecessors the raw outline of a fabulous history of Scotland, and he filled it up with so much life and character that the world could not help believing in it. Even the sarcastic Erasmus put faith in Boece, and Paulus Jovius thought him equally eloquent and erudite. His influence on our history has been wonderful. Buchanan adopted his luxurious pictures, chastening the language in which they were narrated, and adapting them by an occasional twist to the exemplification of his own political and ecclesiastical doctrines. This fictitious history found its way into all foreign works of historical reference, when the fictitious histories of other nations had been curtailed, and it came to be the fashion that Scotland was looked on as the most ancient of the European nations, carrying the dynasty of her kings, and a connected series of political events, far before the birth of Christ. As we are not bound strictly to follow chronological order, it is perhaps not inappropriate here to mention the man who, by a thorough critical examination of the sources of our early history, effectually removed the fables of Boece. This was done by one who, like himself, was a priest, and wrote in Paris—Father Thomas Innes, of the Scottish College, whose

critical "*Essay on the Early Inhabitants of Scotland*" was published in 1729. Father Innes lived at a time when the law and public opinion in Scotland rendered it unsafe for people of his profession and religion to be conspicuous, and his sceptical inquiries into the early history of Scotland, published in English, were not likely to attract much attention among his fellow-priests in France. Hence we know not where he was born, or when he died; and indeed the only known incident of his personal history is, that he was noticed by Wodrow, the historian of the Covenanters, making researches in the Advocates' Library. The two men, following to a certain extent the same pursuit, must have felt utterly alien to each other. Wodrow, a thoroughly homespun western Whig of the most rigid order, went no farther back than the two or three generations of the Scottish clergy immediately behind his own, and looked on all things beyond the ecclesiastical circle of the western Presbyterians as idle and unprofitable vanity, unworthy of his research. The Jacobite priest, on the other hand, saw nothing genuine or worthy of a good man's reflections save in the records of the past, and lived only in the hope that all the existing fabric of heresy and innovation would, after its brief hour of usurpation was fulfilled, fall again to pieces, and open up the good old ways. Each did service in his own way. The Covenanter was a prejudiced, but, in a great measure, a trustworthy narrator of things within the scope of his narrow inquiries; the priest of the Scots College at Paris was far better occupied in the past than the present, and bequeathed to us a noble monument of historical criticism, while his brethren were busily employed in plots and conspiracies to plunge the nation in a civil war. Wodrow, though he had few sympathies with a Romish priest, looked on the scholar with a kindly feeling, and records in his note-book thus, "He is not engaged in politics, as far as can be guessed; and is a monkish bookish person, who meddles with nothing but literature."

The contests connected with the Reformation dispersed many able Scots-

men abroad, who made Europe ring with their vehement eloquence. Foremost among these we must of course count Buchanan, whose works, issuing in numerous editions from the presses of France and Holland, were in every library. He studied at Paris, and became a professor of the college of St Barbe. He resided in France, during several of his early years of obscurity and study, as the tutor and companion of a fellow-countryman, the young Earl of Cassillis. The flattering attentions of James V., whom he met in Paris, whither the Scottish monarch had gone to bring home his bride, Magdalene of France, induced him to return to his native country. But he had accustomed himself to intellectual luxuries such as Scotland could not then effectually furnish, and he soon went back to the Continent. He was fifty-five years of age before he again resided in Scotland. He was for several years Professor of Humanity in the College of Guienne, at Bordeaux, where he had for his pupil the essayist Montaigne, who spoke Latin as the language of his childhood, and afterwards learned his native tongue as an accomplishment. Here Buchanan was the neighbour and friend of the elder Scaliger, who was fifteen years older than himself, and saw Joseph Justus, destined to the throne of European scholarship, a child in his father's house at Agin. The younger Scaliger was probably not uninfluenced by his childish recollections of his father's friend, when he maintained Buchanan's superiority over all the poets of the age who wrote in Latin. Buchanan appears to have remained longer at Bordeaux than in any other place; but the vagrant habits of his class took him, after a few years, to Paris, and thence from place to place in France, where his biographers with difficulty trace him by the offices held by him in the universities. He was about forty years old when he appeared to have finally established himself in life as a professor in the newly-founded university of Coimbra in Portugal. He had then as his fellow-professor his brother, Patrick Buchanan, unknown to fame. The state which is generally reputed to

be among the most restless in Europe, offered to the two Buchanans, and several other scholars who accompanied them, a retreat from the conflicts then shaking the other European nations. But the tranquillity of Portugal seems to have been more inimical to the body of men who went to constitute the university than the turbulence of other places. Buchanan was subjected to inquisitorial coercion, to an extent not precisely ascertained, though there is no reason to believe that he was under any of the horrible tortures always associated with the word inquisition. Yet, were we to accept a belief popularly entertained, the inquisition had inflicted on him a punishment, as potent as it was original, in compelling him to write his renowned translation of the Psalms. We know little of his true position in Portugal, save that he was actually there, occupied in his translation, and that in leaving the country he considered that he had accomplished an escape. He afterwards sojourned in the family of the Marshal de Brissac (*le beau Brissac*), one of the last of those great French captains who hold their batons as sceptres, and stood on a rank with princes. The young Prince Henry said that, if he were not the Dauphin of France, he would choose to be the Duke de Brissac: and when the king desired promotion in the army for a favourite, he had to put his request to Brissac like one gentleman to another. The Scottish historian must have seen much to teach him real history under such a roof. Yet it is not easy to suppose that so close a contact with a formidable opponent of the Huguenots, and a colleague of the Guises, could have been very gratifying to Buchanan's Protestant predilections. Such was the varied and stirring life led by this great man before he devoted his services to his own country; and we cannot doubt that in those days, when no newspaper's "own correspondent" made people familiar with the daily proceedings in distant courts and camps, the wide practical insight into human affairs thus acquired by him must have given him a great superiority to the world of provincial statesmen in which he found himself.

John Knox, though his fame rests in general on other grounds, was no mean representative of the scholarship of Scotland in other lands. His first acquaintances with the French was neither of his own seeking nor to his own edification and enjoyment. He was seized in the midst of the piratical band who held the castle of St Andrews, after the murder of Beaton, and had to endure penal slavery in the galleys. The observations of the great Reformer on the life and manners by which he was surrounded, if he had favoured the world with them, must have been eminently curious and instructive. We can imagine such experiences preparing him with examples of life and conversation which would enable the Scottish preacher to startle his French and Swiss congregations. The readiness with which he undertook his foreign ministrations is one of the incidents creditable to the general scholarship of the Scots at that period. It is an instructive fact that of this man, so powerful in his day, and so popular through subsequent generations, Scotland has preserved no remembrance, either in painting or sculpture. It shows, too, in a very striking shape, how entirely the great scholars and teachers of the age were driven to the Continent for the more affluent adjuncts of art and literature, that the only portrait of the Scottish reformer having any claim to authenticity, is the small cut in the work of his friend, Theodore Beza — "*Icones virorum doctrina simul et pietate illustrium*," of Joannes Cnoxus. It is the prototype of the well-known portrait which shows a thin hard face, high cheek-bones, with a long wiry beard — a Geneva cap on the head, and a high-shouldered Geneva gown. It is necessary for the very fallible race of book collectors to keep these characteristics in remembrance, since, in the French edition of Beza, the portrait of some other man has been substituted for that of Knox.

The early Reformer and the leaders of the predominant ecclesiastical party in Scotland, for a considerable period after the Reformation, were eminently learned. The example of a foreign education was set to them by their

political head, the Regent. Moray, who studied under the renowned Peter Ramus. The true place for a working clergyman is, we must admit, his parish; and it may not be the best test of parochial usefulness in quiet times, and with satisfactory national academic institutions, that the clergyman's name is widely blown in foreign lands, and that he has spent much of his time in distant literary circles. But still the European renown obtained by the earlier Protestant churchmen, arising as it did from the necessity to breathe a higher intellectual atmosphere than the narrow compass of their native country could supply, is in itself an object deserving of high admiration; and when it was buried in the wretched ecclesiastical conflicts of the great civil war, and the Scottish Church came forth from these shorn of her intellectual lustre, it is difficult to avoid some feeling of regret for this part of the change, even if we admit that the change, as a whole, was beneficial to the clergy and to the country.

The immediate colleague of Knox, John Craig — he whose denunciatory sermons afterwards frightened King James from his propriety — underwent, before he became a minister in Edinburgh, adventures which seem to have been still more marvellous and perilous than those of his leader. It is said, though the story is rather improbable, that he was converted by a perusal of a copy of Calvin's Institutes in the library of the Dominicans of Bologna, among whom he held an office of high trust. The legend proceeds to say that he avowed his opinions, and was condemned to death at Rome, but that he was released by a general breaking open of the prisons on the death of Pope Paul IV. The next act of the drama finds him in the hands of a band of robbers, one of whom recognising him, and remembering to have been helped by him when a destitute wanderer at Bologna, induces his companions to aid instead of robbing the wanderer. Compelled to seek refuge in Geneva, he was on his way thither, passing in disguise through bypaths, and hunger and prostration having overtaken him, he had

sat down patiently to await the end, when a dog approached him, and laid a piece of money at his feet. Such were the stories believed of the minister of Edinburgh, who had been so long a wanderer from home, and had so entirely forgotten his native language, that he required to preach in Latin to a select audience in the Magdalen Chapel in the Cowgate, until he found time to acquire a sufficient knowledge of his native tongue.

Alexander Arbuthnot, Principal of King's College in Aberdeen, and an ecclesiastical leader of eminence in the reign of King James, studied under Cujacius at Bourges. Erskine of Dun, one of the early lay leaders of the Reformation, studied under Melancthon at Wittenberg, and passed over to Copenhagen, where we are told that he attended the lectures of John Maccabeus, a Scotsman, of whom we know nothing more than a brief account in the "Historia Literaria" of our friend Dempster. What Highland name may have been so Latinised in assimilation to the heroes of the Apocrypha, we know not. Andrew Melville, not less known to fame from his place in ecclesiastical history than from the interesting memoir by Dr McCrie, studied at Paris, and went afterwards to Poitiers, where he became regent in the college of St Marceau. He succeeded Knox in the friendship of Beza, and was so sedulously the disciple of the venerable scholar, that his enemies called him Beza's ape. Several of the succeeding leaders of the Scottish Church, such as Alexander Aless, professor of divinity at Frankfurt, Boyd of Trochrig, Thomas Smeton, Baillie, Henderson, M'Ward, and Spang, had intimate relations with Continental scholars. Concerning the last we must make an explanation, lest we suffer the fate of the editor of Baillie's letters, who, at the hands of a great popular reviewer, is charged with gross blundering in substituting for the respectable Scottish surname Strang, that of Spang, which means no other than to leap distractedly. But Spang was the respected name of a very considerable scholar and an acute observer, as any one will find who chooses to peruse

his "*Rerum nuper in Regno Scotice gestarum Historia*," &c., published at Dantzic in 1641, of which the present writer has the felicity to possess a tall clean copy bound in vellum.

As we are not writing in any controversial spirit, it may be permitted to us to say, that the reputation of Scotland was respectably supported by the opponents of these eminent divines. The memoirs of the supporters of the old faith, however, do not come to us with the same full tone of applause as the champions of the winning side—*carent quia vate sacro*. It would be inappropriate to count Beaton among these controversial champions. His history was the climax of that supreme despotic power which had to be broken ere controversy could commence; but we note in passing, as appropriate to our subject, that he was Bishop of Mirepoix, Cardinal of St Stephen in Monte Celio, and an acute and powerful Continental diplomatist. Knox's principal controversial opponent was a person of a different class, Ninian Winzet, or Wingate, abbot of the monastery of St James, at Ratishon. To this office, which has a dignified sound, he was driven by losing that of parish schoolmaster in Linlithgow; and he seemed to carry with him regrets for his severance from that, "his kindly town," and a lively sense of the importance of the functions there fulfilled by him, judging "the teaching of the youthhead in virtue and science, next after the authority with the ministers of justice, under it and after the angelical office of godly pastors, to obtain the third principal place most commodious and necessary to the kirk of God." Winzet was the author of the "*Flagellum Sectariorum*," and of a precious tract called "*The Last Blast of the Trompet of Godis Worde aganis the vsurpit auctoritie of Johne Knox, and his Caluiniane brether*." This, of course, was not a kind of production to be safely published in the sixteenth century, in a place where the object of the attack was supreme in power; and it completed that measure of Winzet's iniquity which compelled him to seek safety and find promotion abroad. Winzet, who affected a contempt for innova-

tions in style, and a love for the primitive Scottish tongue, charged Knox with corrupting, by the introduction of Anglicisms, "our auld plain Scottes quhilk zour mother lerit zou."

If etymological critics should agree in finding the charge of innovation just—and our general impression is that there is ground for it—they will show that Knox, on a small scale, imitated Luther, in reforming the language in which he promulgated the reformation of religion.

Among the most conspicuous of those who ventured to run a tilt at Buchanan, was Adam Blackwood. His grandfather fell at Flodden. His father was killed in the wars of Henry VIII., probably at Pinkie, when he was ten years old, and his mother died soon after, a widow broken-hearted. The boy, tended by relations whose religion gave them more influence in other countries than at home, was sent early abroad. He became a thorough Frenchman, studying at Paris, and spending his days at Poitiers, where he was a counsellor of the parliament, and professor of law. He was a champion of the old church and the divine right of kings, and wrote with the controversial vehemence of the age against the opinions promulgated by Buchanan, in his "*De jure regni apud Scotos*." But that for which he chiefly claims remembrance is his "*Martyre de la Reine d'Ecosse, Douairiere de France*," &c., with an account of the "*mensonges, calomnies et faulxses accusations dressées contre cette tres vertueuse, tres Catholique et tres illustre princesse*." It is most easily to be found in the reprint of tracts on Queen Mary, by Jehb. Blackwood hit the key-note of that kind of chivalrous rejection of sublimary testimony, and deification of the accused, which have characterised the subsequent vindicators of Queen Mary's innocence; and there is in his resolute singleness of purpose, and energy of championship, the charm which, in spite of all doubts and difficulties, pervades the writings of this class. Another contemporary vindicator of Queen Mary, John Leslie, the worthy Bishop of Ross, esteemed by friends and foes, lived much at foreign courts, conducting

vain negotiations for the release of his royal mistress, and was a resident at Rome when he published his history of Scotland. Another Scotsman, of the same family name, George Leslie, enjoyed a more astounding but less substantial fame as a champion of Catholicism. John Benedict Rinuccini, archbishop of Fermo, wrote his life and marvellous adventures, under the name of the "*Scottish Capuchin*"—Il Cappuccino Scozzese; who, returning to his native towers at Monymusk, there executed miraculous conversions, for the particulars of which we refer, as official people say, to the document itself. It was translated into several languages, dramatised, and acted, and an abridgment of it by Lord Hailes, written with his usual dry succinctness, is to be found among his biographical tracts.

The short duration of the Episcopal establishment in Scotland after the Reformation, afforded few opportunities for its clerical members connecting themselves with foreign countries, before the period when Scotland became less conspicuous for the migration of her sons. Yet the Episcopal Church showed the Continent more than one eminent ecclesiastic. Patrick Adamson, a man highly unpopular in ecclesiastical politics, in his latter days wrote some clever Latin poems at Bourges, to beguile his time while in hiding from the slaughterers of St Bartholomew. Dr John Forbes, of Corse, whose "*Tractatus de Simonia*," and other works, in two portly folios, are an element in every complete theological library, left his paternal acres in Aberdeenshire, and for some years wandered among the universities of France, Germany, and Holland, passing so far north as Upsala. He married at Middelburg a Dutch wife, bearing the name of Soete Roose Boom, which, being translated, means, it appears, Sweet Rose Tree. Spottiswood, the historian-archbishop, adapted himself so much to the customs of Paris, that he was under the accusation of having there attended mass; and the good Bishop Leighton lived long enough in France to speak like a Frenchman.

Our slight notices have run in currents, as one name suggested another by some one of the causes of asso-

ciation, contiguity in time or place, similarity or antagonism. We might find many names illustrative of our object,* which are not met in such fortuitous and devious excursions. There is, for instance, Florence Wilson, who commemorates with pleasant pensiveness his early childhood on the banks of the Lossie, while he writes on the consolations of philosophy in the old cathedral town of Carpentras, of which he is as much a denizen as if his ancestors had lived there for many generations. He is known to the learned as Clementius Volusinus; and if we had room, we would quote the picturesque account which his patron, the great Cardinal Sadolote, gives of his discovery and adoption of the youthful wanderer from the far north, who spoke to him in the Latin tongue so eloquently and appropriately. A person of more solid fame was Gilbert Jack—(Gilbertus Jachneus)—a teacher at Herborn and Helmstadt, and professor of philosophy in the University of Leyden at the commencement of the seventeenth century. In his "*Institutiones Physicæ*," which is a book rather of psychology than physics, there are some passages which might justify a person desirous to make out a case, in maintaining that he anticipated some of the views of the common-sense school of his countrymen. A life of him will be found in the "*Theatrum Clarorum Virorum*," of Freher, who, intending to begin in a very complimentary strain, tells us, that *Natus est Aberdoniæ, septentrionalis Britannicæ emporio, salmonum piscatu nobili*. William Hegate and Robert Balfour were simultaneously professors at Bordeaux; and it is of them that Vinotus is supposed to write to Buchanan when he says, "This school is rarely without a Scotsman; it has two at present—one of whom is professor of philosophy, the other of the Greek language and mathematics; both are good, honest, and learned men, and enjoy the favourable opinion of their auditors."* The same university was for some time the theatre of the celebrity of John Cameron, whose life, as written by Bayle, affords us

an excellent specimen of the vagrant Scottish scholar, filling successively a chair in half the universities of western Europe. The great sceptic records the astonishment of the French, who found in this youth, raw from Glasgow, "*que dans un âge si peu avancé, il parlait en Grec sur le champ avec la même facilité, et avec la même pureté que d'autres font en Latin*." It would be unpardonable to omit William Bellenden, of whose life scarcely anything is known, save that he spent the greater part of his days in Paris, where he is spoken of as an advocate, and a professor of humanity. His works are remarkable for their pure latinity and their searching analytical criticism of the indications of ancient life and government afforded by the classical writers, and especially by Cicero. A set of his tracts, clustered together under the title "*De Statu*," was re-edited by Samuel Par, with a Latin preface in his usual style, bristling with Greek quotations, and allusions to Foxius and Northius. The chief object of the publication was to show how largely Conyers Middleton, in his life of Cicero, was indebted to Bellenden.

Every one is familiar with the "*Argenis*" of Barclay. Many have been tempted by the aspect of the compact elzevir in the book-stalls to transfer it to their library. Few, however, notwithstanding the eulogium of Cowper, have read this dense little romance. We must admit that, in any attempts we have made on it, we have found it, as Fuseli said of "*Paradise Lost*," tough work; and on the whole we prefer his "*Satyricon Euphormionis*," on account of its curious notices of the condition of Britain. But two centuries and a half will dim the brilliancy of popular works. Barclay was a great author, whose name was known over the learned world. A Scotsman strictly he was not, for he was born in France; but he came of an Aberdeenshire family, the same whose old fortalice of Towie enabled the Russian general to take the name of Barclay de Tolly. The father of the author of "*Argenis*," William Barclay, was born in Aber-

* Quoted in Irving's "*Lives of Scottish Writers*," i. 237.

doenshire, in the year 1546. After sitting at the feet of Ojacius, and learning from Donellus and Contius, he became professor of civil-law in the University of Pontamousson in Lorraine. He wrote some jurisprudential works, chiefly with a political tendency, and might have been cited among the opponents of Buchanan. Somewhat closer than that of the author of "Argenis" was the connection with Scotland of another brilliant writer of fiction. Count Anthony Hamilton, though his parents sojourned in Ireland at the time of his birth, must be counted a true Scot by origin. But his days were spent amid scenes far different from those of poor Scotland, then under the gripe of cruel tyranny on the one side, and gloomy fanaticism on the other. All general readers know that, while we have in the Memoirs of Grammont some of the most distinct and lively pictures of Louis XIV. and his great servants, they afford a picture the most vivid and picturesque ever presented by human pen of the court of Charles II., with all its wild strange mixture of beauty, wit, eccentricity, grace, brutality, and profligacy. No writer ever more fully developed the capacity of the French language for rapid clear narrative, decorated here and there with careless easy wit. Macaulay in his late volumes well says of him, that "he deserves the high praise of having, though not a Frenchman, written the book which is of all books the most exquisitely French, both in spirit and in manner." Hallam says, in the eleventh chapter of his constitutional history, "The 'Memoires de Grammont' are known to everybody, and are almost unique in their kind, not only for the grace of their style, and the vivacity of their pictures, but for the happy ignorance in which the author seems to have lived, that any one of his readers could imagine that there are such things as virtue and principle in the world." We cannot assent to this. It is true that Hamilton tells the vilest things without a word of rebuke; but sometimes a brief, clear, artistic statement is the severest of all rebuke, while throughout his wicked narrative there is a tone of sarcastic

censure, faint perhaps, but still clear. The calm placidity with which he picturesquely describes the worst actions, and attributes them to the worst motives, exposes the rottenness of the social system in which he lived far more emphatically than any rigid moralist could have exposed it in external denunciations. We see at once that he was far too clever a man to believe that the world could go on if its leading people were all like the circle in which he moved, and therefore it is that he anatomises them, and lets the world see what they are. In a common scornfulness of spirit we have often thought that Grammont resembles Voltaire's "Candide." Through both we can perceive that intellectual capacity in the author which might entitle him to say, *Video meliora*. That the better way receives their approval might perhaps be doubtful—that they accepted the worse as an established fact, even while lashing it with their sarcasm, is, we fear, indisputable.

The "Argenis" and Grammont lead us into a class of writers, in which we remember at this moment only one other eminent name among the Scotsmen who chiefly laboured abroad—it is that of Michael Ramsay, better known as the Chevalier Ramsay, the pupil of Fénelon, and the author of the "Travels of Cyrus." We are not tempted to dwell on the life and labours of this amiable man, and so turning to the next category of authors to which chance directs us, find that the jurists present themselves.

Robert Reid, the second President of the Court of Session, was enabled to adjust the procedure in that tribunal to the foreign model on which it was founded, by much sojourning among the Italian and French lawyers. He was a patron of letters, and desired to infuse new intellectual blood into his country, by inducing eminent foreign scholars to reside in Scotland. He brought with him from France, and placed as a monk in the retired monastery of Kinloss, Ferrerius, the Piedmontese who continued Boece's history.

Among his contemporaries several Scotsmen held the chairs of jurisprudence in the Continental universities. Edward Henryson, who wrote

a tract "De Jurisdictione," preserved in Meerman's "Thesaurus," and who was employed in editing and consolidating the Scottish acts in the reign of James VI., was for some time a professor of civil law at Bourges. Peter Bissat was professor of canon law in Bologna, and wrote some works, jurisprudential and literary, with which we profess no acquaintance beyond the titles attributed to them in works of reference. Henry Scrimgeour, of the house of Dudhope, gained a far higher fame among Continental civilians by his Greek version of the "Constitutiones Novellæ"—he lived the greater part of his days at Augsburg and Geneva. Sir Thomas Craig, the great feudalist, though he lived a good deal in Scotland, drew the resources of his work from his intercourse with the Continental jurists, the next generation of whom referred to it as an authority. Among jurists we would require, were we assorting our eminent countrymen in departments, to count the eccentric Mark Alexander Boyd, the friend of Cujacius, who found himself, although a Protestant, fighting against his own friends.

The well-earned renown of Scotland as a medical school belongs to that later period when she was enabled to keep her distinguished sons at home. If we were less rigid in our selection of names, we might claim one of the early lords of the fantastic science, which was the medical science of its day, in "the wondrous Michael Scott." But within the period of more authentic biography, if not of more legitimate science, we are not unrepresented abroad in this department. Duncan Liddel, the son of a respectable citizen in Aberdeen, where he was born in the middle of the sixteenth century, ambitious for a wider field than his native town afforded, took his staff in his hand, and wandered to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where he found a friend and guide in his countryman, John Craig, professor of logic and mathematics. After trials of his fortune in several places, he became professor of physic in the university of Helmstadt, where he was revered as the founder and maintainer of a distinguished medi-

cal school. His professional works had a great European reputation in their day. Henry Blackwood, the brother of the vindicator of Queen Mary, was dean of the faculty of medicine in the University of Paris. Peter Lowe, who wrote a book no less comprehensive than "The whole Course of Chirurgie" in 1597, styled himself "Aroellian Doctor in the Faculty of Chirurgie in Paris," and became physician in ordinary to Henry IV. A life of Marc Duncan, who was a practising physician at Saumur, will be found in Moreri. He obtained so high a professional reputation, that King James I. of England endeavoured to bring him to St James's, but he had married and settled himself in France. He wrote a pamphlet, taking the bold and merciful view of the celebrated persecution of Urban Grandier, the events connected with which came under his immediate notice—but he is chiefly remembered as the author of the "Institutiones Logicæ." He was Principal of the University of Saumur. Another multifariously endowed Scottish physician, Walter Donaldson, an Aberdonian, is commemorated at length by Bayle. In the University of Sedan he was professor of Physics, Ethics, and Greek. Dr Pitcairn, now better known as a sarcastic Jacobite author than as a scientific physician, was a professor in Leyden before he took up his residence in Edinburgh.

While driven to a close by the necessity of space, several omissions crowd on us spontaneously. There is a whole host of Gordons, including Sir Robert of Straloch, the topographer who, assisted by Timothy Pont, prepared the volume of Blean's great historical atlas, which is known as the *Theatrum Scoticæ*. There are three Johnstons—Arthur and John the poets, and Robert the historian. Sir Robert Ayton, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey, wrote many of his sweet poems in France, and frequented several of the German courts. David Panther—whose "*Litteræ regum Scotorum*" were thought worthy of publication at a period comparatively late, on account of the excellence of their latinity—was a wanderer abroad, and acquired a know-

ledge of foreign countries which marked him out as a proper representative of the crown of Scotland at the French court. Patrick Young (*Patricius Junius*), the great biblical critic, who introduced the Alexandrian version of the Bible to the learned world, lived much in Paris, and corresponded with fellow-labourers in Holland and Germany.

If, instead of being brought abruptly to a close at a certain page, we had a volume or so at our disposal, we might go on wandering about among the vestiges of Continental celebrity, and picking up here and there a Scotsman eminent as an author or teacher. But we do not profess to conduct an exhaustive inquiry, and shall be content to believe that our desultory notices are a sufficient indication of the profusion of intellectual wealth which Scotland has cast abroad. To compare our mental productiveness with that of the average civilised world, we might, after the

fashion of tables of exports and imports, balance the results with the number of eminent men whom foreign countries have sent to us. Objections might, however, we suspect, be taken to such a comparison, on the plea that the soil of Scotland was too arid and penurious to attract ambitious men from the other nations of Europe, and that the very motives which sent our countrymen abroad, preclude us from supposing that we were to draw an equivalent in naturalised foreigners. This reproach, however, does not apply to England, where, although many of the established sources of dignity and emolument belong exclusively to the native subjects of the crown, enough has ever remained over to attract ability from the world at large. Yet even beside so imperfect a record as our desultory list, how meagre in the biographical dictionaries seems the record of foreigners who have achieved eminence in Britain!

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

WHATEVER concerns the future of her Indian empire may well claim from England grave attention, even amid the din of the "WORLD'S DEBATE." If the mighty work in which she is now engaged cause her to watch with less than due interest the result of the great experiment which she initiated in 1853; if, under the pressure of affairs apparently more important, she be induced to imagine that she may await in security the gradual evolution of all the benefits which the "*Act to provide for the Government of India*"* was intended and is expected to produce, she may be roughly aroused from a pleasing delusion, and find, when too late, that she has dealt herself a blow, which the more open, and therefore more dreaded, agency of Russian armies would have been impotent to inflict.

We are not of those who would endure evil, because practical experiment can alone determine with certainty the efficacy of a proposed remedy; but we hold it to be the part of true wisdom, not only to be careful in its selection, but to watch with the most cautious prudence the progress of its operation.

When the Legislature recently set itself to amend the constitution and working of our Indian Government, many, nay the majority, of its supposed defects were confidently attributed to the unfitness and incapacity of the members of the Civil Service—that is, of the men charged with its administration. They had been selected, it was urged, without discrimination, educated imperfectly and unsuitably, and sent at an immature age to the scene of their future duties, where their ignorance and inefficiency but grew with their growth under the indolence-begetting sun of the East. True, an empire had been acquired, and was maintained by them after a fashion; but what had been done with such instruments served only to show what might

have been effected with better, and to demonstrate the necessity of a radical change in the method of their supply. True, also, the system had produced, or rather had been impotent to exclude, Elphinston, Webb, Babington, Clerk, Metcalfe, Bird, Anderson, Thomason, and all who justified Mr Canning's eulogium of India as "so fertile in statesmen;" but these were but hundreds among thousands—exceptions to what ought to be the rule; proper precaution might secure an entire phalanx of Pitts and Foxes, Mansfields and Eldons. An idea that India was languishing from a deficiency of those talents with which all departments of the home market were so abundantly supplied, certainly obtained very general countenance and currency at the time; and little doubt can be entertained that the framers of the bill of 1853 regarded those of its clauses which provide for the future recruiting of the Civil Service, as among the most important of the whole, and that from *their* operation are still looked for its most valuable fruits. To these provisions, therefore, we propose to confine our attention at present, in order that we may judge on what ground these expectations rest—what are the hopes of success—and what the chances of disappointment. It is, indeed, a question of vital importance; for, granting that evils existed, and that a remedy was required, it is obvious that if we have wholly or partially mistaken the case, and applied the wrong one, the consequences may involve, not merely the postponement of the cure, but the rapid and fatal progress of the disease. The changes made by the late act in the constitution of the Indian Civil Service embrace—

1st, The mode of selection.

2d, The age, and qualifications of the selected.

3d, The mode of their subsequent education, and training for their future duties.

* 16 and 17 Vict. cap. xcv. An Act to provide for the Government of India. 20th August 1853.

Under the old law, the original selection of candidates for the Civil Service rested entirely with the Court of Directors. Each of the twenty-four individuals composing that body was privileged in turn to nominate for probationary education at Haileybury any young man of the prescribed age—which was formerly fixed at between fifteen and twenty, but for many years past at from seventeen to twenty-one—who could show himself, in a preliminary examination, to have made such progress in what is usually termed “a liberal and classical education,” as is ordinarily done by youths of the lesser age in our public schools. The course of studies at Haileybury was calculated for extension over a period of two years, and contemplated, we believe, rather the maintenance of such classical and mathematical learning as had been already acquired, than an advance to excellence in those pursuits; while the first talents that England could supply were retained for the instruction of the students in those more obviously and directly necessary to their future efficiency—viz. history, law, political economy, and the rudiments of the Oriental languages. An average proficiency in these branches of study, coupled with good conduct during residence, entitled the probationer to final admission into the Civil Service at the presidency for which he had been nominated. As the entrance almost invariably took place at the earliest age allowed, the majority thus left the college at nineteen, and reached India before completing their twentieth year, there to enter on a more regular and exclusive study of the particular languages in which they would have to transact business, and this under pain of forfeiting their appointment, if within a limited period they failed to attain the minimum of such acquirement held to be absolutely necessary for that purpose.

Such was the system which has hitherto given to British India legislators and administrators; with what success we know. The result is written in the pages of a history which appears almost fabulous to the philosopher and the statesman. It remains to be seen with what tale

the men of the new school, those to whose origin we are now about to advert, will have to inscribe the yet blank tablets of the future. Heaven grant that it be not with a narrative of disastrous failure, and that those starting with the hopes of Phaeton, may not meet his fate! Under the present law, all initiatory selection is dispensed with. There remains to the Court of Directors, as a body, only the formal duty of appointing to their service “any natural born subject of Her Majesty, who may acquire a title thereto under such rules as the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India may from time to time make.”

Before noticing in detail the regulations which, in exercise of this authority, have been framed by the said Commissioners, and comparing them with those formerly obtaining, and prior to considering the general merits of the principle of “competitive examination,” which they have made the basis of their scheme for discovering the fittest men for India, we would premise a few words on two tendencies which appear to grow out of it, in the particular case before us, as to the operations of which, whether they may be beneficial or otherwise, different opinions may indeed be entertained, but which cannot, we think, fail to exercise a most important influence on the future of the Civil Service. If the personal feelings which necessarily influenced the Court of Directors in the distribution of their patronage, led them, in some instances, to be less careful than it behoved them to be in selecting the fittest objects for its bestowal, it must be allowed that their nominees were almost invariably of a particular class and position in society; men, in short, recognised and described as “gentlemen by birth.” Far be it from us to set undue value on this circumstance; but that it has a *value*, to a certain extent deserved, and tacitly admitted, even by those who, wanting it, are most interested in depreciating it, cannot, we think, be denied, either by the student of history or of human nature. The possibility and probability of such element decreasing in the constitution of the Civil Service, ought, therefore, not

to be lost sight of in estimating its future character; nor, we are convinced, will the possible consequences of such change in its complexion be regarded as undeserving of consideration by those best acquainted with the habits and feelings of the more intelligent and best educated among the natives of India, whose perceptions, we have reason to believe, are more acute on this subject than is generally supposed, and whose own institutions and habits of thought incline them to attach so much importance to the accidents of birth—in fact, to CASTE.

Again, experience can alone determine the effect; but the fact stands in front of the competitive system, that under it all kindly connection between the masters and the servants—all feelings of gratitude or respect on the part of those employed towards those who have obliged by employing them—all friendly interest on the part of the individual masters in the future career of those whom they have been personally instrumental in introducing to the service, must necessarily have an end. The importance of this change can perhaps only be fully understood and appreciated by those who, sent out by the Court, have, during a long course of service, been wont to look up to that body with a feeling akin to allegiance, as the initiator of their fortunes, the protector of their interests, and the redresser of their wrongs, and as having, under these circumstances, a peculiar claim to their cordial and zealous services. Such feelings can hardly be expected to animate those who, bringing to the table of the Court the requisite legal certificates obtained in other quarters, shall demand, as matter of right, the completion of the forms prescribed for installing them in the position they have won.

But leaving these speculations on the possible consequences of these novel causes, it is time that we turn to the regulations with which the Board of Control, in exercise of the powers confided to it by the Legislature, has guarded the portals of the Indian Civil Service, in the framing of which, it is worthy of remark that they do not profess to have consulted

those who, having learnt in the school of personal experience what constitutes fitness, might be supposed capable of assisting others in devising a plan for discovering and testing it. We do not write this in forgetfulness of the presiding Genius whose master mind and hand directed the resolutions of the Board, and who, having made an official visit to India, may have been considered as possessing the requisite information. Taken as a composition illustrating the depth and refinement of his own spirit, the report on which the Board acted may be woven as another leaf into the chaplet with which the muses of history, eloquence, and poetry, have combined to decorate their favourite; but having in mind the talents, the very brilliancy of which we believe to have lost to Mr Macaulay the glory of legislating for India, we feel that we have need of caution, and have a right to scrutinise with a suspicious eye the strength and solidity of the foundations on which the beauty of the superstructure has been raised. To speak plainly, we are not confident that Mr Macaulay ever did, or could, while in India, obtain that thorough knowledge of, and insight into, the duties of a "civilian," and of the qualifications necessary for their discharge, which is possessed by the men themselves, and consequently was in ignorance of many of the rougher and smaller, but still highly important features in the case he had to deal with; and that his imagination, kindling as he advanced, and carrying with him his colleagues spell-bound, lost sight of what he did know of the realities of India in the idealities of Atlantis or Utopia.

By the rules so framed, any natural-born subject of Her Majesty, desirous of entering the Indian Civil Service, is allowed to present himself as a candidate on producing—

1st. A certificate that his age is above eighteen, and under twenty-three.

2d. A medical certificate of his physical fitness for the service.

3d. A certificate, or other proof, of good moral character.

After which he will be subjected to a competitive examination, in which, should he win a place within

the first twenty* in order of merit, he will be deemed a "selected candidate" for the Civil Service of the East India Company, subject to future and final examination, tentative though not competitive, after one or two years, as he may himself prefer.

Passing over the second of these requirements as a rule of obvious propriety, and the third as an equally necessary provision, though some difficulty may be found in the impartial working of it—pausing only to indulge in an anticipatory chuckle at the perplexity which may be created among the magnates in Cannon Row by a young Hindoo arriving with certificates of morality from the Dhurma Subha, vouching for his veracity, save where lying is commendable and lawful, and for his having uniformly displayed the most marked abhorrence of detection in fraud,—we pass on to the provision regarding the age, and that touching the examinations, which appear to us to be treming with most important consequences, tending quietly and unostentatiously, but not the less effectually, to change, whether for good or ill, the whole nature and character of the service. It is true that youths of eighteen are allowed to enter for the race; but what chance will they have—save in a few rare, and perhaps, after all, not very desirable instances—with men of three-and-twenty, unless the examinations be conducted on the principle of a handicap? Ask the sages of Newmarket of what advantage to the "three-year-olds" would be the privilege of contending, on equal terms, against the more developed muscle and longer stride of horses twice their age? We think, therefore, that there exists a fair presumption that those establishing their right to be entered as "selected candidates," will more frequently be above than under twenty-two, and that consequently those eventually obtaining appointments will arrive in India more generally after twenty-four than before that age; and thus, as we shall presently see, have no opportunity of transacting the most

ordinary business till verging on twenty-six, or be charged with any very serious responsibilities before thirty. This postponement of their official maturity may at first view be thought to concern only the men themselves, as involving a late commencement of life; but closer consideration will make it evident that the State has a direct interest, apart from such private considerations, in ascertaining whether the future efficiency of its servants be not in some way connected with, and dependent on, the age at which they leave their native country to assume their duties in the East; and whether the hopes now sanguinely entertained that men so proceeding, selected and trained as now proposed, at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five, will prove superior to those who, under the old system, found themselves in the same position at twenty, are likely to be realised or disappointed. As these expectations are based on the greater age and superior attainments of the elder parties, it may be said that any comparison between them and the younger ought in fairness to be instituted between the two at the same age—between the one who, having passed through Haileybury with as much information as he could there acquire, began his farther training in India at twenty, and having acquired a practical experience of five years, is now twenty-five, and the man who has just landed at that age, bringing with him the fruits of longer residence in Europe, in the shape of a greater acquaintance with its habits and modes of thought, more extensive learning of a particular nature than the earlier comer had, or is likely to have since acquired, and opinions already formed, on many subjects on which the other is yet undecided or indifferent, but who still lies under the necessity of gathering for himself that practical knowledge which his rival has been five years in accumulating. We prefer, however, at present to compare the two as they stand, and to endeavour to ascertain whether the youth of twenty, honourably certified by the eminent men presiding

* This number will depend on the supply διὰ τούτου δόξαν ἑαυτοῦ πλείονα.

at Haileybury to have creditably availed himself of their instructions, or the picked man and mature scholar of twenty-five, be the better prepared, physically and intellectually, for the work before them. Did the scene of that work lie in Europe—were their energies and capacities to be at once put in exercise amid the ideas, customs, and habits of the West—there would of course be no difficulty in determining which of the two was the ripest for use; the elder would clearly be five years in advance on the road to competency or perfection; nay, more, would possess advantages which the younger, supposing his future time to be occupied by actual business, might never have leisure to acquire: but the case becomes very different when the East is to be the theatre of their rivalry, and where much of what the elder possesses is not only of no *direct* use, but may chance to prove perplexing and embarrassing to his future movements. In estimating prospectively their respective performances under such circumstances, we must take into our calculations two things,—

1st. The effects of their different ages on their utility, present and future.

2d. The value of their respective acquirements, not *in se*, but in relation to the work on which it is proposed to employ them.

The superior docility of youth is a fact extensively recognised and acted upon in all professions in which the formation of peculiar habits and modes of thought is essential to fitness and success. Why do our army and navy prefer youths of eighteen to men five or six years older, proportionally matured in mind and body, and furnished with any amount of varied knowledge? simply because experience has shown that these qualities, valuable as they are in themselves, render their possessors comparatively unfit for *their* purposes. Education completed, opinions settled, habits of body formed, high notions of independence and self-importance begotten, prove but so many obstacles to the necessary moulding of the man into the shape it is primarily requisite he should assume, whatever additional accom-

plishments or perfections it may be desirable he should afterwards acquire, if inclination lead, or opportunity offer. The same may be said of many other occupations, but perhaps of none with more truth than of the Indian Civil Service; and an age has therefore hitherto been fixed for admission to its ranks, at which the constitution of mind and body have not attained their full development, as affording the greatest facility, and opposing the fewest obstacles, to that future practical training, from which, be it ever remembered, no amount of preparation *here* can possibly exempt its members on reaching India. Disappointing to the individuals, fatal to the interests of the State, will assuredly be any notion that such can be dispensed with, or that any amount of talent can be substituted for it. We fear then that if pliability, bodily and mental, be an important qualification for an Indian debutant, that the man of twenty-five would commence his career at disadvantage, in respect of age at all events, with him of twenty. Medical men would, we apprehend, consider him as less likely to endure, without detriment to his constitution that acclimating process, which all who shift their habitation some 30 or 40 degrees nearer to the Equator must perforce undergo; and if the human mind be generally docile in proportion to its youth, he will be found to possess less facility of adapting his ideas to new circumstances, and forming himself to the requirements of his position. Twenty-five in years, and virtually yet older in mind, owing to the stimuli under which he has been educated or "*forced*," may we not fear that he will almost inevitably have a disposition rather to teach than to learn; and to subdue rather than yield to the novel circumstances which surround him, striving to render them subservient to his own preconceived and settled notions of right and wrong, of fitness and unfitness? Than such propensity in such men, nothing can be more dangerous to the stability of our Government in the East. One injudicious step of one highly talented young man, imagining himself superior to what he may term "the

antiquated twaddlers of the old school," may in an instant kindle a flame, extinguishable only in the ruins of our Indian Empire. It was under apprehension of such danger from such cause that the Marquess of Hastings warned the students in the college of Fort William against the temptations of their position to hasty innovation in the hope of improving: "Beware," he said, "of seeking to crowd into your official career the work of a century. You stand charged with its conservation, in the midst of an ancient and venerable edifice, parts of which may appear to you to require repair or renovation, but ere you venture to remove one of the time-worn stones, be well assured that you have ready another exactly fitted to supply its place, lest, while you are hoping to erect for yourselves a monument of glory, you bring down upon your heads a heap of crumbling ruins." We quote from memory, but such was the purport of his words: and we believe that he would have deemed the caution yet more necessary, had his audience been composed of such men as will proceed to India under the new regulations. To them would we repeat the warning, in the words of the poet, and say to each talented aspirant for distinction in the East, beware,—

"Injunos ne pede prorsus
Stantem columinam; non populus frequens
Ad arma cosantes, ad arma
Concitot, imperiunque fraugat."

Having thus adduced much reason, as we think, to fear that the advocates of the "*greater age*" may be disappointed in their anticipations, and that the local Government in India may find more difficulty in working with the stiffer material we are about to send them than with the more pliant stuff with which they have hitherto been supplied, we come to the second and yet more important question bearing on the comparative efficacy of the men, viz. "the value of their respective attainments in relation to the work they are wanted to perform;" a subject which will naturally lead to some inquiry into the real merits of "competitive examination" as a test of ability and fitness. "Surely," some will exclaim—"surely, if there be a

doubt which *age* is most convenient, there can be none as to the advantages of superior education." None, certainly, if by that expression be meant that the superiority consists in *greater knowledge of what is necessary to be known*; but if it lie in the possession of an excess above that measure, the same conclusion does not follow—too much may be as detrimental as too little. Let us first take a hasty survey of what may be called the "stock in trade" of the two men. He of Haileybury has a fair knowledge of his own language, and a moderate acquaintance with those of Greece and Rome; his researches in mathematics have not been profound; and his view of history, ancient and modern, is rather superficial; but he has been well instructed in the principles of jurisprudence and political economy, and has succeeded in mastering the rudimental difficulties of two or more of the Oriental languages. On the other hand, the prize man of twenty-five possesses all these qualifications in a much higher degree; his style of composition will be formed, vigorous, and correct. If he have wooed the muses, his classical knowledge will not, like that of his younger rival, be merely sufficient "*enough to move*," but extensive and critical; not simply such as to render pleasurable and refreshing the occasional reference to his Homer, Virgil, or Horace in minutes snatched from the wearying drudgery of the police or revenue office, but such as enables him to "decide where doctors disagree," and arbitrate when Porson, Brunck, Hermann, and Hartung are waging inter necine war as to whether *τε* or *δε* ought to be read in some unintelligible chorus. Or if, of sterner mood, he have won his crown in the arena of the exact sciences, his knowledge will not be limited, as that of his companion, to the problems useful in the transactions of ordinary business; he will not only be competent, as well as he, to understand the "village account," or oppose with the force of common sense the prurient falsity of the intriguing Hindoo who may seek to mislead his judgment, but may perhaps be able to express algebraically the "*unknown quantities*" which he will find so thickly scat-

tered over the calculation of the "Kurnum;"* or explain, in scientific language, to the mendacious Bramin, the regular steps of the logical process by which he has arrived at the dishonesty of his conduct, even though he find the power of logic insufficient to demonstrate to the worthy functionary the moral identity of the "Utile" and the "Honestum."

Again we hear the question, Can there be a doubt, upon this showing, which of the two is the superior? As a race-horse to a hackney, as a razor to a common knife, so is the one better than the other. Exactly so. We admit that, of the things compared, the one excels in speed and the other in sharpness; but if we need the horse or the instrument for the ordinary uses of life, the superiority ceases, and the very qualities in which it is supposed to lie become not only useless but embarrassing; not merely superfluities but defects.

Having premised thus much of their respective states of preparation, and the possible results, let us now conduct our friends together to the theatre of their operations, and see them simultaneously commence the work which they will have to do side by side, certainly for twenty-five, and it may be thirty-five, years.

In describing this work, though we shall draw the actual lines of our picture from the realities of the Madras Presidency, we doubt not that those competent to judge will find in the delineation no essential difference from what would be presented by Bengal or Bombay. On the *nature* of the work, and the circumstances under which it is to be done, depends, as we have already intimated and cannot too strongly impress upon our readers, the fitness of the instrument with which it is proposed to execute it. If the task and its locality be such that the age of the elder workman prove no hindrance to him, while his additional or superior acquirements can be brought into useful exercise, it is evident that the younger must at once yield to him the palm, which he will have no difficulty in retaining throughout their course of service; but if, on the other hand, it be found

that the more mature age of the one be no advantage, but rather an encumbrance or impediment, and that his superior acquirements are practically useless, owing to the want of any field for their exercise, then must the expectations which sent him forth be confessed to be disappointed; and he must be considered to have positively wasted five years of his life—if not something worse.

The young civilian, on arrival at Madras, receives an allowance of rupees, 250, and 50 rupees for house-rent, or £30 per mensem, and is placed under the "Board of Examiners," who assign to him *moonshies* or instructors in two of the four vernacular languages of that presidency. On "passing," or being reported fit for the public service in his "first" language, which it is computed he may well do in six months, his pay is augmented by fifty rupees; and on obtaining a like certificate in regard to his "second" language, he receives a further increase of fifty rupees, making a total income of 400 rupees, or £40 per mensem. This he is expected to accomplish in twelve months. Should he fail to do so, he is sent "up the country," *rusticated*, for a period of twelve months; at the end of which time, if he do not pass, he is removed from the service, forfeiting his appointment. Whenever he succeeds in passing, he is immediately appointed assistant to some collector and magistrate in the provinces; in which capacity he remains on the same salary, but with an allowance of 42 rupees for his "tents," till his promotion to "head assistant," or till he have been six years employed, when he receives an additional 175 rupees, making his monthly total rupees 575, exclusive of tent allowance.

The duties allotted to him as assistant are, for the first year, necessarily of the most trifling description. He endorses "blank stamped paper" prior to its issue from the collector's office—is advised to make himself acquainted with the history of the district and the state of current business by study of the records—to learn the police and magis-

* Village Accountant.

terial regulations—to observe the external forms in which business is conducted—to become familiar with the customs and habits of the various tribes or sects comprising the population—and to be careful at the same time to perfect his knowledge of the native languages, in order to qualify himself for passing the very strict practical examination required ere he receives further promotion in the service. In a few months, if he be industrious, he is probably ordered, as “assistant magistrate,” to try his hand in the investigation of a few petty police cases; but he is prohibited from entertaining others till he has had one year’s experience in the provinces. He is then also gradually initiated in fiscal duties. A “Talook,” or small division of the district, under a “Tahsildar,” or native collector, is assigned to him, in which, aided by an experienced native “Juwabuevees,” or secretary, and under the immediate supervision of the collector, he transacts the routine business connected with the revenue as well as police; and the collector perhaps further employs him in measuring salt, superintending the “Tappal-runners,” or mail-carriers, checking the issue of postage or other stamps, and suchlike duties as, though requiring no mental exercise, need common honesty for their performance, and cannot, therefore, be intrusted to native servants unless under the immediate eye of a European.

Six or seven years spent in such occupations bring near the time at which he may look forward to promotion as “head assistant,” provided that in the interim he have passed the required examination in the history of the district, its landed tenures, &c., in two native languages, and in the law of the presidency, both magisterial and revenue, including not only the text, but the comments on and expositions thereof which have emanated from the “Sudder,” or chief court, and the Board of Revenue. On becoming a head-assistant, he assumes a more definite and recognised position in the service; his salary, as we have seen, is augmented; and more important duties are assigned to him by the collector. He is probably sent to reside at some

distance from headquarters in comparatively independent charge of one or more talooks, the business of which, if he do it thoroughly, occupies him from morning till night, allowing but very short intervals for meals and exercise, or for a hasty glance at the *Home News*, the *Illustrated News*, or *Punch*, and perhaps occasionally a “Review.” In this position, unless he be married, he rarely sees a white face, or hears the sound of his native language; and he hails with delight the advent of the subaltern and his small detachment marching to the periodical relief of some lonely outpost. The scraggy sheep is slaughtered; the tough fowl curried; the loaf of bread, *received by post*, is displayed as a treat; the beer, brandy, and cigars, represent the fabled luxuries of the East; a half-holiday is taken in celebration of the event; and the hour of parting brings with it somewhat of that melancholy feeling which is experienced by voyagers who, meeting for a moment on the wide ocean, exchange their friendly greetings, pass on, and are again alone in the world. Our civilian, however, has little time for sentimental reflections; while on what may be appropriately termed the “Cutchery” tread-mill, some half-dozen questions constantly recurring under slight modifications occupy his attention—we can scarcely say his mind—from day to day and month to month—*e. g.* Is Ramasamy entitled to any, and what, remission on account of a deficient supply of water for his rice-field? May the inhabitants of one village draw water from a particular source? or have those of another a prescriptive right to erect a dam, which will wholly or partially preclude their so doing? Is the extent of land in Mootoo’s “puttah,” or lease, rightly stated? or, as insisted by his enemy Ramun, has he and the “Kurnum” colluded to defraud the Government by understating it? &c. &c.

After serving six or seven years as head-assistant magistrate, he may expect promotion either to the office of subordinate collector or subordinate judge, provided he be able to pass the further examination, by which his advance in the requisite knowledge is

then tested. It may seem strange to those whose ideas of judicial functions and requirements are limited to English notions of such things, that the latter office should be open to the "head-assistant collector and magistrate," and that a judge should mount the bench without any direct and ostensible training for its duties; but although it is to be wished, and perhaps ere long will be so ordered, that the choice between the revenue and judicial lines should be made at an earlier period of the service, and that assistants should be promoted either as head-assistants, or as registers and assistants to the judges, as indeed formerly obtained, yet the present practice involves no such absurdity or ill consequence as at first view it may appear to do. The powers and duties of the magistrate are to a great degree coextensive with those of the subordinate judge on the criminal side of his court; and in civil cases the knowledge which the head-assistant collector has acquired of the tenures and customs relating to land, and of the ordinary transactions forming the subjects of dispute and litigation among an agricultural population, which he could not have obtained in any other capacity, are in reality more essential aids to him in doing substantial justice between parties in his court than would be all the law stored up under the three most voluminous wigs of the Chancery bar.—"Mais revenons à nos moutons." The head-assistant and magistrate is elevated;—we will say, after fourteen years' service, when, if he have commenced at twenty-five, he will be thirty-nine years of age—to a sub-collectorate. A large section of the district known as the "Sub-division" is then placed under his immediate charge, subject, however, to the supervision and interference of the collector in all cases upon appeal made to him, and without the power of introducing any novelties or supposed improvements in the practice and management of affairs. The nature of his duties is otherwise in most respects identical with that of the collector, save that he has no direct correspondence with the superior authorities, and has no "treasury," all collections being remitted

to and payments made from that of the collector.

After the lapse of another seven or eight years he may expect to obtain a collectorate, and in the next ten, if he have distinguished himself among his brother collectors, and one of the three seats in the Board of Revenue should fall vacant, he may be selected to fill it. On the other hand, should the "head-assistant" be promoted as "subordinate judge," his career will differ in little save the nature of his duties from that of his revenue brother. For eight years or more he will have to preside in the inferior court, his acts and orders being strictly supervised by the "civil and session judge;" and when at length he is himself elevated to that position, he may in ten or twelve years, if distinguished for ability, expect advancement as one of the three judges of the "Sudder" or chief court of the Company; a prospect which, like that which the Revenue Board presents to the collector, is too remote and uncertain for any individual to count much upon; while, whatever situation he may hold, either in the revenue, judicial, or general department, the civilian, after thirty-five years' service, is, *ipso facto*, superannuated, and turned adrift with a pension of £500 per annum, provided he shall have come in turn for the purchase of an *annuity* from the civil fund, of which only four are annually available, and cannot exceed another £500; and until he have obtained which, *all pension* is entirely withheld from him. Having alluded to the general department, it is necessary to mention that either the judicial or revenue officer may be withdrawn from the ordinary course of the service, as above described, to fill the situation of member of council, secretary to Government, or accountant-general, all superior in emolument to those of a judge or collector, or even to the Sudder judges and members of the Revenue Board; but the aggregate number of these offices is so few, and the probability of any given individual attaining them so small, that they are scarcely to be regarded in an estimate of the average prospects afforded by the service.

With still less hope can the civilian

look forward to any of the grand prizes in the political department ; these almost invariably, and very naturally, fall to the military. Those who have the interest or the power to introduce men into the lower ranks of the diplomatic service feel that their patronage would be, as it were, wasted on the young civilian, already located where the advancement, though slow, is sure ; nor, indeed, does he himself desire to enter the department in a junior grade, and to sacrifice, for a doubtful advantage in prospect, the more certain benefits of his present position, together with his claims to promotion in the regular course of his own service, which the military man in such case retains. An intelligent young officer, to whose prospects the opening is of vital consequence, is therefore generally selected as junior assistant to a resident at a native court ; and when a vacancy occurs in the higher ranks, of such importance as to demand the careful selection of the Governor-General himself, his choice is usually, and very properly, confined to the men already experienced ; and he neither wishes, nor would it be expedient, to remove from the superior posts in the civil service men, valuable where they are, but whose pursuits and habits have not prepared them for political duties. We have thus given a brief, but what we believe the "selected candidates" may rely on as a faithful sketch of the duties before them. It may, perhaps, cause them some disappointment to find that such small scope is afforded thereby for any talent above mediocrity, and that patient endurance of daily drudgery is in reality the quality most essential to their due discharge. Nor will this feeling, we fear, be lessened, when we come, as we presently shall, to estimate the rewards which await their performance.

Such being the work, which of the two men before us is likely to prove the better workman ? We have already shown that the new method of selection may possibly be attended by certain inconveniences, and that more mature age will probably bring with it concomitant disadvantages : it remains only to compare the value of the

respective attainments of the rivals, not, be it remembered, *in se*, but with reference to the aptitude conferred by them for the Indian Civil Service. No one will deny that every candidate for that service ought to be compelled to prove that he has received such education as is usually bestowed on English gentlemen, and known as "classical and liberal," and that he has duly profited thereby ; but it is not so manifest that the degrees of excellence therein, over and above the necessary quantum, are a true and proper measure of qualification for service in that country. On the contrary, it may be that the very superiority may, to a certain extent, unfit its possessor for the particular work in question, while it causes him to be selected to the exclusion of others, who, having *enough*, but *no more*, of the indispensable cultivation, may possess other qualities, physical and mental, in which he is deficient, but which would render them, were their admission possible, more valuable servants of the State than himself. The axe or the plane must necessarily possess a certain degree of sharpness ; but the artisan would be disappointed who, "in hope of rendering those tools more efficacious, should form them of metal more highly-tempered than usual, and put on them the edge proper for a razor ; and so of mental culture and accomplishment, excess above what the occasion demands may defeat its own object ; and as in the one case the superfluity of the requisite quality is not merely wasted, but renders the instrument unfit for its designed use, so in the other, it may be apprehended that the mind over-trained for, and above its work, may not simply do that work *no better* than the intellect *equal to it and no more*, but may altogether recoil from it as distasteful and unpalatable.

If experience proved the educational standard too low, or that the test had not hitherto been applied with sufficient strictness, we would have urged the elevation of the one, and the rigorous and impartial enforcement of the other ; but we venture to doubt the wisdom of making the standard indefinite, and of assuming *excellence* as the infallible

measure of the degree of the capacity wanted. We seem to be in danger of confusing the means and the end, and of regarding what, after all, can be reckoned only among the presumptive proofs of capacity—as in itself, and by itself, constituting “fitness:” of not only saying that he who has proved his ability to acquire Latin, Greek, or mathematics, may be presumed capable of mastering Tamil or Telugoo, and of exercising sound judgment on questions brought before him, but of maintaining that the *best* classical or mathematical scholar is necessarily the *fittest* man for the peculiar duties of the Indian civil service. The work to be done evidently requires elasticity of mind and body, qualities more likely to be found in the youth from Haileybury than in the man of twenty-five, long freed from all discipline, and accustomed to be “his own master.”

We want also an English gentleman, or at least one possessing the feelings and principles generally attributed to him—his high tone of morality, his horror of anything false, his incorruptible integrity, his hearty loyalty, and sincere purpose to uphold the safety, honour, and welfare of his Sovereign and her dominions. No one, we presume, would desire to intrust any portion of the imperial interests of Great Britain in the East to one not possessing, or being supposed to possess, such qualities, or would imagine that any amount of classical, mathematical, or scientific knowledge could safely be substituted for them. All these desiderata likewise were, we must contend, at least as often found in the élèves of Haileybury as they can be in those who may be introduced to the service under the new system. We have admitted also that to these qualities must be added the ordinary education of a gentleman. More than this is unnecessary; as much as this every young man passing through Haileybury certainly possessed, or ought to have possessed: if any escaped unqualified in this respect, it was the fault, not of the theory and the system, but of those charged with giving effect to it. Can it then be denied that the student leaving Haileybury was fully qualified to commence in

India that training for his future duties, which no preparation in Europe can dispense with? And did he not carry with him as much education as his circumstances needed, and as much knowledge of the principles of European law and political economy as were likely to be useful to him in the very different circumstances of India? Look at the two men in college together at the Presidency. The younger, already more advanced in his knowledge of the Oriental languages, will probably be no *longer* than the elder in “passing” for an “assistantship.” Neither will have leisure, if emulous of “getting out,” for any other pursuit, and they will both, at the end of a year, have forgotten much Greek and Latin. Watch them proceeding together to the “assistantship”—that appointment which, if the elder have the talents and attainments of Mr Macaulay himself, he must be content to fill, and in which all these talents would be wasted, and, we believe, something worse. What advantage has the prizeman, with his *superfluity*, over him who has *enough*? They both sign stamped paper equally well, or equally *badly*, unless, indeed, the clever man be so disgusted at the monotonous drudgery, that he write *more* carelessly and make *more* blots than the other. For their first essay in magisterial duties both will certainly have *enough* law, if they have read the police regulations; while the stock of all the judges at Westminster would be insufficient for him who had neglected to do so. No knowledge of English procedure, or the technicalities of the law of evidence, is required to arbitrate between the two vociferous old females, of whom one declares that the other first upset her *chatty* at the well, and so provoked the hair-pulling; while the other maintains the assault and battery to have first taken place, and led to the overthrow of the water-pot, either in retaliation or self-defence.

It may be supposed, however, that though the junior grades of the service present no opportunity or occasion for the display of extraordinary talent or acquirement, that on obtaining the office of sub-collector or subordinate judge, or in the still higher

posts of collector and judge, the superiority of the "selected man" cannot fail to demonstrate itself; but if we may be permitted to look forward to the time when it shall be possible to put the question to himself, we are strongly impressed with the idea that he will have to tell us with a sigh that his learning and talents have been wasted hitherto, and that he has no reason to think it will be otherwise in future; that they have rendered the drudgery of the years past more painful than it otherwise might have been to one of less pretensions and expectations; that his experience has taught him that "*vires acquirit eundo*" is the proper motto of the service; that what is needed in it must be gathered in it; that the information and knowledge necessary to the judge and the collector must be always obtained, as it has been by him, in the course of progress from the lowest to the highest round of the official ladder; that it is, moreover, of that simple kind which no man of ordinary intelligence can find difficulty in mastering, but yet withal so peculiar that it can be obtained only by actual practice; that the most brilliant and cultivated genius must condescend to acquire it by patient and very distasteful labour; and that the most brilliant and accomplished men do not grow into the best public servants in India; that they are more readily disgusted at the inevitable drudgery of the cutcherry, and feel most acutely the sacrifices involved in passing their existence among a semi-civilised people, away from all the more refined pleasures of life; and that, in fact, the dry, petty, uninteresting and unvarying detail of a subordinate office in India, is less endurable in proportion as the mind is preoccupied with ideas more refined and subjects more pleasing.

We have said enough to show why we believe the principle of "competitive examination," carried out, as in this instance, to its full extent, is of very dubious efficacy, and likely to disappoint the expectations of its advocates, and why we think the requirements of the case might have been well met by a test which should have insured absolute fitness,

in so far as it lies in education and qualities capable of being discerned, without pretending to discover the most fit, which we believe to be impracticable under the peculiar circumstances, and certainly not likely to be effected by such a scheme as has been devised, which, while it provides for the existence of knowledge of a kind and in a degree which can never be of any practical use, is calculated by its very nature to exclude many men possessed of qualities far more essential to the service. Even granting a few men of such stamp to be desirable, it by no means follows that it is well to have all of the same calibre, and so hazard confusion, arising from the want of a due and natural subordination of parts in the whole. The old system appears to have furnished the service with as many brilliant geniuses as it had either room or occasion for. Their superiority was felt, and acknowledged by selection for the more important duties; and the rest were both willing and competent to fill the ordinary posts. But where all are Macaulays, or, what is the same *pro re*, fancy themselves so, we can picture to ourselves the embarrassment of a local governor, surrounded by "all the talents," and seeking in vain for those who will contentedly plod along in the beaten track of necessary routine; for such, in fact, as many we could now name, whose knowledge and use of English composition is limited to the power of expressing in plain language the important communications which their position necessitates with their superior authorities, who have forgotten what they knew of the "languages of Greece and Rome," and who never did know a syllable of those of France, Germany, or Italy; whose mathematical knowledge is inadequate to the solution of a simple equation, or to carrying them safely over the dreaded "*pons*," to whom magnetism, chemistry, electricity, natural history, geology, and mineralogy, are "*voce et preterea nihil*," but who are yet transacting the affairs of Great Britain in the East in a manner which the chosen of Cannon Row may equal but can never surpass, though masters of all the arts in the for-

midable catalogue presented by the examination-papers. In looking at the papers, it must be difficult for any one, understanding from experience the real state of India and its wants, to suppress a smile at the idea of testing the powers and fitness of an assistant-collector, by asking him "if, in a doubly refracting medium, the velocity of propagation of plane waves be given as a function of the direction, how he would determine the course of refracted or internally reflected rays?" or by requiring him to demonstrate "that the sines of incidence and refraction are necessarily proportional to the wave velocities without and within the medium, if the angles of incidence and refraction refer not to rays but to waves-normal." If we were allowed to put a question to a collector, it should be, "What would you do with an assistant who could answer these queries?" and we suspect the one interrogatory would be scarcely less puzzling than the other, and that the only problem the bewildered man of *Puttals* and *Jumnaubundy* would desire to solve, would be the most expeditious method of getting rid of such a bore. What the local governments themselves would be likely to feel towards such prodigies of learning, we may infer from the words of the supreme Government, when consulting with that of Madras as to the nature of the examinations to which it would be expedient to subject the junior grades of the service in India. "We must take care," say they, "that the examinations be not exhibitions of philological skill or scientific attainment, but practical tests of official fitness, so as not to allow ready and self-possessed men by special preparation to outdo others possessed of the valuable qualities of patience, assiduity, and good sense."

A predilection, however, for that class of remedies termed panaceas is inherent in Englishmen. Slow to confess the existence of disorder, we no sooner admit it than we become impatient for an immediate and total cure, without inquiring whether the cure allows it, or the means proposed are adequate to affect it. We quarrel with the prudent physician who re-

commends a modification of diet, or the use of a medicine whose gentle operation may gradually improve the tone of the system; but we run in crowds after the quack who holds up his miraculous pill or salve as an infallible and instantaneous cure for all the ills to which flesh is heir. And so in our body politic: no sooner are we forced to confess that there are "errors in the state," or that part of the machine requires amendment or alteration, than we cry out for instant and radical reform—for renovation, not repair—and are ready to adopt with unquestioning credulity the supposed specific of any political quack who has the effrontery to step forward with his *supperka*. "Amend the evil," says Prudence; "enforce all existing and wholesome rules; repeal or modify such as appear hurtful; devise new ones where necessary." "Away with the old system altogether," says the Nostrum-monger; "adopt my plan, which will not only cure all present defects, but insure future and constant perfection." Unfit men (*i. e.* men knowing too little) have succeeded in obtaining admission to the civil service; henceforth see that all be not only fit, but the fittest. "The fittest" will, of course, be those who know the most, and they can be discovered by "competitive examination open to all." "Hurrah for competitive examination!" shout the multitude, without pausing to inquire into the soundness of the reasoning, the nature of the proposed remedy, or the probabilities of its success. With all his impetuous credulity, John Bull, however, is wont to be a little cautious when a matter is made strictly personal. There is in his mind a somewhat nice distinction between believing in Morison or Holloway, and swallowing their pills *ore proprio*, and he is therefore not sorry that the infallible remedy, "competitive examination," should be tried on a large scale in India before introducing it to the same extent at home, which, to say truth, he is half inclined to do. This principle has accordingly been made the basis of the scheme devised in Cannon Row for securing the "fittest men for India." Time only can determine what success will attend it; but in the mean-

while we have thought it well to hint at the possibility of failure, and its causes.

If, however, it be doubtful whether the "selected" will eventually frustrate the expectations of the public, we fear it is certain that they will themselves be disappointed. We have already indicated the mortifications they will have to undergo, in discovering that no boundless field exists, as in Europe, for the exercise of their talents, and that the majority are placed in situations in which nothing more than ordinary sense is required, or can be used, and *from* which no effort on their part can remove or exalt them; where not only will their accomplishments be useless, but their time so fully occupied by the dry details of daily business, as not even to allow their practice as recreations, and in which the greater portion of their lives must be spent at a distance from all capable of feeling or appreciating the higher pleasures of intellect, or the refinements of a cultivated taste. And in order to dispel any illusions under which many may be labouring as to the pecuniary advantages of the Indian Civil Service, we shall now state precisely the re-

ward held out to its members for the duties they have to perform, and for the sacrifices they are required to make. Oh! we have often thought, as we have marked the youth, eager to depart for that East so beautiful in poetry, so miserable in reality. Oh! if some disciple of Cornelius Agrippa could but display to him in his magic mirror the coming scenes of his future life, he would pause ere he grasped the glittering bait, and hesitate to purchase what is termed a provision for life, at the price, or at least at the risk, of all that renders life chiefly desirable—health of body—energy of mind—social ties! Too often are all these entirely sacrificed; in all cases partially so. And for what? Money!—a supposed greater amount of money than could be earned elsewhere. The selected will do well to consider the real value of their expectation in this particular, lest in this also they be disappointed. Supposing one of their number to run through the course above described, his receipts from the time of commencing his duties at twenty-five to becoming entitled to a pension at fifty, or for twenty-five years, will be nearly as follows:—

1st	year	Student at the Presidency .	£390
2d to 6th	"	Assistant at £40 per mensem	2400
7th " 10th	"	Head-Assistant at £58 per do.	2784
11th " 13th	"	On Furlough, £500 per annum	1500
14th " 20th	"	Sub-Judge or Sub-Collector (average) £130 per mensem	10,520
21st " 25th	"	Judge or Collector, £230 per do	13,500
			<hr/> £31,094

His income for the first ten years will thus average about £560 per annum. Upon which, if he have sufficient capital to purchase horses, furniture, &c., remain unmarried, exercise *rigid* economy from the very first, and have the good fortune to enjoy uninterrupted health, he may possibly so live as to be free from debt, and have enough to pay his passage home on furlough, which on every account he *ought* to take, and which he cannot do at any time more advantageously and with less loss, than during these years in which, if he remain in the country, it must be only as a head-assistant. The above estimate supposes him to obtain employment immediately on his return

from furlough; though, in all probability, he will have to wait for it from six months to a year on the "out-of-employ allowance" of £420 per annum. But, taking the most favourable view of the case, the civilian may be pronounced fortunate who, returning from furlough in the fourteenth year of his service, when, if one of the selected, he will be thirty-nine years of age, begins, as it were, *de novo*, without a penny, but with an annual income of nearly £1000. From that time till the end of his twenty-fifth year, we estimate his receipts at £24,000. Supposing him still unmarried, and allowing £800 per annum, or say £10,000 for twelve years' expenditure, on less than which

he certainly cannot live with any decent regard to the requirements of his position, he may possibly at the end of his service have a capital of about £14,000, or, after paying the balance due for his annuity, say £10,000, as the earnings of twenty-five years spent in India! We say possibly, because it is not *probable* that he will have accumulated this sum. We are assured that the actual facts are very different. That in all cases various contingencies arise to interfere with such unbroken regularity and success as are here calculated upon. The majority of the service, certainly of those above ten years' standing, are married, and there is no reason to suppose that it will be otherwise in future; and, if so, where we have written thousands, hundreds may safely be substituted, even if it be no *worse*. We suspect that of those who have *now* been only twenty-five years in the service, there are *very* few who, after paying for their annuity, could show a capital of £5000, and a very great majority do not possess half or even a quarter of that amount. Such a result, it is needless to say, a clever man at full and hard work for twenty-five years in any trade or profession in England, would not esteem particularly fortunate or remunerative. It is true that the service may be extended to another decade, if life be spared and health enjoyed; but in estimating the ordinary prospects and advantages of the service, we have thought it fairest to take as its term the period for which it is calculated that an average constitution can endure the climate of India, or work well in it,—that period at which men at present generally desire to retire if they can get their annuity and pension, and at which, we will venture to say, those

now emulous of serving the Company have been led to expect they may so retire “with the fortune of a Nabob,” and beyond which if they knew they must serve, they would be less eager to engage themselves. These salaries, moreover, are, it is said, to be greatly diminished. A leading journal talks of “reducing them to an amount more approximating to the market value of *the talent in demand*.” If this be so, we would recommend those who succeed in obtaining certificates of the highest proficiency in such contests as these of Cannon Row, to consider before carrying them to Leadenhall Street, whether they cannot take their powers and talents to a better market, or at least employ them where, if the pecuniary advantages be not nominally so great, the sacrifices they will be called on to make are infinitely less.

In conclusion, we would speak a word of caution to those advocates of the new system who insist on the benefits derivable from the enlarged and European ideas which will naturally be imported into Indian politics by highly educated men of mature age. They will do well to consider whether such infusion may not have an effect very contrary to their anticipations; whether, in short, the most influential member of the press in India, writing only recently, on the spot, with all that is *now* going on before him, is borne out by facts in speaking of “a dim conviction in the native mind that the British power is losing energy,” and attributing it to the “*intrusion of English ideas*,” or in saying that the administration is becoming **WEAKER**; that is, **MORE OBEDIENT TO ENGLISH IDEAS, AND THEREFORE LESS QUALIFIED TO GOVERN ORIENTALS.**

THE KARS BLUE-BOOK.

It is to be regretted that the publication of a Blue-Book seldom does much towards enlightening the public on the subject of which it treats. The information which is conveyed in its pages, as being authentic, is indeed always full of interest; but the dry and almost repulsive form in which it necessarily appears, renders any investigation into the merits of those questions which have called it forth, a laborious undertaking. The result is, that the public are not unfrequently misled, as they read only those extracts which are published with a commentary, and are adapted to support opinions which had been already formed, and to confirm statements which had been previously made upon insufficient grounds. We shall endeavour to give a brief analysis of these voluminous documents in as impartial a spirit as possible; and if the result does not clear up the mystery in which the disaster in Asia has hitherto been involved, it is only to be accounted for by the old adage describing the abode of truth, and which forbids us to expect that it will be revealed even in the pages of a Blue-Book.

The first half of the volume is devoted more particularly to an account of the recommendations of Colonel Williams for the improvement of the condition of the Turkish army in Asia, and its commissariat arrangements, with the measures which were taken, in consequence, by our authorities and those of the Porte. The second half relates to the origin and early history of that expedition which was undertaken at a late period of the year by Omer Pasha, in the hope of raising the siege by means of a diversion in Georgia. The disasters which, from the commencement of the war, had attended the Ottoman arms in Armenia, at last attracted the attention of our Government, and it was decided, in August 1854, to send out, as commissioner to the army in that quarter, Colonel Williams, an officer

whose local knowledge and former experience upon the Russian Asiatic frontier peculiarly fitted him for that position. Although under Lord Raglan's orders, Colonel Williams was instructed to communicate directly with Lord Stratford, in order that no delay should occur in the transmission of his representations to the Porte. Furnished with instructions from the Foreign Office and the Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, which directed his attention more particularly to the commissariat and general organisation of the Turkish army, Colonel Williams proceeded to Erzeroum, where he arrived on the 14th of September 1854. The disaster at Kurukdereh seemed to render his presence with the army doubly necessary, while the first indication of the spirit in which the Turkish Government was determined to conduct the war, or rather to misconduct it, appears in their refusal to nominate, as new commander-in-chief, a general whose appointment was recommended by the British ambassador, the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies, and agreed to by all the ministers, with the exception of the Grand Vizier, whose decision was allowed to prevail. "Her Majesty's Government," says Lord Clarendon, upon the circumstance being reported to him, "must again protest against this disregard of the Sultan's interest; and they have a right to complain of the total disregard of their advice with respect to a fit commander in that portion of the Sultan's territory which must become the theatre of important operations." Again, "Your Excellency will inform Reshid Pasha of the great dissatisfaction which all the proceedings in connection with the army in Asia have caused to Her Majesty's Government." In another place Lord Clarendon says, "The Turkish Government still seems animated by the same spirit, and determined that the army in Asia shall bring defeat

* *Papers relative to Military Affairs in Asiatic Turkey, and the Defence and Capitulation of Kars.*

on the Sultan's cause, and continue to be an embarrassment to the allies of Her Majesty." These expressions are important as showing the state of feeling which existed at Constantinople among those authorities upon whom it was Lord Stratford's duty subsequently to press the representations of Colonel Williams. The nature of that intercourse which our ambassador maintained with the Porte, upon this subject hereafter, goes to show that his personal influence with the Ottoman cabinet has been as much overrated as the obstacles he had to encounter have been depreciated. It is only fair to Lord Stratford to say, that throughout his earlier despatches there is no indication of the existence of any personal animosity towards Colonel Williams; nor is any negligence or indifference apparent in the manner in which the representations of that officer were submitted to the Turkish Government. Alluding to the first of these, Lord Stratford writes to Clarendon,—"Immediately on the receipt of Colonel Williams' clear and temperate statement, I addressed an instruction to M. Pisani, for the purpose of bringing the required objects without delay to the knowledge of the Porte, and accelerating their transmission to the army." It appears that the same day upon which Lord Stratford received Colonel Williams' statement, he sent M. Pisani to the ministers. In his memorandum to that gentleman, urging the wants of the army, these expressions occur,—"From want of proper care in these respects last year, thousands perished in the army;" in another—"More money in specie is indispensable;" in another—"This want must be supplied without delay, or the consequences may be fatal;" again,—"This want is also urgent;" and,—"The importance of this cannot be exaggerated. I hope these recommendations will be attended to." The Grand Vizier and Reschid Pasha reply, that they are not aware whether the Seraskier has forwarded the items described in the instructions; that clothing, surgical instruments, &c., are to be sent from Constantinople; but from Colonel Williams' subsequent despatches, these seem

never to have arrived, and that the Pasha of Erzeroum, a person "of feeble body and impaired faculties," to use Colonel Williams' description of him, had been ordered to provision Kars. These efforts on the part of Lord Stratford are approved by a despatch from Clarendon, dated 19th October.

Towards the end of September, after having impressed upon the Pasha of Erzeroum the necessity of vigorous exertions in procuring supplies, Colonel Williams left Erzeroum, and reached the headquarters of the Turkish army, near Kars, and reported upon its condition. Lord Stratford at once forwards home what he terms "the clear and able reports of Colonel Williams;" and he says, "In one respect I take upon myself to anticipate your Lordship's instructions. I have already strongly recommended to the Seraskier those improvements and objects which were suggested by Colonel Williams in his correspondence from Erzeroum, and I shall lose no time in impressing, as well upon his Excellency as upon the Sultan's Government at large, the urgent importance of giving immediate effect to those which figure in his subsequent despatches from Kars."

Such, then, is the spirit in which the reorganisation of the Turkish army was commenced. The despatches of Colonel Williams show an untiring energy, and a determined resolution to carry out those reforms which his quick observation and local experience suggested. The proceedings of Lord Stratford at Constantinople are equally prompt. By a comparison of dates, we see that he loses no time in forwarding Colonel Williams' reports home, and in laying his representations before the Turkish ministers, whilst the terms in which he presses these upon their attention are urgent and decided. The despatches of Lord Clarendon show an earnest desire to support both these authorities. He approves in the most emphatic manner of the steps taken and the measures proposed by Colonel Williams, and supports Lord Stratford's recommendations with messages to the Porte, in terms rather too explicit to be altogether complimentary in their character.

Still the reformatory progress of the army at Kars is by no means so rapid as could be desired. The Porte gives vague and indefinite promises to Lord Stratford, and the Pashas at Kars do not condescend to treat Colonel Williams with even this respect. They openly dispute his authority. The first question which naturally arises from a consideration of this state of affairs is, whether, in the first place, Lord Stratford was really unable to exercise a stronger influence than he did over the Turkish Government? and the second is, Whether Colonel Williams actually did possess that authority over the Turkish officers at Kars, which they seemed disposed to question? Unfortunately, the peculiar character of the intercourse which is maintained between the English ambassador and the Ottoman cabinet, renders it almost impossible to answer the first question. We have sundry memoranda addressed to M. Pisani, couched in strong enough terms, but we do not know what verbal messages may have passed, or how far those modes of influencing the Government, which are occasionally resorted to in pressing cases, were adopted. Perhaps some of the subsequent despatches of Lord Stratford may assist our speculations on this point.

With regard to the second question, there can be no doubt that the Turkish officers at Kars were perfectly justified in disputing Colonel Williams' authority. Upon his arrival there, he had no rank whatever in the Turkish army; he was an English officer sent to report upon its condition. While he was thoroughly justified by circumstances in acting as he did, he had no more right to take the Ottoman commander-in-chief to task than General Rose would have to threaten General Pelissier if he did not keep his hospitals clean, or than the French officer attached to our army would have to complain to our Government of General Codrington for allowing his men to wear stocks. Lord Clarendon, in appointing him, says—"You have been selected as the officer to attend, as her Majesty's commissioner, the headquarters of the Turkish army in Asia." The condition in which he found it, justi-

fied him in the extreme course he adopted; but it is not to be wondered at that the Turkish officers should not view the matter in the same light. In order to give due effect to his position in Asia, General Williams should have arrived there as an officer of high rank in the Turkish army. So far from this, however, he seems to have possessed no credentials recognising him by the Porte even as the Queen's commissioner. Upon this being subsequently brought to Lord Stratford's notice by Lord Clarendon, he acknowledges, without disguise, that "there exists no record of my having applied in writing for a formal recognition of General Williams as her Majesty's commissioner to the army at Kars. On looking back to your lordship's instructions, I cannot but admit that in strict propriety I ought to have done so, and I am really at a loss to discover how I happened to omit so obvious a formality." And he goes on to say that the respect with which Colonel Williams was received, proved that this omission was of no consequence; but the account of the insults to which that officer was subjected, leads us to form a somewhat different conclusion.

On the 15th of November, however, or about two months after Colonel Williams' arrival in Asia, Lord Stratford writes, and the idea appears to have originated with himself, that, "feeling the importance of affording to Colonel Williams all practicable support in the fulfilment of his arduous duties, I have applied to Reschid Pasha, that the military rank of Ferik, equivalent to general of division, may be conferred upon that meritorious officer; and I am happy to say that I have his Highness's authority, communicated to me through M. Pisani, for informing your lordship that my request will be complied with." The new commander-in-chief is, moreover, directed to listen to the advice of Colonel Williams. Here, then, matters seem likely to be put upon a proper footing. Owing to some further delay, however, the firman is not made out till the end of the following month, so that it does not reach Colonel Williams until the mid-

dle of January, when he has been for four months struggling with the inconveniences incidental to his anomalous position.

The general character of these may be gathered from the episode of Shukri Pasha, the Reis of the army, or functionary through whom it received pay, allowances, and clothing. This man met at Erzeroum Zarif Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the army, who, frightened by Williams' arrival, decamped shortly after, "gorged with plunder," to use Lord Clarendon's own expression in alluding to him; and considering that he had drawn rations for 33,000 men when he commanded only 14,000, the term was probably well applied. Consul Brant thus described what passed between these worthies: "Shukri Pasha said that your interference would not be allowed, that the authorities were not under your orders, and would resist interference on your part. Then Zarif Pasha chimed in, and did his best to excite Shukri Pasha against you. Zarif Pasha said you were a mere *mirali* (colonel), without any proper authority, come to Kars, assumed the direction of everything, impeded the proper march of affairs, and produced nothing but confusion. Shukri Pasha, more excited, replied that an officer in Roumelia had acted pretty much as you did, but the Turkish authorities soon got rid of him, and that this would be the result of your mission." When Lord Clarendon hears of this, he not only demands the recall and trial of Zarif Pasha, but an acknowledgment from the Porte of Colonel Williams' services; and at a later period, when he hears that Shukri Pasha and Hussein Pasha, the chief of the staff, endeavour to prevent Gen. Williams from procuring that information which would have led to a discovery of their frauds, he says, "It is with regret, or it would be more appropriate to say with indignation, that her Majesty's Government have again to complain of the conduct of the Turkish officers at Kars." Upon the insolence of these officers to Colonel Williams continuing to be manifested, Lord Clarendon again writes: "Her Majesty's Government will no longer

endure to be trifled with, and they are determined that, if the Turkish Government still persist in treacherously disregarding the Sultan's interests, the Turkish officers shall, at all events, not insult the Queen's commissioner." And again, in a letter dated January 6, Lord Clarendon wishes to know what steps Lord Stratford had taken for the removal and punishment of the men who had been placed in command. Indeed, it is only due to Lord Clarendon to say that nothing could be more firm and manly than the tone of all those despatches, in which he urges Lord Stratford to give our commissioner the utmost countenance and support. The information furnished by the Blue-Book scarcely enables us to decide that there was a corresponding zeal shown on the part of the ambassador. No doubt, many remonstrances may have been made of which we have no record. Zarif Pasha was arrested, in consequence of these, upon his arrival in Constantinople; but it is hardly satisfactory, after we have been boiling over with indignation at the conduct of Shukri and Hussein Pashas, to read that "a letter of reprimand has been addressed to Shukri and Hussein Pashas; and should this admonition remain without effect, they will be recalled." It is possible that if Colonel Williams, instead of accusing these officers in general terms, had, in the first instance, made specific charges against them, Lord Stratford would have urged their immediate recall; still, in Lord Clarendon's view, their delinquencies were already sufficiently substantiated, and in such a case extreme measures on the part of Lord Stratford might have been readily excused. Colonel Williams' subsequent charges made formally against Shukri Pasha on the 28th of February, however, leave no doubt of his gross misconduct. By these he is accused by General Williams of having expressed his determination to treat him with contempt; of having kept him ignorant of the movements of the army; of intercepting a letter addressed to General Williams; of asserting a deliberate falsehood in council, which he afterwards confessed; of gross and habitual drunkenness and debauch-

ery; and of a total neglect of his duties, caused by ignorance as well as by the effect of his constant drunkenness and dissipation. And against Hussein Pasha somewhat similar charges are made. Meantime Vassif Pasha was sent, as commander-in-chief, to supersede Zarif Pasha, who was awaiting his trial at Constantinople. It may be as well here to remark that Zarif Pasha was brought up before a commission of inquiry, who found "that he had done nothing during his command offensive to his character and reputation as a general." Vassif Pasha had instructions to be guided by General Williams; and at that officer's instigation, and after considerable hesitation, he at length mustered up sufficient courage to arrest Shukri and Hussein Pashas. M. Pisani informs Lord Stratford "that the Seraskier, on hearing of their arrest, declared his conviction that they had been arrested on insufficient grounds, and that he should think it his duty to send in a protest against the measure to the Porte." On the 17th of May, or more than two months after their arrest, these officers were still at Constantinople untried; and it came to Lord Stratford's ears that one of them, Hussein Pasha, was to be sent to serve in Omer Pasha's army. "On learning this intention," says Lord Stratford, "I sent a complaint to the Seraskier, and required that both the Pashas in question should be tried, or submitted to a legal inquiry on the charges preferred against them. His answer being less satisfactory than I thought myself entitled to expect, I renewed my application, and have now the honour to communicate in copy a report addressed to me by M. Pisani, and stating at large the Seraskier's reasons for not being disposed to treat Hussein Pasha with severity."

It will be remembered that this officer was charged by General Williams with drunkenness, debauchery, insolence, peculation, and a total neglect of duty. This is the way in which the Turkish Minister of War supported those noble efforts of General Williams to reform a demoralised army, and preserve to the Turkish empire an important frontier city and fortress. "As regards Hussein Pa-

sha, M. Pisani reports, the Seraskier said that it is on the express demand of Omer Pasha that he is to be sent to the army at Eupatoria; that far from any charges existing against him from the commander-in-chief of the army (this was Vassif Pasha, by whom he was arrested), he, on the contrary, praises him, and recommends him very particularly as an officer of distinction. The only cause that he ascribed for sending him away is, that the misunderstanding existing between General Williams and that officer made it incumbent on him to remove him from that army. The Seraskier Pasha added that Hussein Pasha is still here, and should any one have any serious charge to make against him, he is ready to keep him here in order to try him; but otherwise, he does not see how he could take upon himself to deprive an army of a man whose services were so valuable during the whole campaign on the Danube.

"I replied to the Seraskier, that what he said was not of a nature to convince me, because I knew that General Williams' accusations against Hussein Pasha were in writing, and consequently he could not be acquitted without due investigation. To this the Seraskier answered, that all this was very well; but that he wanted to know, for his information and guidance, whether General Williams was actually the commander-in-chief of the Kars army, and by whose authority he assumed the command. I said, that General Williams was not the commander-in-chief of the army, but her Majesty's commissioner, and as such it was his bounden duty to keep his Government informed of everything going on in that quarter. This conversation took place in presence of Fuad Pasha, who, not knowing the former conversations which took place, abstained from expressing any opinion either against or in favour of Hussein Pasha." Well might Lord Stratford say, that "the proverb which contrasts the facility of bringing a horse to water with the impossibility of making him drink, was true at Constantinople. Here was a General arrested by the Commander-in-chief of an army, on charges of the most

serious character, to support which evidence had been sent to Constantinople, about to be promoted without trial, in defiance of the strongest proof of his guilt, and of the most urgent representations of our authorities. If our experience in war ministers had been limited to the Seraskier at Constantinople, we should have been disposed, after reading M. Pisani's report, to regard him as a disgrace to the cabinet of which he formed part, for screening a man whose character was thus impugned. Now, however, that we have learned that in our own country such a course of conduct is considered perfectly legitimate, we can no longer wonder at the speech of the Seraskier; but we may indeed be thankful that here a powerful press and an indignant public can not only bring the horses to the water, but make them drink, for the representations of a foreign ambassador would certainly be of little avail. The effect of such a policy upon the army generally is instructively illustrated by the case of these Pashas. Of course, poor Vassif Pasha, who, doing violence to his natural instincts, which would have led him to connive at and participate in their fraud, actually was bold enough, in the cause of honesty and reform, to arrest them, now found that, so far from having got credit for this effort, he had incurred the displeasure of his master at the war-office, who was compelled to tell a series of falsehoods (no great hardship, by the way) in consequence.

General Williams takes compassion upon Vassif. "I owe it to you to state," he says to him, "that I am fully aware of the silence with which your Excellency's representations have been received at the Seraskierate, and little encouragement held out to you by the honourable reception which has greeted Shukri and Hussein Pashas. Nevertheless, your Excellency will permit me to observe, that your career thus far, having called forth the expression of my gratitude and the approbation of the British Government, I should infinitely regret if so favourable a moment to grapple with the greatest difficulty experienced by this army

should be lost." General Williams is here trying to urge Vassif to punish another Pasha, and Vassif naturally hesitates. He thinks the approbation of a good conscience and the British Government poor consolation; but he has a laudable respect, amounting to apprehension, for General Williams, which carried the day, and the delinquent, Mustapha Pasha, was punished for misbehaving, in spite of the war-office. Meantime Lord Stratford causes to be read to the Seraskier and Fuad Pashas Lord Clarendon's despatch, approving of his (Lord Stratford's) having called upon the Seraskier to proceed with the trials of Hussein and Shukri Pashas, on the charges made against them by General Williams. Upon hearing which, M. Pisani reports, "With reference to the trials of Hussein and Shukri Pashas, both Fuad Pasha and the Seraskier said that they do not find sufficient ground to put under trial those two officers. The charges brought against them have nothing to do with the service, but are mere personal quarrels. However, the Seraskier will answer in writing on the subject. Meanwhile the Seraskier told me that Omer Pasha complains of the neglect of the late Seraskier, for his omission to send Hussein Pasha to the Crimea, and insists upon having him there without loss of time. Therefore the Seraskier* cannot refuse to comply with the request of the Generalissimo without assuming some responsibility."

The precious document to which the Seraskier alludes merely says, that these officers ought to have shown General Williams "consideration and regard," and that "no charge is established against them on this score," and it concludes with an insulting intimation to the effect "that Hussein Pasha is making his travelling preparations, and will set out in a few days" (to join Omer Pasha).

Lord Clarendon indignantly comments upon this document, taxes the Porte with passing over the gravest charges, "gross and habitual drunkenness, and debauchery," &c.; yet, says Lord Clarendon, "these are the men whom the Porte thinks it would

* This is another specimen of the race, with of course the same characteristics.

be improper to leave under trial in a time of war, when their extensive knowledge and acquirements can be turned to useful account;" and he further "protests against the interests of England being confided to men like Hussein and Shukri Pashas." It is due to Omer Pasha to observe that, immediately upon hearing of those charges which General Williams had made against Hussein Pasha, for whose services his Highness had applied, he at once desired that his demand should not be acted upon until after an examination should have been made into the charges preferred against him. Shukri Pasha had meantime been sent to a command in Bulgaria, against which appointment Omer Pasha also protested.

We have recounted the history of Shukri and Hussein Pashas at some length, and at the risk of being tedious, because it reveals the secret of many of the real causes which led to the disaster in Asia, while it illustrates, far better than any description could do, the character of our intercourse with the Porte. In these Pashas we find the representatives of that class whose degraded character baffled the exertions of General Williams at Kars, and Lord Stratford at Constantinople. In every other similar instance General Williams was equally decided in his representations, and prompt in his determination to reform abuses. Lord Stratford, so far as we can discover, never omitted to press these upon the Porte, whilst the urgent remonstrances of the Foreign Minister occur in every page. Whether General Williams was demanding the punishment of an officer from one Pasha, or a supply of provisions from another, he was always met by the same dogged apathy and insulting indifference; and when Lord Stratford pressed the complaint, or the request, upon the Porte, he was answered by a vague promise or a distinct refusal. We feel sure that, after wading through these papers, the conviction at which any impartial person must arrive from their perusal will be that, in the first instance, the salvation of Kars rested with the Turkish Government alone;

and the apathy of our ally, and her unwillingness to co-operate with us in those heroic endeavours to save one of her own fortresses, which have covered its defenders with glory, remains chronicled—a standing memorial of those corrupt influences which are apt to create in the mind of the indignant reader a regret that his sympathies should ever have been exhibited in behalf of a Power which has done so little to deserve them. It would be both needless and wearisome to go through the list of those requests which were never granted, and those representations which were never listened to; but the disgraceful conduct of the Turkish cabinets throughout is scarcely credible, and public attention hitherto seems to have been hardly sufficiently directed to it. This is to a great extent accounted for by the disposition which exists in the popular mind for attaching blame to an individual rather than to a government, and to a countryman of high position whom we can visit with our displeasure, rather than to a number of insignificant Mohammedans, who are beyond our reach.

We have not yet alluded to that correspondence, or rather want of correspondence, between General Williams and Lord Stratford, which has hitherto formed the most prominent feature in all discussions and reviews of the Blue-Book, because we have not attached that importance to it which we do to the indifference and contempt with which the Turkish Government treated the representations of our Government. There can be no doubt that, had those representations been attended to, Kars would have been saved; and it is equally certain that, because they were not attended to, Kars was lost.

We have failed to discover any demand of General Williams which Lord Stratford did not forward to the Porte, and it has cost us some laborious research to find out those instances, few and far between, in which they have reluctantly been complied with. There is one abstract of General Williams' requisitions drawn up by Lord Stratford himself, occupying many pages of the Blue-Book, and containing thirty-four articles of complaint, many calling for

prompt action, but every one is treated with contempt—"the new commander-in-chief will be instructed to look into it," is the invariable and convenient answer. "I have certainly to regret," says Lord Stratford, in December 1854, "that the progress of the Turkish Ministers, in acting on my suggestions, has not kept pace with the desire of Colonel Williams; nor indeed, I must say, with those requirements of the service which they concern;" and he goes on to describe the real cause of the "culpable inattention" shown last year to the wants of the army to be "the jealousy entertained by the late Seraskier, Mehmet Ali Pasha, of Mehmet Rouchdi Pasha, at one time his colleague, and at another threatening to become his successor." "I trust," says the Ambassador again, "that the experience of last year, which certainly was painful enough in its most reduced proportions, will have the effect of contributing to the success of my endeavours, grounded on the strenuous exertions of Col. Williams, and aided by pecuniary supplies derived from the loan." We have made these quotations, not with a view of defending Lord Stratford, but of inculcating the Turkish Government—they, at all events, could not plead ignorance. At a later period General Mansfield, the Military Commissioner attached to the Embassy at Constantinople, says: "The Ambassador never ceased from making the most urgent representations to the Seraskier and the Porte. On the receipt of every fresh despatch from Kars and Erzeroum, either M. Pisani or myself was sent to enforce the necessity of relief. My appearance at the Seraskierate might indeed have been considered an ill omen for the garrison of Kars, so frequently was I obliged to make the same representation." When it was too late, they were indeed roused to activity; but to them, and them alone, must be imputed the blame for that disaster, which has been universally attributed to Lord Stratford individually.

We will now advert to those portions of the Blue-Book with which the public are perhaps more familiar than with the incidents to which we have already alluded, as they have been widely quoted to prove that

upon Lord Stratford alone must rest the responsibility of the fall of Kars; but which, while they seriously affect the conduct of our ambassador at Constantinople, do not seem to us to warrant such a presumption. We hope, however, impartially to state the circumstances as they occurred. On the 8th of December, Colonel Williams addresses a despatch to Lord Stratford, announcing the transmission of fifty-four despatches since his appointment as Commissioner, directed to his Excellency, each accompanied by a private letter, to none of which he had received any acknowledgment. We certainly sympathise with Lord Clarendon in those feelings of regret which he says this statement gave rise to in his mind. "We have felt for our Commissioner, when, surrounded by corrupt and insolent officers, he has denounced their robbery, and unflinchingly declared his determination to put an end to that system of peculation by which they filled their pockets at the expense of their country. We have watched him struggling with moral and physical difficulties in his efforts to improve the condition of the Turkish army, and to organise a commissariat in defiance of the obstacles purposely thrown in his way, and the insults to which he was subjected; and we have observed, with indignation, that the countenance and support of the Turkish Government, upon which that moral influence so essential to his success depended, was withheld. To a man thus circumstanced how cheering would have been a line of encouragement, however short. However unsatisfactory even as regarded the continued opposition of the Turkish Government it might have been, he would have felt that there was one constantly urging his demands and supporting his representations, instead of being allowed to draw from such an unaccountable silence the not unnatural inference that he was forgotten and neglected." "To one who has served your lordship for so many years," says General Williams, "such an avowal on my part can only be recorded with feelings of deep disappointment and mortification—feelings which I have studiously endeavoured to conceal even from my aides-de-

camp and secretaries." This silence on the part of Lord Stratford is the more singular, as there is no apparent cause for it. We can trace none of that ill-feeling towards Colonel Williams which has been popularly ascribed to him, until after this letter; indeed, Colonel Williams feelingly alludes to his previous service under Lord Stratford, as rendering his present coldness still more unaccountable. But Lord Stratford does not view the matter in this light; he thinks it very natural that he should have left all these letters unanswered. "I think myself entitled to remark," he says, in writing to Lord Clarendon, "on the hasty manner in which Colonel Williams has allowed himself to suppose that I have neglected the important interests committed to his charge." We have shown that these were not neglected, but we do not wonder, under the circumstances, at Colonel Williams arriving at an opposite conclusion; nor do we agree with Lord Stratford in thinking it "an inconsiderate impression" on the part of that officer. If Lord Stratford had answered General Williams' letters as promptly as he forwarded his representations to the Porte, and if his encouragement to the Commissioner had been as decided as his demands to the Porte on his behalf were explicit, his conduct would have been without reproach, and Kars would still have been lost. Even if he had written one acknowledgment to every twenty of General Williams' despatches, the charge of cruelty towards that officer would have been modified into one of a want of courtesy. It was indeed scarcely to be expected that when, as Lord Stratford records was the case, seventeen despatches arrived from General Williams in one day, he should have answered them all. Lord Stratford thus excuses himself: "It remains for me to say a word respecting my silence towards Colonel Williams. It has, in truth, continued longer than I intended. It originated in my anxiety not to occasion disappointment by announcing measures which might or might not be carried into effect. I knew that during the winter season little comparatively could be done; and I preferred, under the pressure of business flowing

in abundantly from other sources, to give my correspondent an answer in full, rather than keep up a succession of partial communications. To this may be added, the total want of punctuality with which of late the packets for Trebizond have left Constantinople. It has happened more than once, that the opportunity was not brought to my knowledge till within an hour or two of the vessel's departure. Thus to the motive for not making preparation was added the difficulty of writing, at the moment, for want of time."

Accordingly, we find the first despatch of Lord Stratford to Colonel Williams to consist of a few lines, acknowledging despatches numbered to sixty-one inclusive, informing him that the public interests have not been neglected, as he supposed, and assuring him that he has not time to write more fully, as he had only heard ten minutes before that the steamer was to start for Trebizond in an hour, and other more urgent matters were pressing upon his attention.

It would have been better, in our opinion, if, in default of any other apology for his long silence, Lord Stratford had left the unpunctuality of the Trebizond steamers unnoticed.

However unsatisfactory these excuses appear, they would have been less apt to provoke a hostile criticism if the subsequent communications of the Ambassador with General Williams had been marked by a kinder tone. If, instead of manifesting any irritation at the reasonable and well-founded complaint of our commissioner at Kars, he had compensated for his former want of consideration towards him by a frequent correspondence, conciliatory rather than resentful in its spirit, the public would have been more ready to overlook his earlier neglect, more particularly as it occurred so long ago as the year before last, extended over a period of barely three months, and involved consequences which affected only his own character for courtesy and business habits. His letters, however, do not indicate any regret on the part of Lord Stratford for his treatment of General Williams. The Ambassador does, indeed, in a letter to Lord Clarendon, state that, "from personal altercation, and controversial corre-

spondence with those who, in sundry degrees, are called upon to act in concert with me, under her Majesty's command, it is my desire and study, as it is my duty, to abstain. Adhering to these principles of conduct, I leave entirely to your lordship's correction whatever may be found in the tone and temper as well as the substance of the Commissioner's despatches, at all inconsistent with what is due to me as her Majesty's ambassador at this court. Much as I am alive to the provocation under which I pursue this course, I cannot pretend to the merit of making any sacrifice so long as I have reason to rely on your lordship's impartiality, or just appreciation of my claims to support in the exercise of those functions which I derive from the highest authority in the State."

Perhaps if Lord Stratford had been impressed somewhat more fully with the important functions which devolved upon the Queen's commissioner at Kars, and less jealously mindful of his own dignity, he would not, to the same extent, have alienated the opinion of the public, who certainly fail to see the provocation to which he refers, and are of opinion that he would have employed his time more profitably in answering General Williams' letters, than in writing to Lord Clarendon questioning his authority. He says: "I wish to know how far I shall insist in obedience to his (General Williams') demands, without reference to any doubts entertained of their expediency either by the Porte or me. It appears that the Commissioner asserts in practice the right of being obeyed, without hesitation, whether the object of his suggestion be the punishment or removal of an officer accused by him, the correction of an abuse, the introduction of an improvement, or the direction of a military operation. If such are his powers, I know not in what he differs from a commander-in-chief, except that he is not charged with taking the field in person, and directing the whole of the operations on his single responsibility. The Porte most certainly does not put this construction on the authority with which he is invested, nor have I so read my instructions as to ask for more on

his behalf than a fair reliance on his judgment in matters affecting the administration of an army, a respectful attention to his advice, and suggestions for the promotion of its efficiency, and that amount of confidence, as to movements and plans, which ought to be inspired by the intimate relations subsisting between the respective Governments. Observing in your lordship's instructions to General Williams, that he is directed to maintain the most friendly relations with the Turkish officers, I venture to ask, whether the tone which he has assumed towards them, the abruptness of his charges, the violence of his threats, the dictatorial spirit which, according to his own account, has generally characterised his proceedings, can be said to correspond with that intention, or to favour those dispositions to reform which it is our object to produce, no less at Kars than throughout the Turkish empire." Lord Stratford then goes on to point out how "we should be inconsistent with ourselves if we sought to trample down Turkish independence." If by Turkish independence is understood that liberty which is at present given to corrupt civil and military functionaries to plunder their own Government, to intrigue against one another, to insult those who strive to introduce reforms -- to practise, in fact, every sort of moral and political dishonesty, and disgrace their class by some of the foulest crimes which characterise humanity -- if the effort to confine their liberty of action in these respects (and it was the task General Williams attempted) be to trample down Turkish independence, then we say that the sooner it is stamped into annihilation the better. The opinion of General Williams bears us out in this particular. "The civil and military departments of the capital," he says, "are hotbeds of corruption, which nurse tyrants and speculators for the oppression of this empire; and the voice of thunder, and not of persuasion, will alone arrest the evil." The Commissioner comments upon other parts of Lord Stratford's despatch which we have just quoted. "Whether," he says, "Lord Stratford's influence was sufficient or other-

wise to induce the Porte to hear my warning voice, I boldly assert, as a British officer, that such an unaccountable silence was highly dangerous to the public cause."—"Any comments of yours," says Lord Stratford in reply, "upon my correspondence or conduct, I leave for the consideration of her Majesty's Government. Superior authority will best determine the character and limits of our mutual relations, as well as the tone and temper in which they are to be conducted for the interest of the public service." So far as the "tone and temper" are concerned, the public has given its verdict in favour of General Williams; while her Majesty's Government, having considered Lord Stratford's "correspondence and conduct," do not seem to approve thereof. "General Williams," says Lord Charendon, "was in a position of great difficulty and responsibility, surrounded by traitors and robbers, with whose occupations he was bound to interfere, and he stood in need of all the support and encouragement that her Majesty's servants could afford him. It was my duty regularly to acknowledge the despatches of General Williams, containing a painful recital of the difficulties against which he had to contend; and it has been to me a great satisfaction to convey to that gallant officer the entire approval of her Majesty's Government of the energy and success with which he overcame the obstacles to improvements, some of which he found on his arrival, and others which have since been wilfully thrown in his way. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, cannot but regret the silence observed by your Excellency towards General Williams, and they can well understand the discouragement and mortification he must have felt at receiving no acknowledgment of his fifty-four despatches accompanied by private letters; for he looked to your Excellency as his natural protector, and must well have known the deservedly great influence of your Excellency must be more powerful on the spot than any her Majesty's Government could exercise, to save him and the Turkish army from the consequences of that corruption, ignorance, prejudice, and want of public

spirit, which your Excellency so well describes, and the proofs of which are in every direction unfortunately but too apparent."

But we have dwelt too long upon the first epoch of General Williams' career in Asia. We have followed him heartily in those efforts to reform abuses and to organise an army, the details of which fill the first half of the Blue-Book. We now proceed to watch the result of his exertions, as, hemmed in by a beleaguering host, this gallant officer and his half-formed troops are brought to bay within the walls of Kars, and prolong to the utmost that heroic defence which has shed such lustre upon the names of all concerned in it. But while the heart has warmed with admiration at the courage and endurance of these men, it has been ready to burst with indignation at the culpable neglect of that Government which rendered such a display fruitless. We have shown that with the apathy inherent in the Turk was mingled feelings of jealousy, which prompted the Porte to treat with indifference and contempt both Lord Stratford and General Williams. We have now to comment upon proceedings in which another ally is concerned. What our Ambassador did, and what he left undone, have been fairly stated. We have now to inquire what influence our Commander-in-Chief exercised to avert the fate which impended over the Turkish fortress and army.

It was not until intelligence arrived that the Russians had actually laid siege to Kars that the Turkish Government recognised the importance of reinforcing their army in Asia. On the 30th of last June a meeting was held at the Grand Vizier's house, attended by the Seraskier, Fuad Pasha, and General Mansfield; the subject talked over was the relief of Kars. "It was clear to all present," says Lord Stratford, "that whether the Russians besieged or turned Kars, the Turkish army required the effort to be made for its relief with all practicable despatch; and that of three possible modes of acting for that purpose, the only one likely to prove effective was an expedition by Kutais into Georgia. To send reinforcements by Trebizond would be at best a palliative." The

relieving army was to consist of the Turkish contingent, the Bashi-Bazouks, some Bulgarian soldiers, the Batoum garrison, some Albanians and Egyptian and Tunisian horse, in all forty-three thousand, to be under the command of General Vivian. With these troops a diversion into Georgia was proposed. Lord Stratford communicated the plan to Lord Clarendon in a despatch, and received the following telegraphic answer: "The plan of operations for reinforcing the army at Kars, contained in your Excellency's despatch of the 1st July, is disapproved. The reasons will be sent by the messenger to-day against employing the Turkish contingent until it is fit for service. Trebizond ought to be the base of operations, and if the Turkish army of Kars and Erzeroum cannot hold out at the latter place against the Russians, it might be proper to fall back on Trebizond. It would be easily re-empowered." We quite agree in the decision of the Government not to employ the contingent until it is fit for service; but the harshness with which, in utter ignorance of the topographical nature of the country, they decide that Trebizond should be the base of operations, is as reprehensible as the calmness with which they contemplate the prospect of the Russians forcing the Turkish army back upon that city is unaccountable.

We will not stop to discuss the probable results of this latter contingency, which happily has not yet occurred, but rather point out the consequences of this decision of the Government, which they afterwards, in adopting the original scheme, tacitly admitted had been formed without sufficient knowledge or consideration. "The unfavourable judgment passed by her Majesty's Government," says Lord Stratford, "on the plans which have been lately under discussion, has naturally increased the Porte's embarrassment. It was my duty to make it known to the Turkish ministers, not only as an opinion, but, with respect to General Vivian's contingent, as a veto. Her Majesty's Government not only withhold the contingent, but express a decided preference for the alternative of sending reinforcements to Erzeroum by way of Trebizond. This

opinion is not adopted by the Porte, or indeed by any official or personal authority here. The Seraskier, Omer Pasha, General Gnyon, our own officers, as far as I have means of knowing, agree with the Porte and the French Embassy in pressing a diversion on the side of Redoute Kaleh, as offering the better chance of success—supposing, of course, that the necessary means of transport, supply, and other indispensable wants, can be sufficiently provided. France is, at the same time, decidedly averse to any diminution of force in the Crimea, and Omer Pasha, ready to place himself at the head of an Asiatic expedition, requires for that purpose a part of the troops now there." We trust that, in the event of future military operations, our Government will remember this episode, and avoid expressing their opinion upon points upon which they are not sufficiently informed, in terms calculated to perplex the Generals and paralyse the movements of an army. Omer Pasha had, a fortnight previously to this, implored the Generals at a conference in the Crimea to be allowed to take a part of his army to the relief of Kars. General Simpson, in his account of this conference, says that "the arguments used by Omer were those set forth in the correspondence, and failed to produce any effect on the minds of the other members of the conference, who all, without exception, entertain the strongest objection to the withdrawal of any troops from the Crimea at this moment. Omer Pasha, having failed in leading us to adopt his views, then announced his intention of proceeding to Constantinople to consult with his Government: and he starts this day at noon in H.M.S. Valorous, by which same vessel Lieut.-Colonel Suleau, attached to my staff, proceeds with this letter, ostensibly for the purpose of restoring his health. General Pelissier has also charged him with a mission to the French minister on the same subject. I earnestly, therefore, beg your Excellency to use your powerful influence with the Porte to cause our opinion to prevail over that of his Highness, for great public interests are at stake, and serious consequences might result from his success." To Lord Stratford's credit be it said

that he does not seem to have paid the slightest attention to this letter of General Simpson's; so strongly does he write in an opposite sense, that Lord Clarendon, on seeing his first error, sends the plan to Lord Cowley to lay before the French Government, as the English Government was favourably disposed towards it. Meantime the French minister has readily adopted General Pelissier's view of things, for Lord Cowley telegraphs back: "Count Walewski foresees objections to the proposal contained in your despatch of yesterday. He will submit it, however, to the Emperor, and hopes to give me his Majesty's answer on Saturday," which is to the following effect: "The French Government will not oppose the projected expedition into Asia under Omer Pasha, provided that the numbers of the Turkish contingent before Sebastopol are not diminished." With this provision it was apparently impossible to comply; the French Government, however, must have forgotten the existence of General Vivian's corps, who are forthwith ordered to replace them; and their condition is thus about to be satisfied, when another is suddenly introduced. "The Emperor," Lord Cowley telegraphs, "has no objection to the removal of Turkish troops, and to their being replaced by others, provided that the Allied commanders-in-chief have no objection; but he will not take upon himself the responsibility of saying more." As General Pelissier's opinion upon this subject was no doubt perfectly well known, the question upon which the fate of Kars depended was thus decided against that devoted city. General Pelissier objects, General Simpson agrees, or rather submits, and General Williams starves. Had it not been for that last fatal provision, the Turkish army, who were doing absolutely nothing at Sebastopol, would have been sent to Asia in spite of Generals Pelissier and Simpson, and Kars would have been saved. We are at a loss to account for the obstacles thus thrown in the way of its relief. We are not to be imposed upon by any assertion on the part of the Generals, that the presence of twenty thousand Turks was necessary to the safety of the Allied armies,

or that it made any difference whether they or the contingent were vegetating in idleness at Kamara. We must find some more satisfactory reason than this. We might, indeed, have been more disposed to admit, believing as we do in the incapacity of General Pelissier, that the opposition to Omer Pasha's scheme rested solely with him, had we ever heard of any effort on the part of the French minister at Constantinople to support Lord Stratford in pressing General Williams' representations, or had the pages of the Blue-Book revealed to us the name of any French officer co-operating in Asia with the efforts of our Commissioner. So far from such being the case, we have had a monopoly in all military operations undertaken against the Russians in Asia; and our Ally seems to have ignored the very existence of a theatre of war in that direction. If such be not the case, why, three weeks after the fall of Sebastopol, did General Pelissier still withhold his consent? Colonel Simmons writes on the 21st of September—"Up to the present time (more than two months after the proposition was first made to him by Omer Pasha) General Pelissier has not signified his assent to the departure for Asia of any more of the Ottoman troops now stationed there." Had General Pelissier followed up the fall of Sebastopol by active operations, there would have been a valid reason for the delay; on the contrary, he seems to detain them to his own positive inconvenience. "I would further venture to observe to your lordship," continues Colonel Simmons, "that the encumberment consequent upon so many troops being collected within a limited space, and provisioned from the small ports of Kamiesch and Balaklava, will be so great as to cause serious embarrassment and difficulty to the whole force; and therefore, unless there is an absolute necessity for the Ottoman troops to remain here during the winter—a contingency which I can scarcely conceive;—it would appear to be most desirable, in the interest of the Allied troops now here, that they should depart. The Ottoman Government are most desirous of acquiring their services in Asia. Omer Pasha

considers that the utility of his movement in Asia will be very much restricted by not having them with his force. General Simpson has informed me that he sees no objection to their departure; the only obstacle, therefore, seems to be, that the assent of General Pelissier and the French Government has not been given."

We would fain be spared the pain of dilating upon the misery, suffering, and ultimate disaster of which this refusal was the immediate cause. Our readers are doubtless familiar with the heart-rending scenes which Dr Sandwith has so graphically described; and it is useless to attempt to disguise the fact that they never would have occurred had the Turkish army been allowed to leave the Crimea in time to effect the relief of Kars. Could General Williams have known that this assent was to be so long withheld, he might have followed up the glorious repulse of the 29th of September by a sortie of the whole garrison, and, after destroying the guns, have left only the deserted city and its dismantled walls in the possession of the enemy. Instead of this, he was induced to prolong the defence in spite of incredible hardships, buoyed up by the hope that Omer Pasha would be in time to relieve him. At last, on the 24th of November, General Williams heard, for the first time, that the Turkish generalissimo had been enabled to commence his campaign from Souchooum Kaleh. All hope of succour was now vain. "We had, up to that date (24th)," he writes, "suffered from cold, want of sufficient clothing, and starvation, without a murmur escaping from the troops. They fell dead at their posts, in their tents, and throughout the camp, as brave men should who cling to their duty through the slightest glimmering of hope of saving a place intrusted to their custody. From the day of their glorious victory on the 29th of September they had not tasted animal food, and their nourishment consisted of two-fifths of a ration of bread and the roots of grass which they had scarcely strength to dig for. Yet night and day they stood to their arms, their wasted frames showing the fearful effects of starvation, but their sparkling eye telling

me what they would do were the enemy again to attack them. We had now lost nearly 2000 men by starvation; and the townspeople also suffered, and would have died by hundreds, if I had not divided the bread of the soldiers among those who had fought bravely by their side. I therefore begged the Mushir to call a council of war, which, on being told that we had only six days' rations, came unanimously to the conclusion that nothing was left to us but a capitulation, and that the debility of the men, and the total want of cavalry, field-artillery, and ammunition-mules, rendered any attempt to retreat impossible."

So far, then, the information contained in the Blue-Book is satisfactory, for it is definite; it no longer leaves us in doubt as to the true answer to the question which during the last few months has been so constantly put, of "who is to blame for the fall of Kars?" Determined to fix the responsibility on somebody, we rush to the conclusion, based upon a vague and erroneous impression of Lord Stratford's omnipotence at Constantinople, that the fate of Kars rested solely in his hands, and that he sacrificed it in November to a private pique, the proof being, that during three months, the year before last, he neglected to write to General Williams. However much we may censure him on this ground, we must not allow that personal feeling which we condemn in our Ambassador to influence our own judgment. It is not he, but the Turkish Government who are to blame, in the first instance, since their apathy and jealousy of foreign interference rendered it impossible for General Williams either to organise his troops or provision his garrison. Lord Stratford may be comforted by knowing that the public are not unanimous in confining their censure to him. Many, indeed, only attribute to him the defenceless condition and limited commissariat of Kars, and lay the blame of its non-relief upon Omer Pasha. There is nothing in the Blue-Book to warrant such an assumption. The scheme of attempting to induce Mouravieff to raise the siege by means of a diversion in the Transcaucasian provinces, did not ori-

ginate with him, but with the Porte ; and was not undertaken until after it had been recommended by all the military authorities at Constantinople, concurred in by Lord Stratford, and approved of by the Governments of France and England. It is true that he changed the base of operations, which was originally fixed at Batoum, to Souchoum-Kaleh, for reasons which were apparent to all on the spot, where a better judgment could be formed of the relative merits of Batoum and Souchoum than at Constantinople. Those who know the nature of the country surrounding both ports, will bear us out in the assertion that it would be more easy for an invading army to reach Kutais from Souchoum than from Batoum, not to mention the advantage which was gained, in a military point of view, by acquiring the doubtful province of Abkhasia, and thereby securing the left flank. These are points, however, which it is unnecessary at present to enter into. The stubborn fact remains, that Omer Pasha was not enabled to remove his army from the Crimea until the middle of October, although he had earnestly requested permission three months before, and that the French Government had originated the delay. Whether he had attempted to relieve Kars by Trebizond, Batoum, or Souchoum, is immaterial, for six weeks was not sufficient time to enable him to succeed by either route. Here, then, we are again compelled to transfer the blame from an individual to a Government, however uncongenial that may be to the popular taste, more particularly since the Government is that of our most valuable ally. There is no indication throughout the Blue-Book of the smallest interest manifested on the part of the French Cabinet in the progress of the war in Asia, and we regret that Lord Clarendon should not have called their attention to its importance at an earlier period.

It is not until after the fall of Kars that, with reference to the precarious condition of the Turkish army in Mingrelia, he thus writes, through Lord Cowley, to the French Government : "Masters of Kars, threatening Erzeroum, and command-

ing all the mountain-passes, the Russians may be able to force the whole of Koordistan and the Armenian population to assist them against the Sultan ; and the Allies may, in a few months, learn that far greater danger threatens the Ottoman empire from the side of Asia than from Europe. In fact, the object of the war will be defeated if the integrity of that empire is not secured from attack on every side ; and, at all events, the military operations for next year must, to a certain extent, depend upon whether Asia Minor is placed in a position of adequate defence." Would that our own Government had only thought thus strongly upon this all-important feature in the war two years earlier ! We give every credit to Lord Clarendon for the admirable despatches contained in the Blue Book, but we do regret that the attention of our Cabinet should have been concentrated upon the Crimea, to the exclusion of every other interest connected with the war. It was in vain, at its commencement, to attempt to bring to the notice of Government the advantages which would accrue from operations, upon however small a scale, in this direction. They turned a deaf ear to all such representations, looked upon those who made them as enthusiasts, and at last, some months after the declaration of war, they determined upon sending out one man—three or four afterwards follow ; and these few heroes, left alone for fifteen months with the demoralised remnants of a vanquished army, of whose very language they are ignorant, and by whom they are at first regarded with suspicion and dislike, are expected, by the mere moral influence which they exercise, not only to reform abuses and to create an army, but such an army as shall beat back the well-trained legions of the Czar. Here, surely, our own Government only are to blame ; they were better served than it was possible to anticipate, and yet disaster ensued ; and it is some consolation to think that, while the fall of Kars has given rise to much diversity of opinion in fixing responsibility, and much sweeping censure, we are all united in agreeing where to give the praise.

DE BAZANCOURT'S NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

SAGACIOUS, cautious, and politic, the French Emperor has never, during the period of the Alliance, by word or inuendo, given shadow of offence to the self-love or self-respect of England. While our own journals have, with charming frankness, published to Europe every detected or imagined source of weakness and error which existed in our own councils or army, and have insisted, at the same time, on the superiority of our Allies with a zeal which, to those who look at the facts, seems the result of insanity, the ruler of France has never even hinted at any such comparisons, either in public, nor, so far as we know, in private; and, assuredly, if he had, in an unguarded moment, made a remark which could, by any exercise of ingenuity, be distorted to our disadvantage, it would have been circulated with all that industrious candour which to some seems one of the most delightful attributes of a free press, to others a reckless and mischievous pandering to the public desire for exciting novelty. It is with some surprise, therefore, that we have seen Louis Napoleon so far depart from his sound and cautious policy in dealing with England, as to sanction the publication of such a book as *M. de Bazancourt's* at such an ill-chosen juncture.

In January last year the Baron de Bazancourt, as we learn from his preface, was charged by the French Minister of Public Instruction with the task of collecting, in the Crimea, all the evidence necessary for a trustworthy narrative of the expedition. To this end he was accredited to the French Commander-in-chief by the Minister at War; he was assisted in all his inquiries by the Generals and Staff; and was supplied with all documentary evidence, military or diplomatic, of the course of the campaign. Here, then, supposing the Baron to be fitted for his task, we have the conditions for a valuable history of the war, such as has yet not seen the light. Pictures we have had in plenty, very graphically drawn by own correspondents

and others, though their value is terribly impaired to the instructed eye by the gross mistakes which result inevitably from haste and presumption. Better-informed and more careful investigators have been restrained by prudence from expressing conjectures however well founded, or from revealing all they knew. But here we have a man selected by the French Government as fitted for such an inquiry, and armed with all the authority necessary to pursue it with success; and, while wondering that his conclusions should have been allowed to appear, when the speedy termination of the war might remove nearly all obstacles to perfect candour, we opened the book with the expectation of finding new and copious light thrown on the most interesting occurrences that have taken place in our generation.

We will warn those who entertain such expectations that this book is not, as it purports on the title-page to be, a chronicle of the war in the East, but of the French share of the war in the East. There is no sign that the author had any authorised access to the English commanders, any acquaintance with our military system, any peculiar means of ascertaining the part taken by the English in the movements and actions, or any information (except as regards France) concerning the policies of the different powers, belligerent or mediatory. It is a narrative of French policy, French deeds, and the opinions and projects of French commanders; and the doings of the British and Turks are introduced, not to complete the picture, but to heighten the effect of the colouring lavished so gaudily on the principal object. If there exists just now any necessity for exalting the opinion which the French nation justly entertains of its own share in the war, then the appearance of some parts of this book may be well-timed; but there are many passages which it could never be desirable, either on the score of policy or of truth, to produce as matter of history.

Marshal Vaillant, the French war-

minister, addressing the Baron before he left France, in a letter published in the preface, rightly described his mission as "*toute nationale*," and goes on to remark, that no writer could have been selected more capable of doing justice to the subject,—which seems to mark the Baron's literary reputation as already established. In the same preface the Baron disclaims the intention of writing a history of the war; for, as he remarks, "*on n'écrit pas l'histoire d'une guerre qui se fait*;" but describes his task as "the recital of events, the exact chronicle of a campaign, of an expedition, gathered from authentic sources;" and proposes to himself as models the ancient chroniclers "Villehardouin, Joinville, Commines, Froissard," &c.

The Baron begins by recapitulating, under the head of "*Causes de la guerre d'Orient*," the events which gradually embroiled Europe. The first chapter describes the negotiations of France on the subject of the Holy Places. He goes on to show how Turkey, dragged into a question to her indifferent, since it related to two Christian sects, was subjected to demands from Russia which quite changed the ground of dispute; how Menschikoff, the Russian envoy, after a succession of insults to the Sultan, quitted Turkey, and addressed to the Turkish Government a missive differing but little from a declaration of war; how Russia, having previously seized as a material guarantee on two provinces of the Ottoman empire, demanded, in her ultimatum, "*que la Porte se liât vis-à-vis d'elle pour ce qui regardait l'administration des intérêts religieux des Grecs*;" how the first Vienna Conference sat and came to nothing; how the Russian fleet destroyed the Turkish at Sinope;—in fact, the various steps of subtlety and force by which the Czar developed the astute policy which has brought Russia to the brink of destruction. This is sketched fairly, though not fully; for there is no mention of the important communications made by Nicholas to Sir Hamilton Seymour respecting his designs on the "sick man;" nor is there any allusion to the feeble conduct of the Aberdeen Cabinet at

a time when a vigorous line of action might have averted war. One good which will result to the French readers of the book is, that they will be disabused of the idea, so prevalent in France, that this has been a war undertaken solely in the cause of English interests, and into which France has been forced for our benefit. They will see clearly that France appeared on the scene before England, and that the English Ministry are blamed by M. de Bazancourt for so long remaining blind to the designs of Russia; and that the dispute, originating with the question of the Holy Places, with which England had nothing to do, was entirely uninfluenced by the measures of our Government in the aspect it subsequently assumed.

Let us follow the Baron in his narrative. The French army under Marshal St Arnaud, and the English under Lord Raglan, were assembled by degrees at Scutari, Constantinople, and Gallipoli by the end of May. At that time the Russian army had crossed the Danube, and laid siege to Silistria, the fall of which was expected from week to week, even from day to day. It was important, therefore, to reinforce the Turks, so as to cover Shumla and Varna from the advancing enemy, and to prevent the passage of the Balkan; and at a conference held at Shumla on the 19th May, Omer Pasha so strongly urged the necessity of an advance, that the Allied Generals at once consented, and it was agreed that a French division should occupy lines before Varna, while an English division should march to Devna, a place seven hours' march from Varna towards Shumla. The same evening news arrived from Silistria that the danger grew more imminent; and St Arnaud, anxious to relieve the fortress, after consulting with the French admiral for the transport of the army, returned to Constantinople, and demanded an audience of the Sultan, where, according to M. de Bazancourt's lively mode of expressing himself, there was "a sudden awakening from traditional torpor, an electric spark which galvanised the Sultan and his Ministers," produced by the energetic Frenchman, and all the resources of

the Turkish Government were at once placed at his disposal.

We believe the nature of the French Commander to have been excessively sanguine, and on this occasion it led him to entertain and announce designs impossible to be realised. "On the 2d June," he writes, "I shall have 12,000 men at Varna the 8th, 24,000—the 18th, 40,000." On proceeding to Gallipoli to hasten the embarkation of the troops there, "il s'arrête consterné." "He had forgotten that in an expedition so distant he might encounter obstacles and hindrances beyond human power—the difficulties of navigation. Artillery, engineering materials, provisions, camp equipage, all had been embarked without loss of time; but the Marshal had not taken into account the seas to be traversed, and the contrary winds against which the sailing ships must incessantly struggle."

It seems strange that the commanders should have left circumstances so obvious and important out of their calculations. The passage of such troops as had already arrived, might have impressed them with some approximate idea of the difficulties between them and their object. However, the plan, whether well or ill calculated, fell to pieces; as M. de Bazancourt poetically expresses it, "the flag of France could not yet be unfurled, the imperial eagles could not display their golden wings."

Fortunately, the imminence of the danger passed, for Silistria held out, and, in the mean time, an English division, 6000 strong, followed by a French force, landed at Varna. "On the first June, the first brigade of General Canrobert, nearly of equal force, with its artillery and baggage, embarked for the same destination, in a flotilla composed of six French steamers, and three Egyptian men-of-war, towing forty merchantmen."

"This detail, on which we do not enter without design, shows what enormous efforts the marine power must exhibit to transport only a short distance in fine weather, and on a secure sea, a simple brigade of infantry with its accessories." We wish the source of difficulty here pointed out were better appreciated by the public. To transport armies

to such a distant scene of operation, would have been impossible to any Powers except France and England, and has been to them the problem of the war the most difficult, even disastrous, of solution. Those who witnessed the arrival of the troops in the Bosphorus, and their disembarkation there—the re-embarkation for the invasion of the Crimea—the sailing from Balchick, when the most enormous marine force ever assembled covered leagues of the Euxine—and the passage of the sick and wounded to the hospitals on the Bosphorus, during the period of greatest suffering—can appreciate the obstacles which the ocean interposes between an army and its object; and when it is further remembered that, in invading the Crimea, all that vast train of commissariat animals, and of the land transport, generally to be obtained in the country where the war is carried on, or enabled to reach it by a land journey, were in this instance to be conveyed in ships, the stupendous difficulties give an extraordinary idea of the power of the nations which could make such an effort and follow it up to success.

So long as Silistria was menaced, everything pointed to a campaign on the Danube. Should the place fall, it would be necessary to interpose between the enemy and the Balkan; should it hold out, the design was to attack the Russians in their intrenched camp, and relieve the fortress. For what really did occur, the abandonment of the siege, and the withdrawal of the Russians across the Danube, nobody was prepared; and our author represents St Arnaud, whose forces, together with those of the British, were assembling fast at Varna, as chafing with impatience at being thus balked of the opportunity of meeting the invader. But we doubt whether, in any case, the allied army could at that time have advanced. It was then, as it has almost ever since remained, very deficient in the means of transporting the necessary supplies and munitions of war. Such a state of things M. de Bazancourt does not allude to.

Hence, then, we have the armies in a strange position. Having come in urgent haste to meet an invading enemy, they suddenly find the foe

vanished, and their occupation for the present gone. The perplexity of the situation was further increased by the occupation of the Principalities by the troops of Austria, who, declaring for neither side, left the Russians free to select a new scene of operations. Finally, the cholera, ravaging the allied armies, threatened to disorganise them while still in camp, and rendered it imperative to resolve on immediate action.

Not in the days of deepest suffering, during the winter before Sebastopol, were the troops subject to more depressing influences than during the summer in Bulgaria. Landing there with the expectation of meeting the enemy, the only foe they found was one to whom no resistance could be offered. Death was as rife in the camp as it would have been in the field, but brought no glory. Men fell like the corn in the fields around them, without having ever seen the shadow of an enemy; and their impatience of inaction became almost unbearable under the pressure of the pestilence.

At this time, when the attention of Europe was fixed on the allied armies, in eager expectation of the next move in the game, rumour attributed to the Generals forming the council of war grave differences of opinion. Some were said to be resolutely opposed to the invasion of the Crimea, some warmly in favour of it. The impression left on the public mind appears to have been, that the English chiefs were unable to agree, and that the movement to the Crimea was eventually determined by the energetic representations of St Arnaud, who was eager to strike a decisive blow. But it appears from M. de Bazancourt's account that the dilemma produced by the retreat of the Russians so puzzled the French Government, that they remained for a long time undecided, and eventually left St Arnaud unfettered to pursue the course which should seem best to him; whereas the English Cabinet at once sent to Lord Raglan instructions so positive for the invasion of the Crimea, that, at a council of chiefs on the 18th July, the English Generals voted unanimously for the expedition. The

ravages of the cholera and the time consumed in preparation, enfeebling the army and leaving an interval which seemed too short for a decisive campaign before winter should set in, produced, however, a change of opinion; "and," says M. de Bazancourt, "our Allies, who, at first, pressed by public opinion and the instructions of their Cabinet, had demanded rather than adopted the expedition to the Crimea, hesitated before the contrary accidents which accumulated every day, and before the difficulties created by events unforeseen, and beyond all foresight: if the chiefs did not openly and strongly oppose the design agreed on, they did not conceal their apprehensions."

Then came another council, where the French and English admirals opposed the expedition; but "the Marshal dominated the discussion," and, "fascinated by his eloquence," all voted unanimously in its favour. This is explicit; but, whatever the admirals may have thought, we cannot believe there was any dissension in the military councils of the English. The preparations for embarkation had never slackened; and though some of our commanders, like St Arnaud himself, may have doubted of success, yet it is highly improbable that any one would have voted against the enterprise, even if the dominating Marshal had not used his eloquence to persuade them. The orders from home were almost final; and while the French Government merely required action, the English Ministry, pressed, as de Bazancourt truly remarks, by the force of public opinion expressed in the journals, not only required action, but indicated the point of attack.

We will not say whether luck or wisdom guided the British Cabinet in their fortunate decision to invade the Crimea. Remembering how utterly inadequate the force landed was to the magnitude of the achievement required of it—how nearly we were baffled at various critical moments—how accident, rather than design, conducted us to a defensible position on the south side—how defeat, for one terrible moment, stared us in the face at Inkermann, a battle won beyond calculation—how im-

perilled were the fleets in the great storm -- how fearful, and in great measure how unavoidable, were the sufferings of that winter campaign, and how ungovernable the storm of sympathy and indignation aroused by them--and how protracted beyond all calculation were the difficulties of the siege, we are inclined to doubt that judgment or foresight had any share in the national councils. But, on the other hand, seeing how popular clamour and the position of the Allies before Europe rendered action imperative--how incontestable it is that the capture of Sebastopol was a prime strategical object--and how completely that imperial argument success has silenced all doubts and cavils--let us grant to our Ministers the credit of a true instinct--a credit all the greater, because the French officials and their astute ruler were held in indecision, and St Arnaud, impatient of delay and eager for glory, gave a concurrence, which, though resolute at last, was long tinctured with doubt. Let us think for a moment what course of action would have been more desirable. Setting aside the urgent political necessity for action, let us imagine that the Allies had quietly remained to winter at Varna, until troops and materials could be collected in a degree more commensurate with the difficulties of the invasion in the spring. Let us remember that the Russians would certainly have improved their means of resistance, as we did ours of attack; that Sebastopol would have been more defensible than ever, and the Crimea better supplied for the maintenance of troops--and that the game would have been played with numbers greatly increased, but still relatively the same. In fact, the Russians would have possessed one great advantage, for their increased numbers would have enabled them to intrench and defend their coast line, and to oppose our landing; whereas, since nearly all the marine power of England and France were engaged in transporting the troops, we could in no case have thrown a much larger force than we actually did on the shores of the Crimea. We set aside the design of Marshal St Arnaud to operate in Circassia, which, successful as it

would undoubtedly have been in its immediate objects, the capture of Anapa and Soujouk - Kaleb, could have produced no results worthy of the two nations; and as to the other alternative of complying with Omer Pasha's wish to follow the Russians across the Danube and the Pruth, it would have been unwise, even had Austria not interfered, to advance, in a state so unprepared, into such an unhealthy region, to attack an enemy whose resources augmented as he fell back; while, as the case actually stood, the presence in the Danubian Provinces of the army of a Power which might at any moment declare itself hostile, would have paralysed all our operations. In either case it is scarcely to be believed that we should have found ourselves by this time in the satisfactory position which exists--England with her army recruited and splendidly appointed, and her resources only beginning to develop themselves, dictating with her Ally conditions which Russia is no longer in a position to refuse.

The delay in being ready to embark far exceeded the sanguine expectations of the Allied Generals. It was supposed that the preparations would be completed early in August; but the month passed by, and found every soldier still in camp. The interval was by no means left unimproved. There was reason to believe that the plains before Sebastopol would fail to supply us with the materials for obtaining due cover in the trenches; and the woods around Varna, which, being principally hazel and other coppice, were admirably adapted for the purpose, were crowded with parties of soldiers practising under instructed officers the making of gabions and fascines, which were afterwards conveyed on board ship. St Arnaud, chafing at the delay, resolved to occupy his impatient Frenchmen against the only available enemy. A Russian force was reported to be in the Dobrudscha, a country of the most unhealthy and desolate aspect. Thither towards the end of July was marched a French force *en échelon*; that is to say, the divisions composing it were halted at certain intervals in succession, till the last found itself near the enemy, with the next be-

hind immediately in support. The commander of the most advanced division, upon whom devolved the most active portion of the enterprise, was General Yusuf, who, of unknown extraction, fell early in life into the hands of Algerine pirates, who took him to Tunis, where he became a favourite of the Bey's. A series of adventures conducted him to a command in the French army in Algiers, and his intelligence, activity, and knowledge of languages pointed him out as a fit officer to organise a body of Bashi-Bazouks, the employment of which was a favourite scheme of St Arnaud's; and a newly-raised corps of them—three thousand strong—now formed the advance. The instructions of the French marshal to General Yusuf seem to have been somewhat vague; in fact, the want of definite information respecting the Russian force, its position, or the topographical features of the scene of operation, forbade any very distinct plan. He appears to have been simply told to go and do something. Being a man of enterprise and experience, he probably would have made a spoon or spoilt a horn but for the appearance in more malignant form than over of the epidemic, which prostrated five hundred of his men just as they were going to attempt the surprise of the enemy, whom they had previously met in slight encounters. The first division, the nearest in support, also suffered horribly from cholera; and the expedition had no choice but to fall back, marking its retreat with graves, and bearing its sick with difficulty on the cavalry horses and the gun-carriages. Some mistake in the supply of provisions increased the horrors of this futile attempt; but as the French army had no Special Correspondent, the Generals were allowed to extract their own lessons, and the national prestige did not suffer more than was inevitable from the disaster.

In the five or six days of the absence of General Yusuf's division from Varna, desertion commenced among the Bashi-Bazouks, who are no more to be relied on than any other collection of brigands. On the night of the 10th August one hundred and ten deserted with their

arms; and as the losses from this cause increased, the dissolution of the corps was demanded, and obtained. Now, as to all appearance Yusuf was a man admirably fitted to raise and control a body of these respectable warriors, the fate of the attempt to make them available becomes an instructive warning.

There was yet another misfortune in store before the expedition could depart. On the 10th August a fire broke out in Varna, which destroyed a seventh part of the city, and several magazines and depôts of necessaries for the troops. But at length all was ready. The batteries and divisions, leaving behind them many a good soldier who had died without hearing a shot, marched down to the shore, and the business of embarkation, rendered difficult and tedious by the absence of commodious wharves, of lighters, and of steamers of light draught, commenced. After a sojourn at Balchick, delayed by a contrary wind, the vast flotilla sailed; and with the memorable landing on the 14th September the Baron concludes the first book of the present volume of his history.

This book will answer one good end, in recalling to the memory of its readers the events, the position of the Powers, and the state of public feeling preceding the invasion—all well-nigh forgotten since in the more absorbing scenes of the Crimea, but very necessary to be taken into account by those who would form a just estimate of the war. One thing which English readers will, notwithstanding the studied depreciation of our military system and military men of late so familiar, be scarcely prepared for, is the very secondary part which the English leader and English army are represented as playing in the drama. One would imagine they were some petty contingent merged in the vast shadows of the Power they were allied with and of the reputation of its General. Remembering that we landed in the Crimea with forces nearly equal, the English being superior in men, while the French had most guns, it is not easy to discover why in the relations of the chiefs Lord Raglan should occupy so very subordinate a position; for a comparison between the two men

would show that the part assigned to him by our chronicler was not the one he would have been inclined to figure in, or need have submitted to. But this feature of the chronicle is so far in unison with the letters of St Arnaud, that although in them Lord Raglan is almost everywhere spoken of with respect, yet such an overweening egotism pervades them, that they certainly convey, to a reader who accepts them in full, an idea of the paramount importance of the writer.

A difference of opinion existed as to the proper place for effecting a landing. In the first reconnaissance along the coast in July, the mouth of the Katcha had appeared to offer most advantages for the purpose, and that was the opinion adopted by the French Marshal in the council held to consider the report of the reconnoitring officers. During the passage of the flotilla across the Black Sea, a second reconnaissance was made by Lord Raglan with some of his Generals, and Canrobert accompanied by French officers, who passed along the coast in fast-sailing steamers. They saw reason to doubt the judiciousness of the former selection of the Katcha as a landing-place, and fixed upon Old Fort as preferable. Rejoining the expedition, they made a representation to this effect to the French Commander, who had been prevented by severe illness from accompanying them. He still adhered to his former opinion, to which he had been so strongly inclined, that, says M. de Bazancourt, "at the moment of departure the instructions to General Canrobert had been to insist to the last extremity for the Katcha." The arguments of the Generals returning from the reconnaissance by no means caused Marshal St Arnaud to alter his mind, and the inference to be drawn from de Bazancourt's narration of the circumstances is, that the obstinacy of Lord Raglan prevailed over the better judgment of his colleague. "The opinion," says our chronicler in a note, "was opposed, above all, by Lord Raglan and the English Generals. . . . Lord Raglan insisted with infinite pertinacity that the troops should disembark at Old Fort, and not at the Katcha; nothing could shake him in

this conviction, nor modify his opinion. . . . The Marshal yielded." "I should have preferred," says St Arnaud's journal, "a disembarkation in force at the Katcha, nearer to Sebastopol; I fear the five leagues before we can reach water.—However, I yield.—The landing will be at Old Fort."

It becomes an interesting military question which was right; in our view, confirmed by the subsequent opportunity for examining the ground when the Allies halted on the Katcha, decidedly Lord Raglan. The Marshal, though so able a man, evidently thought too lightly of the difficulties of landing in face of an enemy—an operation which reason and all experience prove to be of the most difficult and hazardous nature. He is quoted as writing: "En nous supposant débarqués, et l'on débarque presque toujours."

If we consider the state of a body of troops rowing on shore in boats, the rate of moving, necessarily slow, further retarded by the precautions required to preserve order and proper concentration under the fire of artillery from its most distant range—the helpless condition of the soldiers, and the serious effect of every shot that strikes a boat—the effect of musketry fire for the last 600 yards—and the risk of being charged immediately after jumping out of their boats—it must be granted that the service is of a desperate nature. It is true the armed steamers and gun-boats were intended to cover the landing, but their fire could only be thoroughly effective over a low unbroken shore and even country.

At the Katcha, nature afforded some powerful defensive features. The valley, which was flat and low, was only about 1000 yards wide, bounded by a range of very steep heights, of from at least 50 to 70 feet high, close to the shore, and which, from each end, were continued by a line of impracticable cliffs, parallel to the sea, and very close to it. For more than half the extent of the very opening of the valley, the sandy beach descended in rear to a great marshy pool, covered with water, which, consequently, would have formed a fearful, unexpected barrier to the advance of the landing parties.

The whole might be compared to a natural front of fortification, to which a few hours' labour would have given a character of great strength, even in opposition to an advancing army from land, and might be considered utterly unassailable from the sea. Batteries to any extent might have been placed on the heights in *flanking* positions, so as to sweep the shore and the approach to it, while they themselves would be covered from the fire of the shipping; and the slightest trenches across the valley would afford additional cover to what previously existed for the troops, from the same fire.

The Katcha is so very near to the main hold and base of action of the enemy at Sebastopol, that to have effected a landing in force by surprise was quite out of the question; and, in fact, it was found, at the reconnaissances immediately preceding the landing, that the Katcha, as well as the Alma, were "gardées par des camps nouvellement établis, et par de l'artillerie."

Even if the original design had not been overruled by Lord Raglan's advice, it would most probably have been abandoned on the showing, at the time, of the manifest disadvantages with which it would be attended.

Hitherto the progress of events, merely preliminary to the serious business of the war, has afforded but little opportunity to our chronicler for displaying his national bias to an injurious extent, and we can afford to smile at his efforts to gratify the *amour propre* of his countrymen, and at the numerous tropes and flowers of rhetoric with which he industriously embellishes the character and proceedings of his hero St Arnaud. But with the commencement of the narrative of operations in the field, it becomes more important to guard against misrepresentation.

We think an impartial chronicler might have taken occasion to descant a little on the extraordinary exhibition of naval power which England afforded in transporting her army. A more splendid and compact armament never was beheld on the ocean, than the stately transports, towed by

the most powerful steamers in the world, which conveyed, with ease and comfort, our troops to the scene of action. The vast advantage of our colonial empire never appeared in so striking a light as in the enormous fleet of commercial vessels, of the greatest size and most perfect construction, which we had been able, on so short notice, to assemble, and of which the French army did not disguise their admiration. The Baron merely remarks, however, that the French marine and the English marine united had cast 60,000 combatants on the Crimea. In detailing the respective numbers of the Allies, he states both the French and English forces at 27,600, whereas we believe the English outnumbered the French by between two and three thousand men; and we have the less confidence in his statement, seeing that he erroneously gives the number of English guns as sixty-five instead of fifty-four, as was the fact.

The delay which occurred before the advance after landing, de Bazancourt attributes to "the immense quantity of baggage" which the English carried, and which "infinitely retarded their movements." Now, whatever may have been the cause of the delay, it certainly was not that which our chronicler assigns, for it was impossible for any army to be less encumbered by baggage than ours was. No tents, except for the Generals and hospitals, were landed, and men and officers lay down without other shelter than their blankets; even the knapsacks were not landed, and officers as well as soldiers carried on their shoulders, rolled in their blankets and coats, the few articles absolutely requisite. Yet, from the narrative, one might suppose that the effeminate English could not move without such accompaniments of luxury and comfort as followed of old the march of a Turkish vizier, or a Persian king.

In describing the French order of advance, "the second division," says M. de Bazancourt, "protected the right flank;" a very easy task for the second division, since the right flank rested on the sea. The only flank exposed was the left of the English army, which was covered by the cavalry, while the divisions

marched by double column of companies from the centre—a formation which enabled them to meet readily either a front or flank attack; and on the evening before the battle of the Alma, the troops, wearied by a long march, were roused from their bivouacs until the left wing of the army was thrown back to meet an apprehended onset of the enemy.

The confusion caused by this movement after dusk, and the difficulty which stragglers who came up during the night found in rejoining their regiments, may in part have occasioned the delay which took place before we advanced next morning. The narration of this delay, and of the events of the ensuing battle, form the most offensive portions of M. de Bazancourt's book.

According to Bazancourt the English were, by agreement of the night before, to have marched at six in the morning. Bosquet's division, which had set out pursuant to the plan at half-past five, finding itself unsupported, was obliged to halt, and the French sent to inquire of Sir De Lacy Evans, whose division was nearest to them, the reason of the delay. Now comes the most dramatic portion of our chronicler's work, for he details the conversations held on the subject with General Evans and Lord Raglan.

"They found the English General in his tent. Upon Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert expressing to him their astonishment at a delay which might seriously compromise the success of the day: 'I have received no orders,' answered Sir De Lacy Evans.

"There was evidently some misunderstanding. Before unravelling this enigma, the most important thing was to stop the march of Bosquet's division, which, operating alone in its movement, might be overpowered.

"General Canrobert repaired, without losing a moment, to the Marshal, who was already on horseback, and had, quitted his bivouac placed in rear of the lines. As soon as he was informed of what was passing, he sent in all haste a staff-officer, Commandant Renon, to tell General Bosquet to stop and wait for the English troops who were behindhand.

"During this time Colonel Trochu went at the top of his horse's speed to the English headquarters. It was seven o'clock. But notwithstanding the Colonel's haste, as he had nearly two leagues of uneven ground to get over, occupied by the different bivouacs, it took him half-an-hour to get there. The English lines which the aide-de-camp of the Marshal traversed were still in their encampments, and noways prepared for the march agreed on.

"However, Lord Raglan was on horseback when Colonel Trochu reached headquarters.

"My lord," said he, "the Marshal thought, after what you did me the honour to tell me last evening, that your troops forming the left wing of the line of battle would advance at six o'clock."

"I gave the order," answered Lord Raglan, "they are getting ready, and we are about to start: a part of my troops only arrived at the bivouac late at night."

"In fact" (is added in a note) "the first part of the English army did not reach its bivouac till a long time after us; and the second, *retarded by its baggage and materiel*, did not arrive till very late at night."

This is totally incorrect. The entire army arrived in compact order and halted on the Bulganak in broad daylight during the skirmish which there took place; the baggage and materiel caused no delay whatever; and the delay in bivouacking was occasioned by the change of front already spoken of—a movement which appeared necessary to the security of both armies.

"Pray, my lord, hasten," added the Colonel; "every minute of delay takes away a chance of success."

"Go and tell the Marshal," replied Lord Raglan, "that this moment the order is being carried along the line."

"It was half-past ten o'clock when Colonel Trochu announced that the English were ready to set out. But all these unexpected delays, and the indecision in the movements necessarily caused thereby, no longer permitted the execution of the plan of the battle as it had been originally conceived.

"The Russian army, in place of being surprised by a rapid manœuvre,

as it should have been, had full time to make its dispositions in following on the summit of the heights the movements of our army, which advanced in perfect order in the midst of an immense plain. Foreseeing, also, that the offensive movement of General Bosquet was merely a secondary attack, and that the principal effort would be made by the centre and left of the allied army where the English force was placed, General Menschikoff, confident, moreover, in the steeps which protected him, weakened his left wing to reinforce his centre and right."

As the only result of the delay was, according to the last part of the quotation, to render the task of the French easier, and the opposition to the English more formidable, the only object, in thus minutely detailing the cause of delay, must be to show how far superior our Allies were to us in punctuality and readiness of movement, and to represent English slowness as a clog upon French alacrity. Even had the difficulties and losses of the French been thereby increased, it would scarcely be generous, when a joint victory ensued, to dwell so strongly and complacently on our imputed deficiencies; but, under the actual circumstances, when the brunt of the struggle was so undeniably borne by the English, the bad taste of such incriminating detail is most reprehensible.

But it fortunately happens that, in attempting to cast on the English the blame of having caused the miscarriage of a plan of battle to surprise the enemy, the Baron only exposes either the untrustworthy nature of the sources from whence he derived his military information, or the ignorance which could have led him so completely to misapply it. The most unarmilitary reader will need no explanation to understand that an army deliberately posted, and awaiting attack in a position which enabled it to watch for some miles the advance of the assailants, could scarcely be surprised in broad daylight by any exercise of skill or invention. Granting that the delay took place, it was of no consequence whatever, and nobody except the Baron de Bazancourt, we should think, ever imagined it could have been. Whether the

battle took place in the morning or afternoon, on the preceding day or on the following day, was a matter entirely without influence on the plans of either the Allies or the Russians, or on the results of the battle. We must therefore consider the Baron either so unacquainted with military affairs as to be unfit for a military chronicler, or so desirous of imputing blame to the English, as to destroy our dependence on him as an historical authority.

Let us admit at once that an English army is certainly slower in its proceedings and in its movements than a French army. There may be reason in this, or there may not; but it does not follow of course that it is a legitimate subject for complaint. The effect of the combined movements was that of two horses in a carriage whose paces are not alike, though both may be excellent. We will not shrink from avowing that, as regards slowness in their proceedings, the British system and institutions are capable of much improvement: we have not the readiness of managing our supplies, baggage, sick, and wounded, which it is to be hoped we shall attain, now that the country seems prepared to incur the expense of maintaining proper equipments. But with respect to the deliberate movements in the field, which did not keep pace with those of the French, we are by no means satisfied that we ought to attempt much amendment. Speaking of an attack on the enemy, the Marshal remarks, somewhat graphically, "*Les Français courent et les Anglais marchent*;" and we are not inclined to wish to see this *sang-froid* diminished. It might be desirable to approach nearer to the French in the rapidity of a daily march, or a change of position, but not in their mode of meeting the enemy. The character of English fighting may be slow, but it has frequently been distinguished by French generals as "*d'une solidité remarquable*;" a characteristic which we should regret to see sacrificed to mobility.

We now come to the description of the battle of the Alma, the most elaborate attempt in the book to flatter the French at the expense of their Allies. Whilst fully appreciat-

ing the alertness and gallantry with which the French ascended the heights to turn the enemy's flank, we still believed this to be in actual fighting so pre-eminently an English victory, that no writer would venture to deprive us of the palm so bloodily won. Nevertheless, the Baron addresses himself to the bold enterprise with the greatest calmness and self-complacency.

With a sufficiently clear idea of the nature of the ground, no one can have any difficulty in understanding the battle of the Alma, so broad and simple are its features. The ground over which the Allies advanced slopes gently and evenly down to the margin of the river; while on the side where the Russians were posted it rises into lofty heights which, from the sea-shore to about a mile inland, are so precipitous that they were left unguarded. Beginning at that distance to recede from the river-bank, the heights are more broken and less abrupt, but still so steep that the Russians trusted more to the difficulty of ascent than to the opposition of their troops for the safety of that part of the position where the fire of their artillery would have been too "plunging," *i.e.*, downright, to be effectual, and where they had consequently placed no batteries. But, at from two to three miles inland, the heights, still lofty, recede so much, and are so broken into knolls, that, though affording great advantage to the defence, they are no longer difficult of ascent. Here the great masses of the Russian troops were assembled; here their heavy batteries were planted behind mounds of earth; and here the English, and the English alone, made their attack, while their Allies ascended the steeper part of the heights, between the English and the sea, with comparatively little opposition from musketry, and hardly any from artillery.

All this is so plain, so well known, and so completely in accordance with the results, that the Baron could not very well make any rude attempts upon the general features, especially after telling us, a few pages back, as already quoted, that Menschikoff knew "that the principal effort would be made by the centre and left of the

allied army, where the English force was placed;" and that, "confident, moreover, in the steeps which protected him, he weakened his left wing to reinforce his centre and right." So the Baron's method for securing to the French the honours of the day, is to accompany each individual French column in its passage across the river and up the heights, describing minutely the obstacles they respectively encountered, and the opposition not only which they did meet with, but that which they did not meet with, and that which they might have met with, together with all the thoughts, conversations, speeches, and pious and poetical sentiments of the principal French actors engaged, through more than twenty pages—dropping the English out of sight altogether, till St Arnaud, hearing they are in great straits, generously exclaims, "Let us rush to their assistance!" and their performances are disposed of in a single paragraph.

Following the method he has ingeniously marked out for himself, M. de Bazancourt first accompanies d'Auteemarre's brigade to the top of the heights, varying the movement with the episode of a battery which went astray. Having seen d'Auteemarre safely to the top, in spite of "unforeseen obstacles, and sudden impossibilities, which presented themselves at every step," but which were triumphed over by "the energy of the chiefs and the unshaken resolution of the soldiers," he returns to look after the Zouaves. These, he says, "had rushed forward with that dash and alacrity which are their own, scaling the heights nearly to the peak. Soon they are seen slanting to right and left on the flank of the mountain, hanging with their hands to the projections of the rock, to the accidents of the ground, and supporting one another; at times these frail supports failed on a sudden, and rolled to the foot of the steep, dragging down the soldiers in their fall. Five or six minutes had scarcely elapsed when the first skirmishers appeared on the topmost crest. They immediately opened fire on half a hundred Cossacks whom they found before them on the plateau. These were not slow in replying."

General Bosquet then gallops on, followed by his staff, to reconnoitre, and de Bazancourt takes us back to see what the field-batteries are about. After describing the difficulties which awaited them, and the orders given to the men "to strike the horses with their sabres if they hesitated to advance," he describes their forward movement after this fashion :—

"At a given signal the guns and waggons set off at a gallop. Men and horses mingle their efforts, and confuse themselves in a desperate rush. On all sides beneath these heavy masses the earth breaks through, the detached fragments roll and bound. The gunners lean on the wheels which sink into dangerous furrows; sometimes the horses tremble and shudder on their haunches; but nothing stops or slackens the movement, and General Bosquet utters an exclamation of joy when he sees the first pieces arrive on the height.

"Commandant Barral and Captain Flévet, who commands the first battery, march at its head. The pieces are placed at about 100 metres from the point where they have debouched on the plateau, in a direction perpendicular to the line of the crests of the heights of the Alma.

"As soon as each piece is unlimbered, it commences its fire without waiting for the others.

"It is the French artillery which fires the first shot on this memorable day."

Having thus in six pages arrived at the first shot, the Baron seems so desirous of particularising all the subsequent shots fired by the French, that we shall only pick bits here and there for fear of being tedious.

"Certainly on this day, the 20th September, besides the unspeakable dash and courage of our troops so eager to combat, there was need of the protection of God and all the happy chances of war. It is a fine page for our artillery this unequal struggle, in which they might have been overwhelmed, for two other horse-batteries had come to join the three first:—forty pieces against twelve.

"General Bosquet, who never takes care of himself in the hour of danger,

has placed himself in the midst of the balls with the guns which are engaged. He sees two new batteries directed on his left; already he recognises their calibre, which is inferior. Without doubt they are about to post themselves before the others, to deliver their fire effectually at a short distance, and our two batteries will be crushed; but the Russian artillery halt on the same line, and do not perceive the enormous fault they are committing. At the voice of the General, at that of our brave Commandant, our gunners redouble their ardour; already their pieces recoil in blood at every shot they send at the enemy; men and horses are laid on the earth; by good fortune not a piece is struck, and all continue their fire."

Two regiments of Russian cavalry now appear, against whom Commandant Barral throws some shells, which disorder them. "During this time General Bonat, who has reached the plateau with his brigade and the Turkish Division, makes, by a happy inspiration, a forward movement; the horsemen, fearing to be surrounded, turn bridle and retreat with the battery which they escorted.

"*'Allons,'* said the Commandant, withdrawing his *képi* and looking at heaven, 'decidedly God is with us.'"

This exclamation shows that the worthy Commandant could combine piety with tactics. But we appeal to our readers whether all this is or is not twaddle! Not that it is anything new to hear twaddle about the war; we know there has been an infinity of writing in our own tongue on the subject, no less tedious and trivial than that of the Baron; but we must remember that this is an official account dedicated to the Emperor, and judge it accordingly.

"The Generals of Division have repaired to the Marshal for his last orders. He, showing them the heights of the Alma, says to them only these words:—

"Every one of you must attack right before him and manœuvre afterwards, according to his own inspirations: the heights must be reached; I have no other instructions to give to men in whom I have all confidence."

Then, as in the preceding pages, the "intrepid troops," led by "brave colonels," advance "with an admirable dash," and scale the heights, while "a cloud of balls and bullets traverses their ranks, and sows with dead this glorious road where chiefs and soldiers press forward in emulation." Then "the ardour, the dash, the super-excitement of enthusiasm, was such that it seemed as if the force of the will levelled all obstacles, and bore on its invincible wings horses and combatants."

After this singular flight, the Baron, coming rather suddenly to the earth again, tells us that, "after heroic efforts, the head of the column of the first division appeared on the first crests to the right, leaving about seven hundred yards on its left a building of white stone destined for a telegraph: this unfinished building is the centre of the enemy's position."

We had thought that, by the Baron's previous account, the centre of the enemy's position was attacked by the English, and consequently this tower would be on its left. However, as it figures largely in the subsequent description of the battle, we may inform our readers, though the Baron does not, that it was a small circular building, some ten or twelve feet high, and would have been amply garrisoned by a dozen men. Near it a tremendous struggle takes place, in which, according to the Baron, a Russian officer behaves so gallantly in rallying his men that General Bosquet wishes to be near him that he may embrace him. He then returns to St Arnaud.

"Placed on a hillock, the Marshal overlooks all the movements of his army: he follows with his eye his valiant troops dispersed over different points, and climbing under a murderous fire the steep slopes of the Alma. 'Oh! the brave soldiers,' he often cried—'Oh! the worthy sons of Austerlitz and Friedland.' He wished to be everywhere at once; for the danger is everywhere." Presently d'Aurelle's brigade passes him.

"As soon as the Marshal perceived General d'Aurelle, he cried to him in a strong voice, 'General, go and place yourself, without losing a minute, under the orders of Canrobert, who

has a great deal to do up there; I count on you, d'Aurelle.'

"The latter, for sole answer, waves in the air his *képi* to the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* and dashes forward in the direction indicated to him."

After describing the struggle for the signal-tower, which was certainly sharp while it lasted, though we do not think the Russians ever made a very formidable or sustained effort in this part of the field, we come to the account of the British share in the battle, comprised in a paragraph of two pages. According to the chronicle, the chief of the French staff brought word to St Arnaud that "the English, stopped in their march by a formidable artillery, decimated by a murderous fire, and menaced by enormous masses, found serious difficulty in carrying the positions assigned to them;" that thereupon the Marshal directed his divisions to support them, crying out at the same time, "Allons aux Anglais," and giving an order to the artillery of the reserve to follow, in order to take the Russian battalions in flank. Afterwards Toussaint's battery, directed by Commandant La Boussinière, is described as taking in flank the threatening masses, and carrying disorder into the midst of them by its case-shot and shells.

Considering that case-shot does not take effect at more than 200 yards, the French battery must have been very close to the scene of action to have delivered its fire with such effect. But we beg to tell the Baron that he has been totally misinformed on the subject of the British part of the battle. The British army never met with a check throughout the day, except such partial ones as occur in every battle to single regiments, and these were speedily relieved by supports from the contiguous corps; nor was there any direct co-operation by the French upon the enemy's forces opposed to the British, till the disputed heights were in our possession, and the Russians retired in disorder, when the battery alluded to may have fired some shots at them. The Russian columns of attack were turned by English guns, drawn up on the right of their infantry, and subsequently supported by other English batteries; and there

was no French regiment or French battery near enough to render any assistance, had it been required.

The Russians, in error as we think, did not seriously oppose the French in their ascent of the heights, but moved out their reserves to attack them when the summit was gained, and in that manner the battle was fought by the French.

This flank movement of course preceded the front attack, and under ordinary circumstances, with a single instead of a combined army, the front attack would not have taken place until the troops on the position before it had been disconcerted and obliged to divide, or alter their ground, in consequence of the flank movement, when those in front, always closely threatening, would have attacked them vigorously. At the Alma it would have been inconsistent with the good feeling and ardour of the English to defer their attack so long, and it was accordingly made while the enemy retained his original ground, his batteries all at their posts, and his masses unmoved and in their full numbers and power. The advance of the English brigades against those batteries and masses was never exceeded in steadiness or gallantry by the most veteran troops; the struggle was never doubtful; and they forced the Russians from the disputed ground by their own unaided efforts, and while half the army had scarcely come under fire. The English army literally walked over the Russians in its march. Such is our version of the matter, and we are persuaded that, should our Minister at War accredit us to the Commander-in-chief in the Crimea, with a view of collecting facts, our official narrative would in no respect substantially differ from our present statement.

"The intention of the Marshal," says the Narrative, "was to move on the 22d to the Katcha, in the hope of again encountering the enemy, and of beating him a second time in a run.

"But next morning our Allies were not ready, and forced us to remain on the field of battle. We placed at their disposal mules and conveniences for the transport of their wounded.

"The English, intrepid and indefa-

tigable in combat, seem not to comprehend the imperious importance of a day's or hour's delay in an operation of war: they either cannot or will not hasten themselves."

These remarks are in some measure based on extracts from the journal and letters of St Arnaud, but their justice we altogether deny. The numbers of wounded men, Russians and English, who remained on our part of the field, quite justified the delay of one day (the army moved on the 23d) beyond the time when the French declared themselves ready. A survey of the ground which our Allies fought on by no means gave evidence of a conflict so desperate and bloody as de Bazancourt's narrative depicts. While the ground where the British found the hottest opposition was crowded with bodies lying literally in ranks, as if whole companies had fallen where they stood, the bodies on the French side of the field were comparatively very thinly scattered. Nor would a view of the battle have led a spectator to expect tokens there of a sanguinary struggle. The French advanced with the greatest gallantry and activity; but, beyond some short and sharp musketry-firing as they scaled the heights, their ascent seemed unopposed; nor was the noise of conflict in their part of the field so considerable as to induce the English to believe that their Allies were ever severely engaged throughout the day. Marshal St Arnaud must have known well how far the number of wounded whom the English had to dispose of exceeded those in the care of the French, and therefore, without disputing that transport is with us generally a slow operation, we think his remarks on this occasion altogether uncalled for.

"A great part of the remainder of the volume is taken up in describing the illness of Marshal St Arnaud, and its fatal termination. In fact, this first volume of the narrative might be appropriately entitled "The Life, Death, and Burial of Marshal St Arnaud;" for, after minutely detailing his last hours and moments, the Baron not only accompanies the body to Constantinople, and describes the honours bestowed on it by the Sultan, the Turks, and the French Em-

bassy, but attends it to France, sees it interred beneath the dome of the Invalides, and evidently takes leave of it with reluctance; and unless Canrobert and Pelissier should appear subsequently to fill the same position in the Baron's affections as that now left vacant by the Marshal's death, we shall feel, as we did when little Paul died, in an early number of *Dombey and Son*, that the remainder of the work will fail sadly in sentimental attraction in the absence of so interesting a hero.

The chronicle, after describing fairly the march on Balaklava, and the commencement of the siege, terminates for the present with the first ineffectual cannonade. On the first day, after four hours' firing, the French batteries were silenced. The English artillery could no longer hope to reduce alone the Russian fire sufficiently to allow the assault to be made; but they continued to expend the ammunition, so valuable and then so scarce, and which it had cost them so much labour to convey to the trenches, in a generous effort to relieve the French batteries from the weight of the enemy's fire. This circumstance we think an impartial chronicler might have noted. That the narrative will continue to be "toute nationale" is evident, we think, from the Baron's view of his task. "Is it not curious to follow this siege day by day, to see it begin, augment, develop itself to the resounding noise of cannon and of musketry, to the day when our triumphant eagles swooped down upon Sebastopol, and planted on the wreck of the conquered city the flag of France?"

We think our readers will join in the surprise we have expressed, that the French Emperor should have apparently given his sanction to the publication of this narrative. While it contains nothing which seems to render its appearance at all necessary, there are evidently many passages which even French readers must admit may well give offence in England. Are there no operations of the war

which may be turned by English writers to the disadvantage of the French? Or, after the appearance of this official narrative, does courtesy require that the best construction should always be put on the conduct of our Allies by English historians? If it is granted that they could scarcely blame us for retaliating upon ungenerous commentators, will it contribute to the dignity or amity of the two nations to indulge in such rivalry of depreciation, after a war where they have so successfully fought in concert? It is true that the French can scarcely say anything worse of us than we have said of ourselves; but they may rely on it, that will not render inculpation more palatable from a foreign source, especially when it is remembered how completely the tone assumed by all English writers on the war towards France leaves such attempts without excuse. We would, therefore, recommend M. de Bazancourt to continue his narrative in a different spirit. A tendency to laud his own countrymen, and to exalt their achievements, is a fault we are the more ready to excuse, after the instances we have witnessed at home of the opposite and more contemptible course. We know that his nation likes to be glorified. We know, too, that the French mind, apparently incapable of accepting a plain and unadorned fact, requires the aid of rhetoric in receiving a due impression. We will, therefore, say nothing of the Baron's style, though we should certainly condemn it in an Englishman, and though it differs widely and essentially from that of the honest old chroniclers whom he professes to take as his models. But we expect that, in alluding to the share borne by the English in the operations of the war, he will take more pains to be correct and to be just. We shall narrowly watch his statements, doing all in our power to counteract any unfairness; and we will yield to no Frenchman living in accurate knowledge of the operations of the English army.

